THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

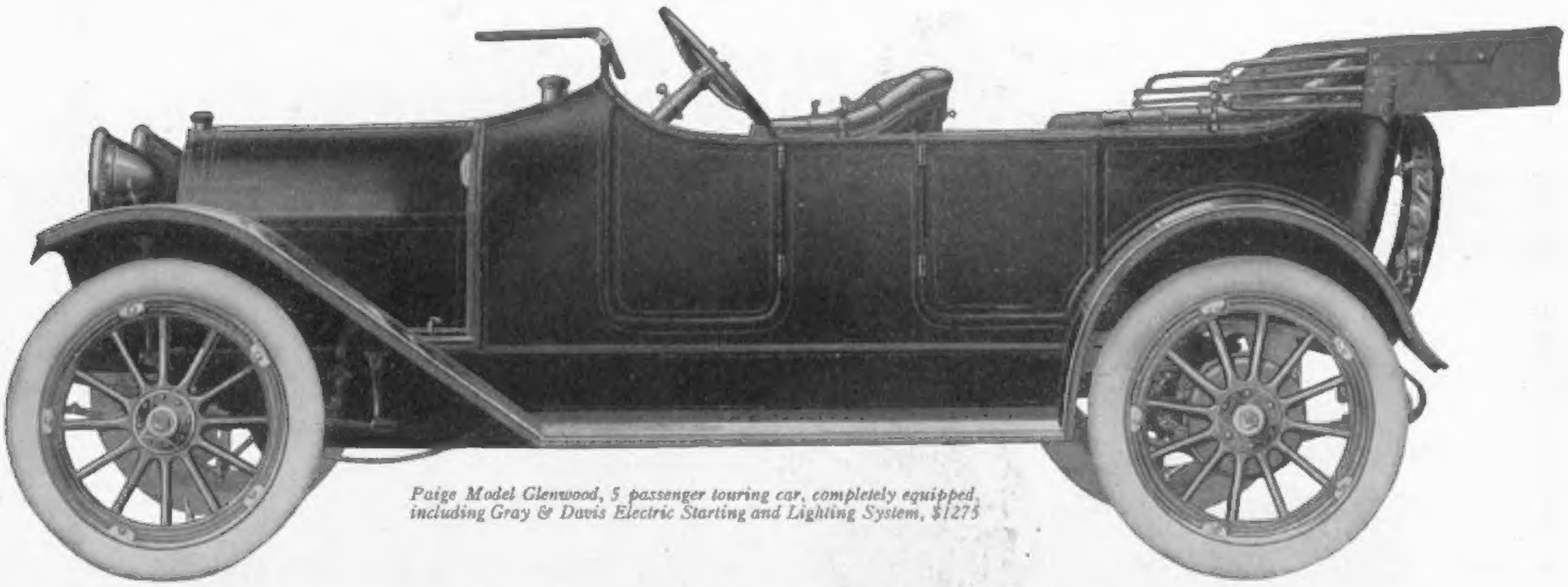
An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A. D. 1728 by Benjamin Franklin

MAY 10, 1913 — 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

BREAKING INTO NEW YORK

We could sell *twice as many* Paige Cars this year if we could only *build* them



Paige Model Glenwood, 5 passenger touring car, completely equipped, including Gray & Davis Electric Starting and Lighting System, $1275

MONTHS ago we announced that the Paige was a *next year's car.* We felt sure of it. Now we know it. All the new models of *all* makes are on the market, and a comparison shows that the Paige is *at least* a next year's car,—maybe two years ahead of the times.

We can only build 7500 cars this year and build them right. If we could build 15,000 we could sell them *without* an *effort.* We haven't closed a dealer contract since January 1st, simply because we cannot give our *present* dealers all the cars they want. They are *camping on our trail* every minute—demanding cars and more cars. Bird-Sykes, Chicago, want 1500 cars. They can't have them. About 800 will have to do for them. Murphy, Minneapolis, says he can sell half our output. We can't let him do it. Hunter, of the Mutual Motor Agencies, was here from San Francisco a month ago—his second trip to the factory in six weeks—insisting on increased allotment. Wise, of New York, wires for cars every day or two. Halff, of San Antonio, wants us to double his allotment. Hall Bros. & Reeves, of Kansas City, say they never had such a seller. Jos. Maw, Winnipeg, declares the Paige has taken the whole Northwest by storm. And that's the way it's going, from coast to coast. Manufacturers leave the Paige out of consideration when they talk about competition. "The Paige is a gift." They let it go at that and simply hope to get their share of the trade which we cannot supply.

Now then what are *you* going to do about it? You wonder why we run this advertisement when we're away over-sold. Well, certainly not to *create a market.* We can't take on another dealer this Spring and the market that already *exists* has got us working day and night. We are running this advertisement just to let the public know—to let *you* know—the exact situation about Paige cars. Just to tell you *straight* that if you want a Paige car this Spring you better see your dealer and place your order *now.* A month from now it may be too late.

Here are the cars that have put the Paige outside the realm of competition. They are values that you cannot hope to match at the prices or near them.

"36"
$1275
(f. o. b. Detroit)

PAIGE

"25"
$950
(f. o. b. Detroit)

The big "36" is nothing less than a *revelation* in motor car building. The price doesn't seem possible.

The photograph at the top of this page gives you just a hint of the bigness and the beauty of this car. It has all the distinguished appearance of *much* higher priced cars, its workmanship throughout is excellent, and in mechanical design and equipment it is *unapproached* at its price.

116 inch wheel base—4" x 5" motor, silent as the watch in your pocket—enclosed valves—silent chain drive for cam shaft, pump and generator—unit power plant—34"x4" tires—14" x 2" brake drums—imported annular and Hyatt roller bearings—aluminum crank case—cork insert multiple disc clutch.

Left-side drive, center control—Gray & Davis electric starting and lighting system—Bosch magneto—ventilating wind shield, built into body—silk mohair top, side curtains and boot—Stewart revolving dial speedometer—heavy nickel trimming throughout—gasoline tank carried under dash—12-inch electric head lights—5-inch electric flush dash lamps—five demountable rims—and complete incidental equipment, such as horn, tools, jack, foot and robe rails, license brackets, etc. Five body types: touring, roadster, raceabout, coupé and sedan.

If a smaller car will meet your needs, the Paige "25" is *the car you want.* At $950 this model is just as remarkably priced as the "36."

The Paige "25" comes to you *ready for the road.* There's nothing to buy but the gasoline and you won't need much of that, for the Paige "25" does 20 to 25 miles per gallon of gasoline *regularly.*

Model Brunswick, Completely Equipped, $950

110 inch wheel base—32" x 3½" tires—sturdy, silent motor, 3¾" x 4"—unit power plant—cork insert multiple disc clutch—wide doors—roomy bodies.

Regular equipment includes silk mohair top, side curtains and boot; ventilating wind shield; Stewart speedometer; Prest-O-Lite tank; black enamel and nickel head lights; black enamel and nickel side and tail lights; five demountable rims; tire irons, horn, pump, jack, tools, tire repair outfit, etc. Two body types: touring car and roadster.

See your Paige dealer right away or write us at once for catalogue

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 265 Twenty-first Street, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

United States Tires

have kept the balance even

While the price of gasoline has been going up, the United States Tire Company has been forcing the price of tire mileage down.

This coming season the motorist who uses United States Tires will get an average mileage from 25—to—50 percent higher than was ever given by any make of tires previous to the organization of the United States Tire Company two years ago.

We have conclusively demonstrated this fact on our own test cars.

Car Manufacturers have acknowledged it with the result that a large portion of the new cars sold this coming year will be United States equipped.

Dealers from one end of the country to the other have recognized the decided advantage this increase will give them and have lined up to sell and recommend United States Tires.

If *you* are using United States Tires, compare the mileage you are getting now with what you received in 1910.

Co-operative methods of tire building alone could have accomplished this remarkable increase.

When it was announced two years ago, that four of the most modern tire making plants known to the industry would concentrate their efforts and facilities on the making of one line of tires, it was freely predicted by tire authorities, and by the trade in general, that the most radical increase in tire mileage ever known to the industry would result. *This prediction has been amply fulfilled.*

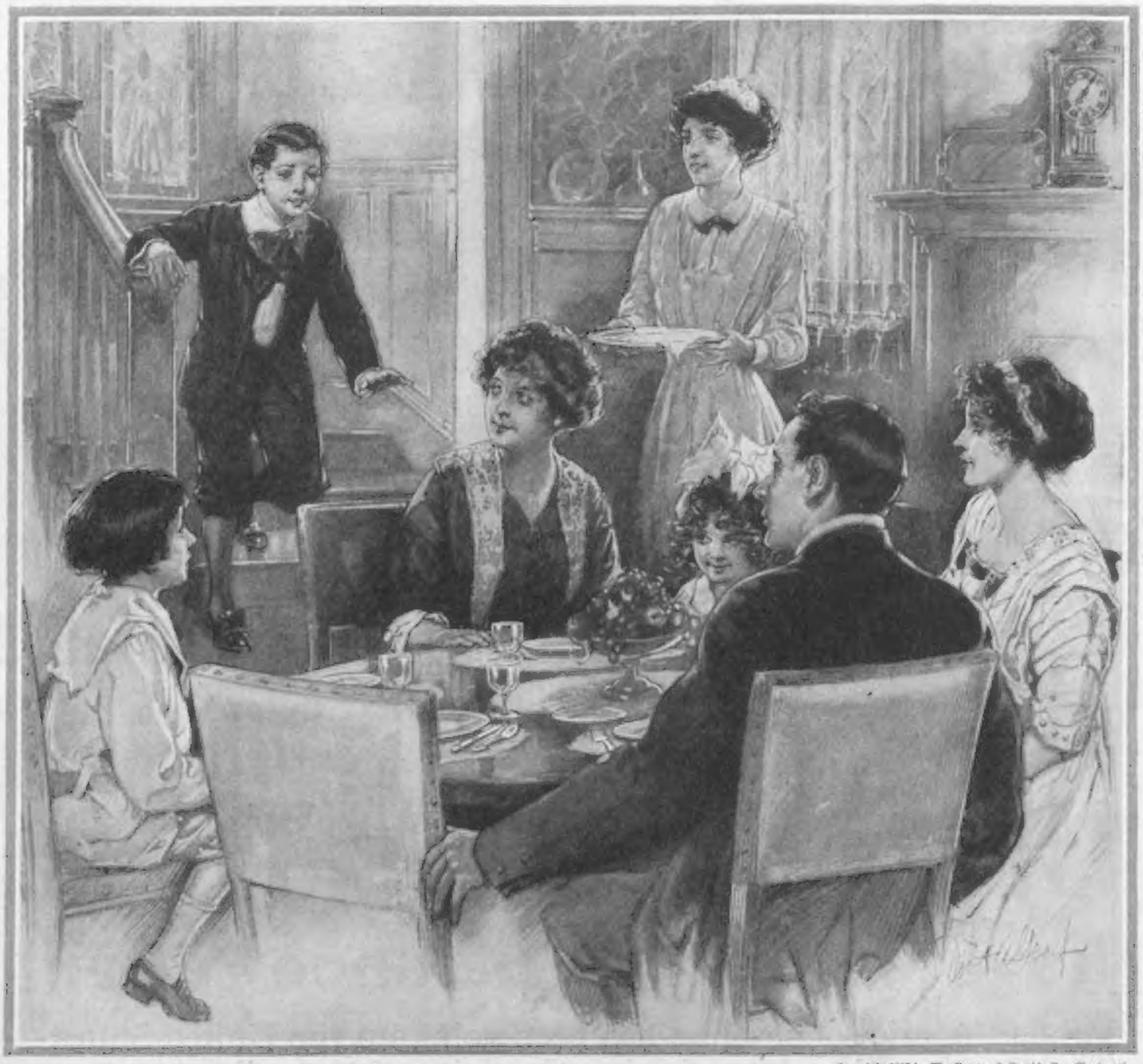
Tire bills have been cut down to a point never before reached.

United States Tires stand to-day, acknowledged everywhere by users, dealers and manufacturers as

America's *Predominant* Tires

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY—NEW YORK

United States Pneumatic Tires are guaranteed when filled with *air* at the recommended pressure and attached to rims bearing either one or both of the accompanying inspection stamps. When filled with any substitute for *air* or attached to any other rims than those specified, our guarantee is withdrawn.



Copyright 1913 by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

Sometimes it is hard to make a boy get up in the morning, but if he has been "brought up" on Ivory Soap he is sure to be bright and clean when he reaches the breakfast table.

Children take to Ivory Soap. As babies, the floating cake fascinates them. Then, a little later, they realize what a pleasant bath it makes so that, while still very young, they are willing to attend to their own toilets. Thus the practice of cleanliness becomes a habit which not even the prospect of a late breakfast can alter.

It is only natural for Ivory Soap to influence its users in this way. It is so mild and pure that it feels soothing to the tenderest skin. It gives such a bubbly, copious lather that it is a delight to bathe with it. And it rinses so readily that the skin is left in its natural, healthy condition—glowingly, refreshingly clean.

IVORY SOAP....

....99 44/100% PURE

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BREAKING INTO NEW YORK

The Primary Stages

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

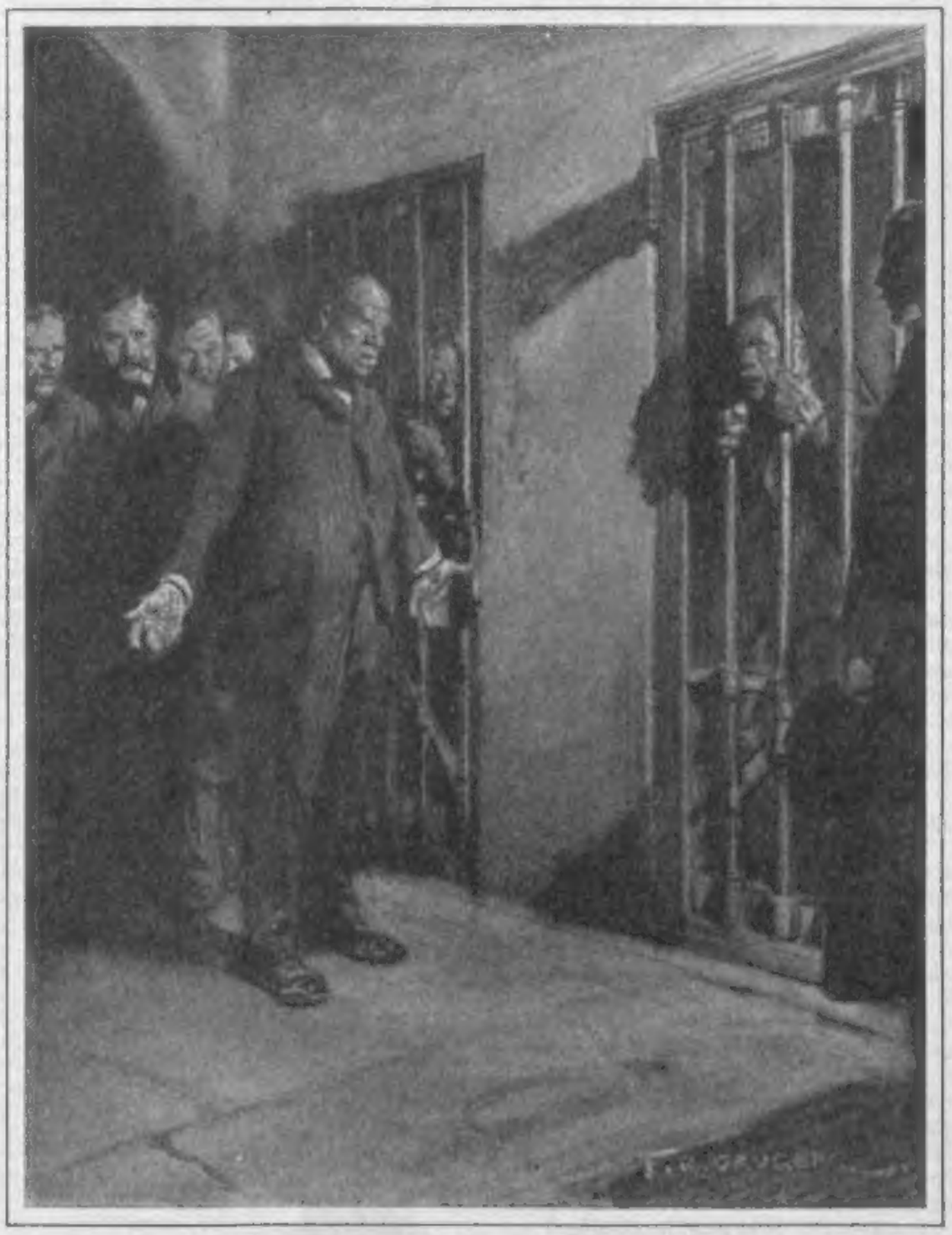
LIKE most of the men who break into New York newspaper work I came from the country. Unlike most of them, I waited until I was getting well on toward thirty before I made the break.

I was born and brought up in one of those border-state towns that Northern people call Southern, and far Southern people call Western. When this town had about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and when I had just turned seventeen, being then a lank, gangling youngster, who was getting ready to go off to military school as a preliminary to a college education, a sudden and disastrous shift in the family finances made it imperative for me to earn my own living.

I had already had some small experience at earning money for myself. The summer before, during vacation, I had driven an ice wagon, with a darky on the back end to handle the ice, and me perched up front to steer the mules and make change. But the ice business had never appealed to me—you had to get up at three o'clock in the morning, for one thing; so when this shipwreck of the family fortunes occurred I decided right away that, no matter what I became in after life, it would not be an iceman.

The Lure of the Law

I HAD a chance to read law in the office of a kinsman and I rather liked the prospect. It seemed to me that the lawyers constituted a favored class in our community. Their offices were in a double line of little squatty brick buildings, stretching along a block known as Legal Row; and, so far as I had been able to observe, they never did any harder work than sitting in their offices, with their feet cocked up on their desks, reading leather-backed books—except that in campaign years they made speeches and ran for office. And on pleasant afternoons, along about four o'clock, they would emerge from indoors and gather in groups along the sidewalks under the shadetrees, swapping jokes and stories. And often there would be a game of marbles back of somebody's office, with a watermelon cutting to follow. I have seen a former Congressman, a future United States Senator, a portly Circuit Judge, and a man who had been a brevet-brigadier in the Confederate Army, all in the same marble game, playing Plumpin' Boston.



"Young Cap'n, I Always Knowed Dat ef Ever You Could Do Pore Ole George a Favor You Suttinly Would"

The law was a fascinating pursuit—yes; but it might be years before I could earn anything at it, and what I needed was a job that had an immediate pecuniary connection to it. So I scouted round town, and I was just about to land a place in the city passenger office of one of the two railroads at three dollars a week to start on, when one night my father came home and asked me how I would like to be a newspaper man.

It did not take more than a second to make up my mind, and I know now that the decision of that moment shaped my whole life for me. To be a regular newspaper reporter, with a pad of paper and a pencil in my pocket, going round gathering news items and writing them out to be read, struck me as a much more dignified and important calling than running errands for a railroad company. Besides, I had felt all along that I was not cut out for a commercial career. I had never learned the multiplication table—and never have yet. I get along fairly well up to ten times six, but after that I have to depend on the other fellow's honesty; or else I arrive at the approximate result by a private process of my own, which is reasonably satisfactory, but takes time. At the grammar school I had got through Ray's Higher Arithmetic by the simple expedient of doing their Latin for certain of my classmates while they did my problems for me.

On the other hand, I had been the brag composition writer of my class. Algebra was ever an unfathomable mystery, but writing, as we used to say, just came natural to me. When I was fourteen I had prepared an argument for a Friday afternoon debate on the subject, "Resolved, that Columbus deserved more credit for discovering the country than Washington did for saving it," which my parents had regarded as a very fine piece of writing. In the vote on the debate our side lost, but one of the local papers had printed my argument—by request—and quite a lot of people had complimented me on it.

Even that far back I had felt that literature was my proper sphere. Besides, a printing shop had always had an attraction for me; I cannot remember a time when the smell of the ink and of the paper did not fascinate me. My favorite uncle, for whom I was named, had been a newspaper contributor—he wrote paragraphs and obituaries when he felt like it—and he had always wanted me to be a writer too. So when my father made the suggestion to me that night I snapped at it. I have never regretted it. I've always known that, whether I succeeded or failed at it, newspaper work was the thing on earth for which I was best suited and which best suited me.

So the next morning at eight o'clock—the date was January sixteenth—I went to work as a newspaper reporter. That was nearly twenty years ago, and in one sense or another I have been a newspaper reporter every day ever since; experience has taught me, though, that there never was and never will be a newspaper office just like the one in which I made my start.

Boss Jim's Ways

THE principal owner and virtual head of the establishment was one of the most lovable men that ever lived. Mainly he presided over the business department. When a farmer came in and paid his subscription to the weekly edition—which was two dollars by the year—Boss Jim, as everybody called him, would pitch one dollar into the cash drawer; and then, without a word, he would make for the door. All within sight who could spare the time—bookkeepers, editors, reporters, pressmen, printers, loafers—would trail after him as he led the way to Uncle John's place next door; and there they would line up in a row at the bar while Boss Jim spent the extra dollar on toddies at ten cents apiece. Sometimes this would happen half a dozen times a day.

This shop was a regular happy family. Boss Jim's brother was the editor of the paper, which was an evening paper with a Sunday morning edition. His brother's brother-in-law was the business manager. Two of his sons, two of his nephews and any number of his cousins and his relatives by marriage had jobs of one sort or another about the place. There were several editors, all of whom did reporting after a fashion; but until I joined the staff that January morning there was only one avowed and admitted reporter. He was probably the best man of his inches at gathering news, and the worst at writing it, on the habitable globe. He started every story, big and little, the same way—with the hour of the event's happening. His introductions never varied, but they seemed to give general satisfaction—at least, I never heard any complaints either from the editor or from the public.

If they had only one reporter they had editors to spare. There was a river editor, who handled the steamboat column, one of the most important departments of the paper, and on the side solicited orders from the boats for work out of the job-printing and book-binding departments. There was an exchange editor, a mentally alert but physically indolent man who seemed to live entirely on chewing tobacco and clippings.

Several Gentlemen Used to Drop In to Read the Exchanges

There was an editorial writer—we were strong on editorials—and there were four elderly men who had a more or less indefinite connection with the paper, writing what pleased them when it pleased them, and being paid mainly in orders for merchandise on merchants who advertised with us. Three of these four were Confederate veterans, and the fourth was a Union veteran, who had drifted in from somewhere up North years before and, finding the climate congenial and the whisky at Uncle John's place unexcelled, had remained ever since—shabby, scholarly, irresponsible, a gentleman drunk or sober—the first real newspaper Bohemian and the only real one I ever saw. He wrote only when the spirit moved him; but he could write like a house afire. I remember well the day they fished his body out of the river. The theory always was that, being overtaken with fatigue, he went to sleep on the deck of the wharfboat and walked in his sleep.

Also there were several middle-aged gentlemen who used to drop in daily to read the exchanges and swap talk—and wait for Boss Jim to take in a subscription to the weekly. Many a time I have seen the reporter standing up to write his copy, and the exchange editor eating big bites of plug tobacco and clashing his empty shears in a silent fever of impatience, while these visitors occupied the chairs and took turns pawing over the exchanges.

In spite of these things the paper was prosperous. It had no regular advertising solicitor, no regular subscription manager; yet it made money—a good deal of money for those days and that country. The job office and the book bindery ran overtime, and our weekly edition—made up entirely of matter lifted from the daily—had a circulation that covered the Congressional district like a blanket.

Editorial Support to the High Dollar

IN GENERAL elections the paper was always rigidly Democratic—the Democratic party could do no wrong and the Republicans could do no good, and the Democratic ticket was always made up of scholars and patriots, while the Republican nominees were invariably horse-thieves and liars; but in the preliminary races for the Democratic nominations the editorial support was regularly sold to the best bidder. There was very little concealment about this barter of the editorial column and no impropriety. To advocate a Republican's candidacy for office would have destroyed the paper's following overnight, but a fight among Democrats was a different thing—was, in fact, a family affair; and it was perfectly proper to take money for advocating the claims of any candidate whose political orthodoxy was above suspicion. Moreover, it never seemed to impair our influence among the country people. I recall once we pulled through—for an agreed price—a candidate who was opposed by practically all the other papers in the district.

It was into this unique establishment that I was welcomed of a brisk January morning, and such was the atmosphere of the place that inside of half a day I, an embarrassed, nervous boy, felt as much at home as if I had been born and raised there. The editor finished whatever he was doing, and then he opened a drawer and gave me one of those old-fashioned red-cedar pencils with a vein of slate running through its center. He offered me a pad of paper too, but I was already provided in that direction—I had bought a large leather-backed notebook on my way downtown—and then he told me to go out and try to find some items. I remember my bewildered feeling as I buttoned my overcoat round me and stepped out into the wind-blown street. Always before this street had seemed to me fairly to throb with life and movement. Now, all of a sudden, it had become as cold and as empty as an open grave. It looked as if nothing ever had happened there; as if nothing ever was going to happen there.

I wandered round in a lost sort of way until I came to the Market Square, where a few hucksters shivered at their stalls under the long open shed. There I got my first item. I would call it a "story" now, regardless of its length; but then all the small grists that came to my mill were "items," and the longer ones were "pieces." Thanks to a sort of photographic gift of mind, which has been my best asset as a reporter, I can still see this my first item just as it appeared in the paper that evening in a column headed Local Notes, sandwiched in between patent-medicine reading notices:

"Cal Evitts, the efficient and popular market master, says there were more rabbits brought to the local market this week than any week this winter. Molly Cottontails sold this morning for ten cents dressed or five cents undressed."

This was the sum total of my literary efforts for this day. During the rest of the day I hung round, absorbing the spirit of the place and at frequent intervals resharpening my red-cedar pencil. It was a fine pencil for sharpening purposes, but a poor one for writing. It made more scratches than marks, but to me it typified my new calling in life, and I valued it accordingly.

On the second morning the editor suggested that I might look round a while for personals. I knew how to set about getting personals. I went to the depot to meet the morning trains and see who got off and who got on, and I was at the wharf when the daily packets arrived—one from up the river and one from down; and I dropped in at the principal hotel and copied the list of names on the register. At first I felt a timidity about coming right out and saying that I was a reporter; but, as I knew practically everybody in town, I could presume on my acquaintance to ask people in an offhand kind of way where they had been and where they were going; and so I got along. By rapid degrees my timidity wore off, but for quite a while I approached strangers in preference to townspeople. Folks whom I knew would laugh when I told them I was a reporter, and I had to suffer a lot of guying.

Nevertheless, I managed to turn in about two columns of personals a day, and sometimes three. It was good newspaper copy for a small town, or a large one, either, for that matter—people like to see their names in print, except when they have been caught doing something wrong. Everybody who traveled at all was good for two personals—one when he went away and one when he came back. Pretty soon I learned to improve on the system and make four personals sprout where but two had grown before. If a man told me he was going to St. Louis or Memphis on such and such a date, I entered his name in my notebook twice—once for immediate use and once for future reference. I would print one personal, telling that he was going away; one that he had gone away; one that he was coming back on such and such a day; and the fourth upon his return, when I would duly chronicle his safe arrival.

Meanwhile I was getting acquainted inside the office. I hobnobbed with the pressmen and the printers, most of whom were fixtures. However, we had our share of tramp printers—erratic, uncertain, capable chaps, born spellers most of them, men who had been everywhere and had seen everything, and generally men who had read a lot and remembered what they had read; so that, from reading and travel and observation, they were walking mines of information on all manner of subjects—a strangely attractive type who died out as a class when the linotype machines came in. I disdained to have any dealings with the carrier boys, though some of them were almost as old as I was and had been friends of mine before I attained to the lofty eminence of a reporter's job; and I was accepted on sufferance by the elder statesmen of the editorial room and was soon, in all things, part and parcel of the organization, except when Boss Jim took in a cash weekly subscription and led the march to Uncle John's place. I was too young yet to join that procession.

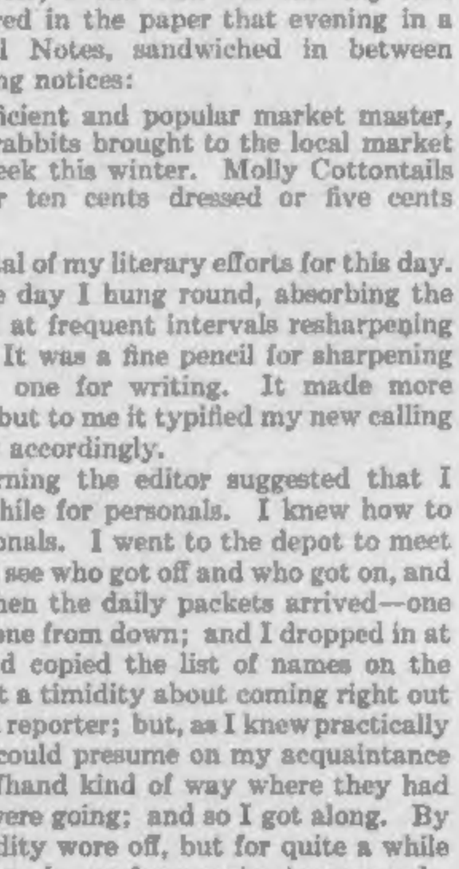
Gradually my field of operations outside the office widened. The regular reporter handled the routine. He covered the police court—a daily event that was always good for half a column and sometimes more—the City Hall, the County Courthouse, the two undertakers' establishments, the sheriff's office and the magistrates' offices, the tobacco warehouses, the wagon yards and the livery stables—all the regular news points. So, when I tired of personals as a steady and exclusive literary diet, I set about developing news sources of my own. I began making daily visits to the railroad shops, a place theretofore neglected from the news standpoint, except when something out of the ordinary happened there. I collected gossip and personal notes of the men.

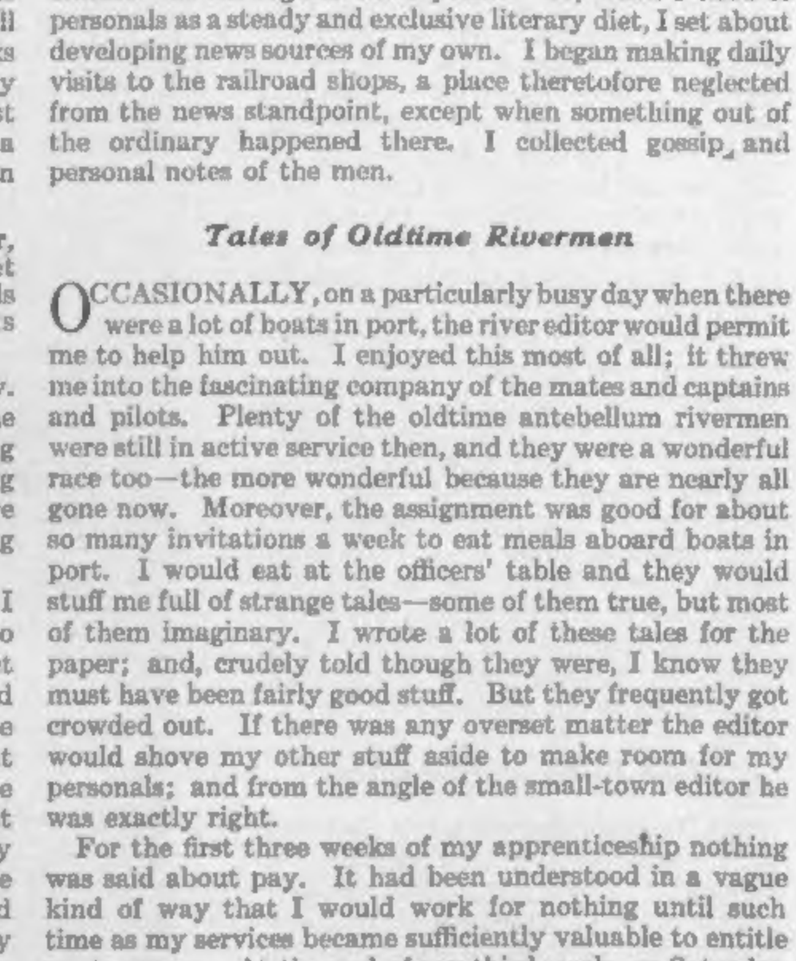
Tales of Oldtime Rivermen

OCCASIONALLY, on a particularly busy day when there were a lot of boats in port, the river editor would permit me to help him out. I enjoyed this most of all; it threw me into the fascinating company of the mates and captains and pilots. Plenty of the oldtime antebellum rivermen were still in active service then, and they were a wonderful race too—the more wonderful because they are nearly all gone now. Moreover, the assignment was good for about so many invitations a week to eat meals aboard boats in port. I would eat at the officers' table and they would stuff me full of strange tales—some of them true, but most of them imaginary. I wrote a lot of these tales for the paper; and, crudely told though they were, I know they must have been fairly good stuff. But they frequently got crowded out. If there was any overset matter the editor would shove my other stuff aside to make room for my personals; and from the angle of the small-town editor he was exactly right.

For the first three weeks of my apprenticeship nothing was said about pay. It had been understood in a vague kind of way that I would work for nothing until such time as my services became sufficiently valuable to entitle me to wages. At the end of my third week, on Saturday night as I was leaving the office, Boss Jim called me back

(Continued on Page 53)





He Was Mostly a Large Bluff Inhabiting a Prince Albert Coat

THE MOLLYCODDLE

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

IT WAS a very dilapidated Tauchnitz. A healthy puff of wind would have carried it over the rail into the Gulf of Siam; and Maurice and Hermione and Gaspare would have "mourned in flowing purple" until the end of time. From between pages 162 and 163—where Hermione talks about Etna and Maurice recalls playing dead in the water—Kate drew a letter, which was also beginning to show the wear of weather and handling.

For the thirteenth time she perused it—being without superstition—but she could not squeeze anything more out of it than she had at the first reading. Her brother was not subtle; there was never anything between the lines, if one excepted sundry sputters from an ill-used pen—stub and acid-bitten at that. No, Bob was not subtle; and that was why she had cabled him. She wanted blunt facts—no maunderings; and here the blunt facts were:

My dear Sistorina: Sure, I know Ahthuh Wells Wilmot! He's just as nice as he can be! And so you ran into him at Cairo? Want facts, eh? Here goes: Yale wasn't good enough for him after the first year; so he went ovah to Oxford, y' know, where they give you culture with a large K. He's mama's boy and aunty's boy and gran'ma's! He's been coddled up and yodeled to since the first bib. The old man never dared to kick him, because the three women would have pulverized him; but it's history that papa used to go down into the palatial cellar and chop wood by the hour to relieve his feelings. Pa Wilmot was one of those old bulldogs who'd unexpectedly jump into Wall Street, yell wow-wow twice, and pick up the million or two that the wolves had dropped in their hurry. He never went in for lambs—not enough scrapping in that game!

Mama Wilmot's family was three hundred years old, and Ahthuh represents that part of the junk, along with the highboys and lowboys and dewdrops and crotch-mahogany sideboards and Sheffield plate. Whew! I know what you'll say: I've met a girl interested in antiques. Go as far as you like.

Of course we ragged Molly—that's what we called Ahthuh—a good deal at college. Molly-coddle we dubbed him; and yet, my word for it, he fussed us all. He wasn't a silly aws—a Willie; he just smiled and bowed when any one trod on his toes. He lent his money freely, but he never lent for boosting "pupposes"—only to help out some chap who told a good, tearful tale. He walked about like a man in his sleep; he never woke up to the fact that we were trying to make a fool of him.

If he had written poetry we could have understood; but all he did was to read and quote it. We found out that mama was to blame for his going to Oxford. We might have made a man out of him at Yale. He always stepped aside. Some of the rougher lads would yank the cigarette out of his mouth, and all they'd get for their trouble would be a smile and another cigarette. Baseball, football, track-meets—all Chinese to Molly. He just simply didn't belong to the male species of a college campus—that's all!

Old Man Wilmot died of apoplexy, and you can't pull the wool over my eyes as to what brought that about. It was the coat-of-arms Molly brought or sent home after getting his degree at Oxford. Ahthuh Wells Wilmot! Never expected him to bob up again! Lives over there, I presume, with mama and aunty and gran'ma. Odd that you should have him along for the final lap of the Grand Tour. He'll be fine to run erranda—that is, if he hasn't changed. Kate, he just wasn't human; he was too good to be true! Never let out a hurrah; never got patriotically "imbued" when we walloped Princeton; never gambled, spooned, hunted, fished or played!

You know your loving brothers; we have three or four broken slats that'll always be threatening our lungs and tummies, and noses that try to go on straight ahead whenever we turn a corner; in other words, Molly is the kind of a dub that bothers our thinkers—can't find any place to put him—don't understand him! If he'd been one of those sly, weak-kneed cads with money that infest our colleges these days, everything would be as clear as glass. Well, take it from Brother Bob that somewhere under his hide is the Old Man silently trying to get out. And I'd like to be on the spot when the bust-up comes.

Lovingly, Bob.

P. S. Don't do it, Kate! Don't do it! Millions are O. K., but not with Molly tagging on behind.

She was willing to wager what remained of her letter-of-credit that the postscript was not Bob's—it showed too much insight; it was the girl with the antique furniture. It made her furious to think that they should think anything of the kind. She twisted the letter into a taper, got up and sought the broad teak rail. She flung the letter into the sea and watched it slowly vanish astern.

Everywhere great swells undulated like the muscles of some giant athlete stretching in his sleep; flying fish spun hither and thither and porpoises sported near by; and the spice-laden air from Borneo blew softly and deliciously across her face. Below, the steel wind-catchers, reaching out from the portholes like cannon, gave the floating hotel the martial semblance of a frigate of the line searching the seas for an alien flag.

His Heart Beat So Furiously That He Grew Faint

Kate turned her glance from the sea to the Canton lounge forward, just beyond the protection of the awning, in the full glare of the sunshine. To attract a person by means of whistling was a sign of vulgarity—so she had been taught; yet it was all she could do not to purse her young red lips into a shrilling.

As if her thought had served without the more physical aid of the whistle, the young man reclining on the Canton lounge pulled aside the pith helmet with which he was shielding his face, smiled and rose. He smoothed his sleeves, shook his legs, looked at his cuffs—an exquisite shade of lavender silk, linked by genuine scarabs—felt of his cravat, and then walked toward her.

"If only he would trip and fall!" she murmured. "If only there was a shoestring loose!"

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked, putting his helmet in the crook of his arm. He looked at his watch. "By Jove! half after four! Let me get you a tea or an ice."

"I should like an ice; still, I'm not so feeble ——"

He was already on the way down the deck toward the refreshment table.

"Oh, Molly! Molly!" she laughed—then groaned: "If he had an English accent I could forgive him."

Nature had given Arthur Wells Wilmot an exceedingly handsome face and a wholesome, graceful figure; study had added to these a pleasing voice, impeccable manners and a preference for the poets. He could recite A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever in such a manner as to cause young girls to bite their lips and elderly ladies to seek their handkerchiefs. But the fly in the amber, the crack in the jade, was in this strange and alien fact—Arthur was not sentimental. Who ever heard of a man who read aloud from the poets for the sake of the beauty he found there?—a handsome young man with bankers in New York and London and Paris! It was inconceivable.

No one ever caught him reading in cozy corners, seeking the soul of the blond—or brunette—young thing, or patting her hand to bring out the cadences of certain lines. No. He was the same to the young, the middle-aged and the old—affable, courteous—a Mercury or a Ganymede whenever the occasion required the services of Jove's footman or butler. The menfolks of the party treated him rather contemptuously because they could not understand him. They snubbed him; but snubs provoked nothing but smiles. They put mean little inconveniences in his path, like having coolies mislay his voluminous luggage; but his amiability was unchanging.

As she gazed after him Kate wondered which would relieve her most thoroughly—to laugh, cry or fall into a thundering rage. He was the strangest molly-coddle she had ever met; for his good looks were not effeminate—simply his nose, his chin and his brows were not strongly marked. He gave to her that dissatisfaction one finds in Canova's marbles after having seen those of Michelangelo and Rodin.

If only he would snarl and growl sometimes—slam a door—scrape his lounge back to the nook he had first selected and oust the insuperable brewer who had preëmpted it! But nothing ever happened. He reminded her of a pariah dog—always eager to get out of the way, to efface himself. The eternal cigarettes and the perennial Keats!

All the way from Port Said; from Colombo to Kandy; Bombay to Ahmedabad; Jaipur to Delhi and Agra; Benares to Darjiling, down to Calcutta; Rangoon to Mandalay; Singapore—always immaculate, from his canvas shoes to his white helmet.

The dust seemed to pass on each side of him and the rain never fell where he walked. It deeply puzzled her that she should always be waiting for him to fall down into some puddle, to strike the center of some duststorm, or to bump against a waiter with a trayful of soupdishes. Arthur Wells Wilmot bore a charmed life.

She had met him at Shepheard's, in Cairo, at the Christmas ball. A brisk young captain in the artillery had introduced him.

"Vernon? Are you by any happy chance the sister of Bob and Joe, of Yale?"

That had opened all doors to him, so far as Kate was concerned. Her aunt, who was chaperoning the little band of nomads, was charmed. Wilmot was worth six million dollars. He was invited to finish the tour with them.

They were twelve valiant pleasure seekers, making the circle happy-go-luckily, stopping where they pleased; going on when they tired of this place or that, unhampered by personal conductors. It was great fun. A carefully chosen party, socially and intimately known to each other, composed of eight women and four men: an engaged couple, a single man named Chadwick, who had been Bob Vernon's roommate at Yale, and who made no secret of his regard for Kate.

She understood Chadwick; he was as simple as A-B-C. Big, strong, an ex-footballer, an amateur boxer—he went at love as if it were as formidable a thing as the famous V-wedge. She would have been married to him months ago had it not been for the fact that she was full of romance and objected to a lover who never forgot that he had once worn spiked shoes and had made doormats of his less vigorous opponents.

Kate wanted a little of D'Artagnan, David Copperfield, John Rudd and Henry Esmond—an amalgamation as impossible to find as the fourth dimension.

It was only when the good ship Ludwig stopped at Suez for coal that the horror of the situation confronted the tourists. Arthur Wells Wilmot was number thirteen! Being furious bridge players, the men growled and vowed that something bally rotten would happen—a mollycoddle and a hoodoo—for Chadwick had not been backward in explaining Wilmot's status at Yale, though they had not known each other personally.

For nearly three months they had waited for a wreck, a great loss of money, a sudden death; but nothing at all had happened, if one omitted Kate's loss of patience and the acquisition of an irritability that alarmed her aunt and sometimes really frightened Chadwick. He was a mollycoddle, this Wilmot person; for, though he never drank or

She Flung the Letter Into the Sea and Watched it Slowly Vanish

gambled or flirted, he smoked three thousand six hundred and fifty cigarettes a year and read poetry to all who would listen.

Back in Bombay, the camel had gone down with a broken spine. This last straw had been added when she found him on the balcony of the hotel having his hands manicured and reading aloud to the manicurist. Kate had not stopped to think that in discovering a manicurist in Bombay the man had accomplished almost the impossible.

Sometimes she doubted. Suppose beneath this aggravating unruffled calm there should be a rich vein of cynicism and contempt for the people round him—so rich a vein that he would submit to snubs and covert insults for the sake of having a laugh all by himself? Then —— She stiffened against the rail. What was it to her? Why should she care? She knew that she hated him.

Arthur returned with a cup of tea and a cooling ice. He offered them both.

"Thanks!" She ate the ice with relish.

"Will you be wanting the tea?"

"No." She knew she was rude, but she did not care.

"May I drink it?"

"Merciful Heavens, yes! I shouldn't object if you drank it out of the saucer." She laughed with malice. "Indeed, I should like to see you do it."

He looked at her blankly.

"Why do you say that?"

"Haven't you any faults? Don't you ever remember to be human like the rest of us? Why did you let that brewer put your lounge out from under the awning?"

"Why, the poor devil weighs over two hundred! He'd melt away out there. Heat doesn't bother me."

"Does the cold? Does anything ever bother you?"—spitefully.

"Well," he answered as he pressed the slice of lemon into the bottom of the cup, "sometimes you do."

Then he looked up. For a mollycoddle he had the straightest, most unwavering eyes she had ever encountered. She hated herself as she set the dish on the rail.

He took out his cigarette case, beautifully and expensively made in apple-green jade.

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Another ice?"

"No. Throw those cigarettes overboard."

He laughed and dumped the contents of the case into the sea.

"Promise me you'll never smoke another!"

"I'm used to them." It was the first protest he had ever put into words within her hearing. "I gave up pipes and cigars five years ago. Cigarettes rather rest a chap. I smoke only ten a day. That's light enough."

So she had him in a corner at last!

"You will not promise?"

"Would it—please you?"—earnestly.

"I am curious to learn whether you have will-power to do it," she evaded.

"All right—for a year."

"No, no! Straight out-and-out—always!"

"May I go back to pipes and cigars?" he asked her.

"Oh, yes; but no cigarettes."

He opened and closed the case ruefully.

"Will you accept this as a little keepsake? I've grown very fond of it, but if I have it about I'm likely to be tempted. Now I'll go down and throw over the rest of the cigarettes."

When he had gone she stared down at the wonderfully hollowed-out green stone in her hand. And he really meant it! A queer little smile stirred her lips.

That night, after dinner, Chadwick found her dreaming by the forward crossrail, watching the star-powdered sky fall swiftly away from the bow or rise with the suddenness and precision and theatricality of a stage curtain.

"Kate," he began, "you've put me off month after month. When are you going to marry me?"

"Never in this wide world, John! We grew up together; I know you just as well as I know Bob and Joe. At home you live three houses away. I could no more marry you than I could Bob or Joe! You're just as much to me as they are—brother and sister. Besides, I don't want to marry any one. I'd much prefer to be an old maid. I'm sorry if I hurt you, Chad; but I'd hurt you a good deal more if I married you just because I'm sorry."

"Hurt me? Somehow or other, Kate, you've always been hurting me. Why, I've loved you since kindergarten days. Maybe you'd better wait a while—trip may have upset you," said the man, eager to catch at any straw. "Don't give me your answer now; I want you to wait till we get home."

"No false hopes, Chad. I know my heart. I do not love you in the way you wish. And it would be a crime if I let you hope when I know there's no chance in the world of my marrying you. One gets over all kinds of hurts—even this one; and in a year or so you may be glad that I didn't take you at your word."

"Pretty tough! All I came on this trip for was because I thought I had a chance."

"I never gave you any reason to believe so."

"Well, I thought women liked to play the game of being coy," Chadwick made answer.

"Not honest ones—and I'm honest, Chad."

Poor, big, blundering boy, who didn't know one poet from another; to whom Corot was a vegetable with the "t" left off; who could not have told an Ispahan from a gunnysack; whose one talent lay in the histories of All-American elevens, the batting averages of baseball stars, and the records of the reigning luminaries of the squared circle! Impulsively she gave him her hand and he crushed it so that the rings cut cruelly.

"Oh! Not so hard, Chad! You seem to forget how strong you are."

"Well, I guess I'll go in and have a peg."

"Pegs won't do you any good."

"I'm going to ask for the don't-care kind."

Abruptly he left her and entered the smokeroom.

She stood in the light of the smokeroom doorway for a moment, then turned to the rail again. And now the rest of the trip would be spoiled. Why could they not leave her alone? She was young; she wanted to see life and the world; time enough later on to think of marriage, the humdrum. If Chad wanted to be foolish—to drink and play bridge all night—it was his affair. She was sorry to have hurt him, but he just would be blind; a thousand times she had tried to open his eyes futilely. And the young man on the Canton lounge saw her disappear into the companionway. The cigar he had been smoking described a crimson arc over the rail and vanished. To have sworn off like that for a girl who didn't care shucks for him! Shucks! What in the world had brought that typical Yankee word into his mind?

II

ARTHUR broke sugar into his demi-tasse and brushed his fingers. "I rather believe that when I get back to Paris I'll write a novel."

"Keeper, he's out again!" murmured Chadwick, whose sense of humor found its only expression in the latest taking phrases of vaudeville lingo and comic-supplement slang.

"Make it a love story!" suggested the engaged couple.

The married men stoically took out their cigar cases, impatient to be off to the billiard room.

"Piffle!" Chadwick pushed aside his empty cup.

"A novel?" said Kate half scornfully, half teasingly. "What do you know about life?"

"I know as much as most people—if not more."

The ever-recurring smile and the perennial twinkle in his eyes appeared as Arthur ripped off the scarlet band from the most expensive cigar to be found in Yokohama.

"What put that idea into your thinker? It takes something more than an Oxford degree to make a good story-teller," said Chadwick.

"You'll always resent my leaving Yale."

"What Yale man wouldn't?"

Chadwick had begun to hate Wilmot. He did not reason why; he only knew that it was in his heart, seething and boiling whenever the complacent young man opened his mouth.

"All writers have to begin sometime," interposed Mrs. Arnold, Kate's aunt. She understood the cause of Chadwick's antagonism far more readily than he did.

"Sure they do; but they have to have something to begin with."

Chadwick laughed boisterously and lonesomely; Kate frowned; and Arthur bit off the end of his cigar in a manner which caused her eyes to widen. He was very nearly angry!

"What do you know of life?" Kate reiterated, frankly curious. "You have never wanted a single luxury; you have never known obstacle, pain; and unless you dreadfully want something you cannot have—unless you know great sorrow and great joy—life is a closed book. Dreamers are only poets, not story-tellers."

"Isn't poetry an expression of life?"

"Yesterday it was, but it is not today. We move too swiftly; our affairs are too multifarious ——"

"Deep water, Kate!" warned her aunt. "Be careful or we'll have to jump in after you if you keep that up."

Kate laughed, but there was a note of impatience in the sound.

"At any rate, observations of life, the things that happen about us daily, are the foundations of true story-telling. For four months now Mr. Wilmot has traveled with us—he has never gone into the bazars; in Canton he never left the hotel; in Macao he stayed at the hotel and read De Banville."

"Smells—smells—smells!" said Arthur.

"And at Shanghai and Peking ——"

"More smells!"

Everybody laughed.

"Bother!" Kate was deeply in earnest. "What do you know of poverty, strife, ambition?"

"I wasn't contemplating writing an Oriental yarn or a problem novel. I don't like the people in this part of the world. Aren't there other subjects just as interesting?"

"Who's for the billiard room?" asked Chadwick, whom the discussion was beginning to bore.

Mrs. Arnold rose to go to her room and the party strolled out of the dining room.

"Will you take a rickshaw ride?" whispered Arthur.

"Don't You Ever Remember to be Human Like the Rest of Us?"

"No, thanks," said Kate abruptly. "The ride in from Kioto has tired me. Go alone and tomorrow tell me what you saw."

"I wish," said Arthur ruefully, "that I could please everybody."

"In mercy's name, please yourself for once!" advised Kate impatiently. "I wish I were a man!"

"I don't!" And for a wonder he did not smile. Indeed, he gazed at her so frankly and earnestly that she was forced to look elsewhere. "Sometimes I am sorry I came along, for I've proved to be only a nuisance. I wish you liked me just a little."

"What makes you think we don't?" she countered. She preferred to interpret his remark as impersonal.

"I don't care what the others think, but I do want your good opinion. It was very kind of you to ask me along; but I'm not a congenial traveler. I can't help liking good clothes, clean streets, clean houses, clean food—and I don't like whisky or cards."

"Who in the world wants you to? Do you want the truth, Mr. Wilmot—the real honest truth?"

"From you, yes."

"Well, then, go out and break something!" He stared at her uncomprehendingly. "Fight for what you think is your own; don't let any one impose upon you; talk back; forget the women of your family and remember only the man."

"Dad?"

She nodded.

"Why, everybody hated poor old dad!"

"That might be; but everybody was afraid of him."

"And nobody in this wide world is afraid of me. Is that what you mean?" Again she nodded. He ran his fingers through his fine blond hair confusedly. Kate despised herself for wanting to do the same thing. "Perhaps I am hopeless! I begin to see. Life with me has been a series of pushbuttons; I never had to do anything for myself. I can see your point of view. Your two brothers were athletic, always getting in and out of trouble, footballing, boxing—and all that. Why, I don't know a fishhook from a sinker! And all the time you've been silently comparing us! A namby-pamby!"

"No, not that. It is simply that you have been smothered with the good things of life. Make a niche for yourself in the world—do something! Write a novel if you think you can do it. The world is a great arena; men are fighting in it; join them; take your affairs out of the hands of your lawyers and agents, and manage them yourself. And above all ——"

She paused. She had had no idea of letting her thoughts go like this. All said and done he was only a slight acquaintance of her two brothers, twenty-four years of age—old enough to think for himself. Besides, they occupied totally different spheres socially, and who was she to dictate to Arthur Wells Wilmot?

His mother, his aunt and his grandmother were American celebrities in Europe, often mentioned in the conservative court journals; his great grandsire had been an English knight; and scarcely a Sunday passed that there was not some story of the beautiful Mrs. Wilmot and a duke or a prince who wanted to marry her.

As for Kate Vernon, she had had her name in the newspapers just once—the day her mare ran away in the park and threw her.

"Well—and above all?" he repeated.

Was there anything more beautiful, more desirable than she as she stood there, her eyes asparkle, a flush on her cheeks, her lips as scarlet as the flowers of the poinsettias that bloom in Cairo?

"Forget Oxford! Go home! Don't become one of those drifting, inert, homeless beings we call expatriates." She stopped and stared at him.

"You would not tell me all these things if you hated me, would you?"

"Hate you! What makes you think I hate you? There!"—holding out her hand.

She snatched it away quickly enough and flew upstairs notwithstanding she had promised to join her aunt at bridge in the reading room. She could see in her mind's eye the crook in Bob's lips and the wrinkle that ran down Joe's cheek when contempt stirred her brothers.

As for Arthur Wells Wilmot, he gazed after her until the flounce of her skirt went whisking round the banister.

"By—Jove!"

He took from his coat pocket a thick letter, the envelope of which was one-fourth buried under stamps upon whose face one read: *Liberté—Egalité—Fraternité!* What did he know about the brotherhood of man?

His mother never began her letters with My darling boy, or My dearest, or Mama's own. She wrote as she talked—directly, breathlessly; and if there chanced to be any endearing terms they were packed away in the heart of the letter. She hated sentiment, written or spoken; a glance, a touch of the hand—these meant far more to her.

Are you mad, Arthur? The idea of your running away with total strangers in this fashion! Probably some designing minx after your money. Oh, they come from a very good middle-class family; but that's all. Return to Paris as soon as ever boats and trains can bring you. You must be here in May. I am entertaining during the month. And there's the Grand Prix. I want my handsome, distinguished boy with me. When we are together people can hardly believe I'm old enough to be your mother ——

He read no farther. With a frown—rare enough on his brow—he tore the letter into infinitesimal squares and with them snowstormed the wastebasket by the side of the manager's counter. After his money! Middle-class!

"Shucks!"

He laughed—and somehow the laughter struck deep, tingling his diaphragm and setting loose in his blood a sensation quite new. He repeated the word as a child repeats something forbidden, self-assertively. He was not aware of it, but there was something more than sound in this vulgar Yankee ejaculation. Drifter, idler, expatriate! She was right and they were wrong. Somewhere, from out the vast spaces, Old Man Wilmot must have smiled!

He walked briskly toward the entrance, picking up on the way his mouse-gray Fedora and slapping it on his head rakishly. She did not hate him! Outside he stood for a space on the curb, debating, puffing and blowing smoke into the air, and finding the cigar less bitter than the one he had smoked that noon.

Finally he held up his hand. A dozen rickshaw boys came dashing across the street, jabbering and chattering. The porter rescued Arthur from being torn to pieces and each piece deposited in a separate rickshaw. A sturdy Jap who spoke a little English was selected.

"Where do you wish to go, sir?" asked the Swiss porter.

"Tell the boy I want to see the sights—theaters, fairs, and the like."

The porter leaned forward confidentially and whispered.

"Lord, no!" cried Arthur. "I'll see all that in Tokio."

What Followed He Never Could Relate With Any Coherency

The porter singsonged to the rickshaw boy, who started off half a dozen times, only to be called back and berated for his haste. At length his instructions were complete, and a moment later the glowing paper lantern bobbed to and fro down the side street into the town.

Arthur leaned forward, his chin on the crook of his cane, vastly interested in the bobbing lanterns of other rickshaws. Sometimes women in evening clothes passed and there was always that quick interchange of glance, that sparkle of eyes.

Down the Honcho-dori into the Benten-dori—the streets of the curios—he was whirled into the center of an animated tree-and-flower fair in the Basha-michi-dori, where he purchased a beautiful dwarf pine in a cunning little glazed pot. Tomorrow he would give it to Kate. Kate! He had never dared to call her that when he had been left alone with her.

He laughed at the sign of Cock-eye Tom—Tailor; at the funny Japanese boys with their shaved polls and bristling topknots. And, oh! the yellow and crimson and rose of the giant lanterns; and the twinkling stars above; the intermittent warm breaths from the shop braziers and the pleasant odor of burning incense! Truly he had not rubbed elbows with life—and here it teemed about him, bristled, a riot of color, a fairyland!

Down went the thills. He nearly toppled out.

"What now?" he cried.

"Show-show! See move-um show-show!" gurgled the coolie, taking a rag from his breechclout and mopping his face.

Moving pictures! Sure enough! So Arthur, determined to enjoy himself inspite of his acquired dislike of crowds, climbed down from his seat and pushed in with the hurly-burly—a clean, sweet-smelling one too. How closely mechanism has drawn the far ends of the world together! He saw an Indian fight on the plains; Henri de Guise, by the company from the Comédie Française; Coney Island; and surf-bathing at Honolulu—variety enough for any man.

Into the rickshaw again; and then the beauty and charm dwindled away into sordid things—sailors' haunts; narrow alleys, with bold-eyed women ogling from the windows; here and there a drunken white man; tin-pan music; discord.

Hanging in front of a three-story building, flatiron in shape, like a wedge in the road which flowed each side of it, swung a dingy glass lantern, upon which all might read:

HONGKONG HOTEL
BY CHARLIE

There were rattan half-doors, above and below which smoke-smothered light poured out into the street. A saloon and boarding house for sailors evidently, run by a Chinaman—not a proper place for a young man in immaculate evening clothes, with two or three thousand yen in his wallet. What impelled Arthur to touch the coolie with his cane he never could tell. The coolie shook his head. "Go back show-show!"

Yesterday Arthur would have agreed with alacrity. He hated the proximity of the sordid. All his life he had been borne far above it. He was as dainty in his choice of amusements as a woman—pictures, books, old jewels, rugs; it was the beauty of the inanimate that held him; humanity, with its comedies and tragedies, surged and rolled past him, unnoted in detail. The sudden craving to see the lowest order of his kind was as inexplicable to him as the recurrence of the word Shucks!

Firmly he grasped his cane and pushed through the swingdoors.

III

ONCE across the threshold, however, his curiosity, his craving—whatever it was—abated, leaving him with a sense of shame, not in having entered but in wanting to back out. The smoke was as thick as the winter dungfogs in the Rajputana valleys—almost as bitterly acrid, for the

(Continued on Page 39)

CONTROLLING OUR FLOODS

By Hon. Francis G. Newlands, Senator From Nevada

CHAIRMAN OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON INTERSTATE COMMERCE

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.

Refugees Waiting for Tugs to Take Them to Safety—Mississippi Flood

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.

Inundated Section Near New Orleans, Showing Flood Covering Large Area

THE recent floods covering the Middle Western states, and the destruction of life and property caused by them, accentuate the necessity of immediate action regarding the regulation of our rivers through the coöperation of the nation and the states. The crisis which we are now facing will put to the test the nation's capacity for efficiency in constructive work.

For a century the National Government has conducted works for river improvement in a sporadic manner, without a fixed policy, without continuous operation, and without adequate funds. We have already spent ineffectually nearly five hundred million dollars in this way.

During this time the problems of river regulation and flood control have been obscured by the controversy of scientists, engineers and constructors and by the rivalry of the rail carriers. During the last half-century the rail carriers have been potent factors in producing confusion of view. Having constructed pioneer railroads hungry for traffic, they sought to paralyze water carriage wherever practicable and have been potential in preventing the expenditure of public moneys in such a way as to promote river transportation. The result has been that though work has been done at various points upon the rivers it has not been in such a comprehensive way as to make the rivers efficient instrumentalities for transportation, and thus maintain or revive river carriage. And so for years navigation has been slowly dying, and on many streams where it once flourished it is now extinct.

A waterway should be constructed just as a railway is constructed, with terminals, transfer facilities, freightsheds, station houses, and every facility not only for receiving and transferring freight, but for coördinating with the railways of the country in such a way as to make our railways and our waterways one system.

On the Wrong Track

BEFORE the railroads became such potential factors in transportation the work of the National Government upon navigable rivers consisted mainly of channel dredging. Since then, as the result of slow decay in river navigation, the character of the river regulation has changed to that of drainage of swamp lands for purposes of cultivation, and thus the swamp lands, which are the natural reservoirs for the flood waters, have been drained and protected by private enterprise in coöperation with the National Government in such a way as largely to expand the cultivatable area and diminish the area of natural flood overflow. Thus with the increased rapidity of the run-off and the increased volume of the river flow, the rivers of the country are becoming every day more menacing to the cities, towns and cultivatable areas within easy reach.

The character of the rivers themselves has changed; the fluctuations between high and low water have been growing greater; the floods have been rising higher and higher and are becoming more and more destructive. There has been a steady increase in the height of the floods at Cairo, Memphis and New Orleans.

The real basis upon which the national power over rivers rests—namely, the promotion of interstate commerce through river navigation—has been almost entirely lost sight of, and the clamor of interested communities whose safety depends upon river control is not directed to the exercise of the national function of promoting interstate transportation, but to the assumption by the nation of a power that does not belong to it, except incidentally and collaterally in connection with navigation, namely, that of protecting low areas in various states from overflow.

In dealing with this question, therefore, it is necessary to bear in mind that the nation has control over our rivers only for purposes of navigation, and can only engage in such work on the rivers as either directly or indirectly promotes navigation. All the other uses of the rivers and their waters are within the jurisdiction of the states, and it is only by the united exercise of the powers of both nation and states that rivers can be controlled with a view to promoting all beneficial uses and preventing all destructive effects.

For many years the various waterway associations of the country have been pressing upon Congress the necessity for comprehensive plans, continuous work and liberal expenditures. Their demands have been strengthened by newspaper and magazine support, by the recommendations of boards of trade and commercial bodies, and by the platform declarations of all parties, and yet Congress has failed to respond to public opinion in this direction. The difficulty has been largely due to divergency of view as to plans, and to the distracting efforts of rail carriers.

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y.

Dayton—Flooded Section

Discouraging Fights for Water Rights

SEVEN years ago President Roosevelt, upon his own initiative and without statutory authority, organized an inland waterway commission, composed of two senators, two members of the House of Representatives, and the chiefs of various scientific services, such as the Engineer Corps of the Army and the Forestry and Reclamation Services. I was a member of that commission. We made a hurried inspection of the principal waterways of the country, and had hearings at which scientific men and the chiefs of governmental services that related in any way to the study, control or use of water gave their views.

As a result of that inquiry we presented an elaborate report in which we insisted:

First. That the national services relating to water should be coördinated in one board for teamwork.

Second. That plans should be made for the development and control of our rivers not only for navigation but for every beneficial use, and for the mitigation of destructive floods.

Third. That the plans should involve the coöperation of the respective states with the nation in works, each acting within its jurisdiction, but under common plans.

Fourth. That an ample national fund should be created for continuous work, which should be supplemented by the contributions of states and private interests in collateral works only incidentally helpful to navigation.

The basic principles of our recommendations, therefore, were coördination of the services, coöperation with the states, an ample fund for continuous work, and a fair apportionment of costs and benefits between the various sovereignties and private interests affected.

Before the Waterways Commission made its report I introduced in the Senate a bill embodying these principles, and have urged it persistently at every session since, changing its form at various times in certain details to meet the requirements of the legislative situation. To the River and Harbor Bill I have offered numerous amendments embodying the above principles, but they have always been beaten by the adherents of the present patronage system under which projects are initiated; not by scientific experts covering the whole field of investigation but by

members of Congress interested in public works within their immediate districts.

The whole system of river improvements ought to be put upon the merit system; and this is fully covered in a bill generally known as the Newlands River Regulation Bill, which I have introduced session after session, and which provides for teamwork upon the part of the national services, teamwork between the nation and the states, comprehensive plans, and an ample fund of at least fifty million dollars annually for ten years, to be contributed by the National Government; such fund to be increased by the contributions of the various states under mutual plans.

It is estimated that the floods alone cost the country about two hundred million dollars annually in damages. The aim of the new system is to turn these floods into instrumentalities of benefaction by restraining the rapid run-off, through irrigation and through storage, and putting the flood waters to beneficial uses, either in cultivation or the development of waterpower.

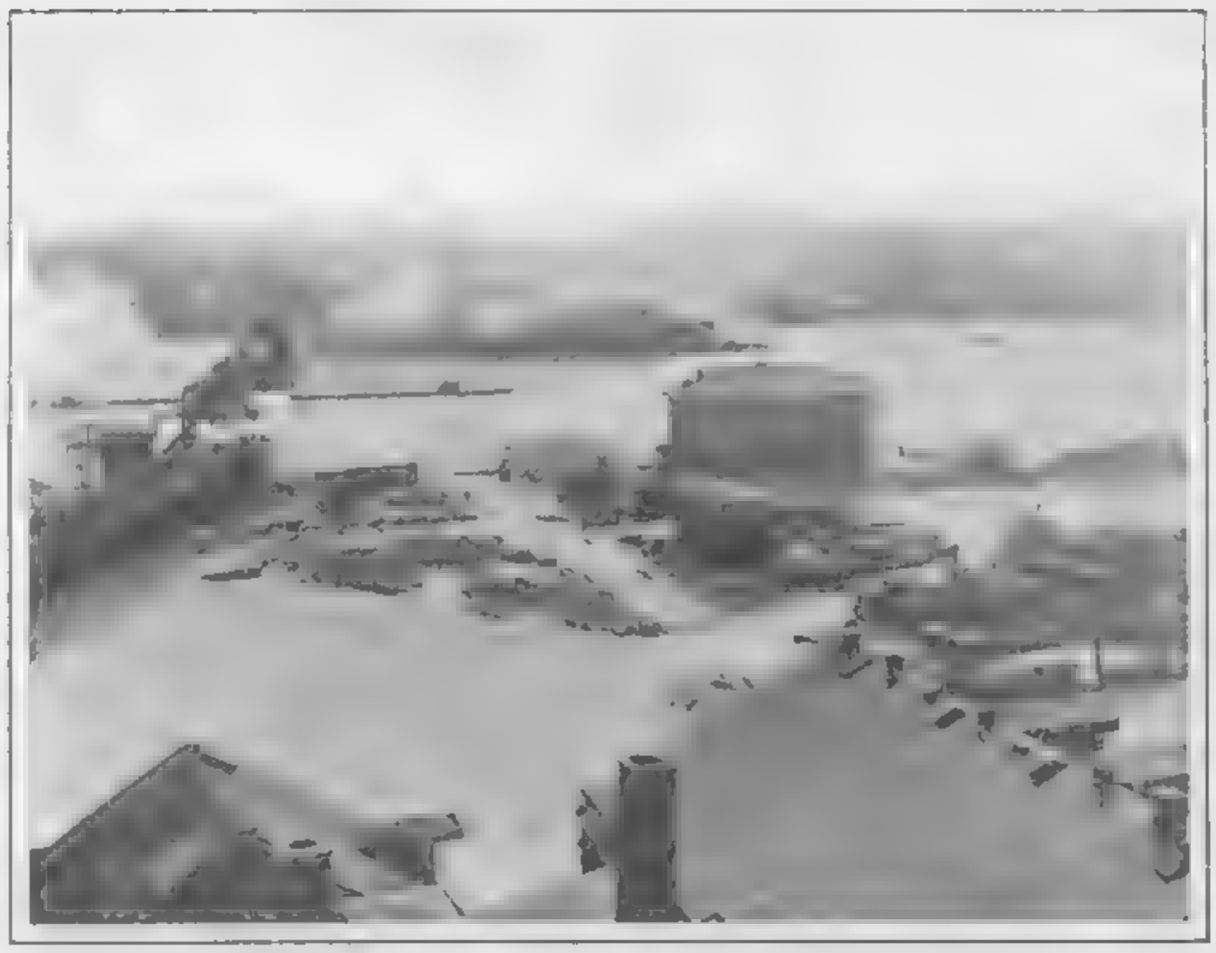
We will thus, as President Woodrow Wilson in the recent campaign declared, turn the floods from a menace into a blessing.

The principles of this bill have been indorsed by Mr. Taft when he was Secretary of War; by Mr. Stimson, the recent Secretary of War; by the ex-Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Fisher; by the ex-Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wilson; and by Mr. Walcott, the former Director of the Geological Survey and now the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution; also by resolutions of all political parties, and resolutions of numerous state legislatures, chambers of commerce and boards of trade. These have all been collated in remarks made by me in a running debate on the River and Harbor Bill from February 20 to February 26, 1913, and indicate how thoroughly public sentiment outside of Congress has been crystallized upon this unusually important subject.

How the South Cuts Off Its Nose

ALL these various indorsements approve the system proposed of coördination of bureaus and services, coöperation with states, an ample fund, continuous work, and the contemporaneous development of every use to which the waters of the rivers can be put, by the exercise of the joint powers and functions of the nation and the states.

The bill which I have introduced has been receiving constantly increasing support in Congress. At the last session its friends succeeded in forcing an amendment upon the River and Harbor Bill, covering its essential features, where it was maintained for some time by a practically unanimous Senate vote; but the House conferees on the River and Harbor Bill fought persistently against its retention, and in the closing days of Congress compelled its exclusion from the bill.



Albany Yacht Club Submerged by Rising Waters of Hudson

I regret to say that the members of Congress and the senators from the Lower Mississippi Valley have been most persistent in their opposition to this beneficent measure. An incomplete system of coöperation has been going on there between the National Government and the levee districts, under the direction of the Mississippi River Commission. The levee districts are under the control of levee boards, which are opposed to any change in the present system, and these levee boards are very influential politically. The result has been that the South, which would be the main beneficiary of this movement, has thus far opposed general plans which would involve the restraint of the flood waters above, and has insisted that these flood waters should flow down unhindered until the swamp lands of the Lower Mississippi are reached, where it is demanded that the Government should put up enormous levees for their protection.

In the region from Cairo down private interest in farm and plantation protection, instead of public interest in promotion of water transportation, is made the basis of appeals to the National Government for aid.

The representatives of this region are showing a growing inclination to abandon the only basis upon which national intervention can be invoked—namely, the promotion of interstate commerce—and to rely upon the needs of farm, town and city protection as the basis for their demands for national relief. They make a great mistake in doing this, for they are thus abandoning the only basis for the exercise of national power; whereas, if they recognize that the promotion of transportation should be the chief end of the National Government, and that the mitigation of floods is simply a means to that end, they will be enabled to secure the full and efficient cooperation of the nation with the states in the great problem of flood mitigation.

Flood, with attendant loss of life and property, the caving in of river banks, and the shifting of channels, soil erosion, sandbars, and other impediments of navigation, are all due to one cause—the too rapid run-off of rain and snow waters. Steadiness and stability of flow are required. The means which prevent too rapid run-off are the means which aid navigation and mitigate floods.

Among the means of preventing too rapid run-off are the conservation of forests, proper soil cultivation, and the impounding of flood waters in reservoirs for irrigation and water-power. There can be no doubt but that the destruction of forests and the cultivation of the soil in a careless way tend to facilitate rapid run-off and increase the floods. Believers in the conservation of timber and soil have a common interest with advocates of river regulation and flood prevention, and they should work hand in hand.

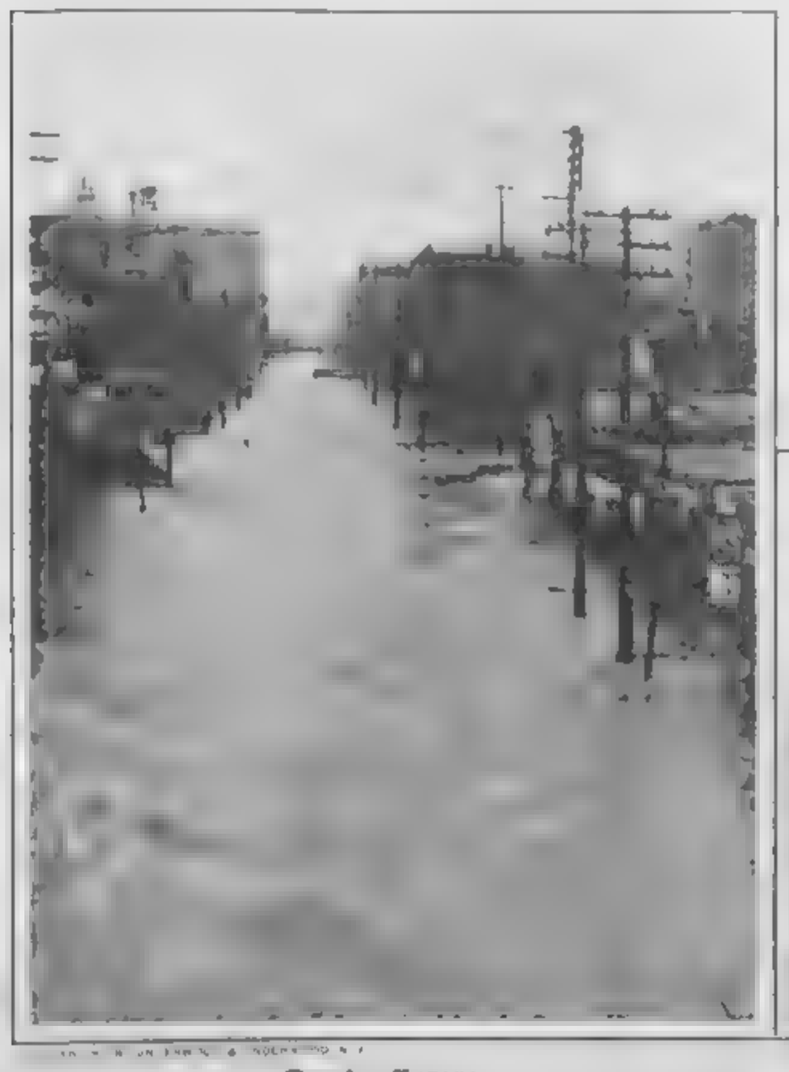
The problems of the Mississippi Valley are now of absorbing interest, but they are the same as the problems of every other drainage area. The Mississippi drainage area, however, is much larger than any other, comprising as it does about two-thirds of the national area; and it differs from all other drainage areas in that its rivers all empty finally through one outlet into the Gulf of Mexico. The waters, therefore, falling upon this immense area are concentrated in enormous volume below the Red River.

Now all these waters come from the same source, the clouds. As yet science has developed no method of regulating the output of the clouds. The waters falling upon this immense drainage area, if distributed with fair equality over the entire period of the year, would be a blessing, but falling as they do in torrents within comparatively short periods, that constitutes a menace. The irregularity of the fall can not be corrected. The irregularity of the flow can be mitigated, but it can only be mitigated by the obstruction of the run-off.

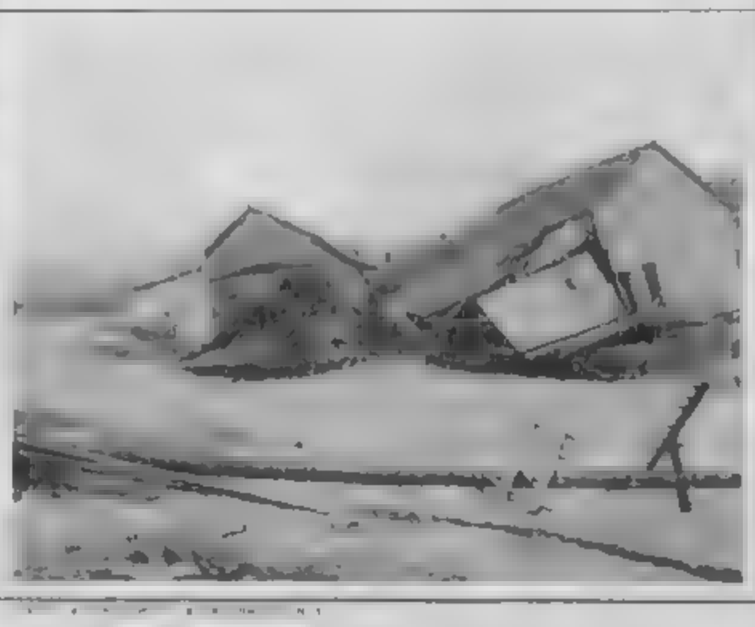
Nature's Restraint on Runaway Streams

SUCH an extraordinary flow as recently occurred would not be so destructive if the waters would remain where they fall and be largely absorbed by the soil and by plant growth. It is the rapid run-off that concentrates these waters in enormous volumes to the destruction of cities, towns and great cultivatable areas on the lower reaches of the waterways. The problem is to slow down the run-off; and this is to be accomplished, not by one way, but by many ways. One way is through the conservation of forests, which constitute natural storehouses for water, and which let out the rainfall gradually, after absorbing a very large proportion in tree and plant growth.

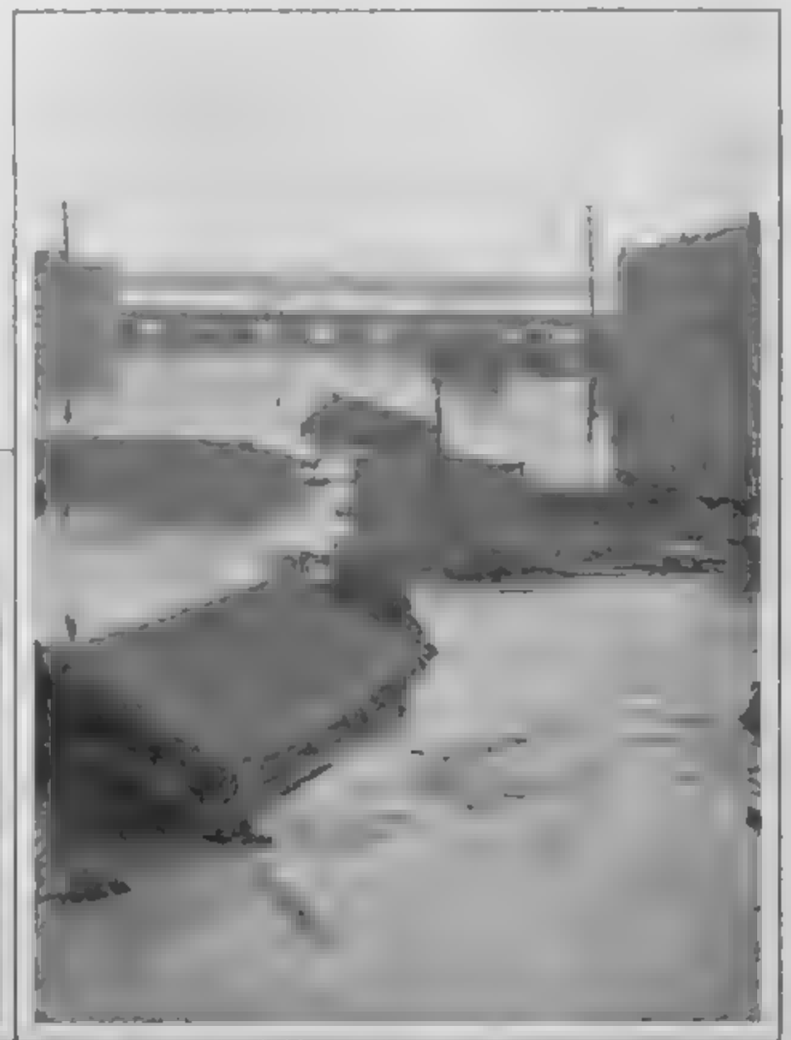
(Continued on Page 36)



Topeka, Kansas



Flood-Demolished Houses, East Akron, Ohio



Kansas City, Missouri

MURDOCK, M. C.

By Henry Beach Needham

IN A HUDDLE of yellow cottonwood shacks on a treeless floor-flat prairie, Victor Murdock was born. His father, a combative editor, was the self-constituted publicity agent of the community, then in transition from the Indian tepee to the brick block. When the sod house had been abandoned and the hearthstone was domiciled in the Queen Anne residence, the editor acclaimed it Peerless Princess of the Plains an inviting name, for in later years when Wichita went "dry" the unregenerate called it the Beerless Princess of the Plains.

Habit of thought is one thing, course of action another. Congenitally Victor Murdock was an insurgent, but he had too much common sense always has had—to lead a forlorn hope. There would come a time to insurge; meanwhile, it was wiser to go with the procession. But there were occasions, not so frequent as to mark him as "queer," when his mutinous habit of mind would assert itself. This open rebellion would not necessarily relate to social justice, to political equality or to the unequal distribution of wealth. The protest might be directed against a mere custom, or against an innocent form of idolatry to which the people were addicted. There was baseball, for example. But here we must double on the trail.

"You were married rather early in life?" I once asked Mr. Murdock.

"Yes—at nineteen. I saw the girl I wanted and the girl who, somehow, had taken rather a fancy to me, and we have been comrades ever since."

"Were you possessed of any means at that time?"

"Yes. I was getting nine dollars a week as a reporter."

"The following year you moved to Chicago?"

"I had to, because my father would not pay me all I was worth. I told him so; told him that nine dollars a week was scarcely enough for the head of a respectable Wichita family. Even the bookkeeper in the counting room of The Eagle was getting twenty dollars, and he was a commercial worker without the divine gift of writing.

"'Both of your hypotheses are wrong,' said my father. 'You are receiving more than you are worth. Writing, my son, comes cheap. The prairies are overrun with young fellows who would be glad to get your position at your salary. My bookkeeper, on the other hand, is an almost indispensable person. If he were to go I should have much difficulty in filling his place.'

"So my wife and I went to Chicago and lived in one room. My wages as a reporter on the Inter-Ocean were twenty-two dollars a week. When I returned to my room at one o'clock in the morning I would read Dickens, Thackeray, Lamb and De Quincey for style. 'Tomorrow,' I thought, 'I shall hit the target and ring the bell.' Fortunately my wife thought so too. I wrote and wrote—sketches, stories, everything. But the bell didn't ring!"

The First Time the Bell Rang

NOT the true literary ring. But as a newspaper iconoclast young Murdock scored heavily. Finding the city wild over baseball, and yielding to his beguiling sense of humor, he sharpened the stub of a pencil and lit into the craze. To the horror and then to the anger of the fan he proceeded to lampoon the national game; even "Pop" Anson, the blond giant who captained the White Stockings, did not escape.

Murdock borrowed his metaphors from Carlyle, his preachment from Shakspere and his vivid descriptions from Laura Jean Libbey. Letters of violent protest came to the office by the sackful. But the New York Sun reprinted this josh stuff, and pride mellowed the managing editor of the Middle West.

Twenty years afterward, when Mr. Murdock had become a national figure, he lured me into the Library of Congress. There he obtained a bound volume of his old Chicago paper, and from its pages, yellow not from intent but from age, he read me his heretical attacks on our national pastime. They were deliciously funny; but the boyish enthusiasm of the author was funnier still. He chuckled over each shaft of wit without conscious pride. It was to him, as to me, a glimpse of the Victor Murdock of two decades before.

Regularity marked his course in politics after he had returned to the Peerless Princess of the Plains, now in the brick stage of development, and had taken his appointed place on The Eagle. It was his duty to look after the county printing. The paper was prospering, and the revenue from this source was not vital to its existence, though important in the standing that it gave the paper.

"National Well-Being Before Sectional Advantage—and Lo, I Was a Progressive!"

To have the county printing was to be the official paper with the rights and privileges appertaining thereto. All of which was summed up in an epigram.

When Populism swept Kansas, emptying the offices of their Republican incumbents, the editor's son exclaimed: "All is lost save honor and one county commissioner!" Two of the three county commissioners controlled the printing.

The local machine leaders, wishing to conserve the good opinion of The Eagle, permitted the son of the editor to pass upon the qualifications of the candidates for county commissioner. At one time Bill Elliott was a candidate for that office, and the watchdog of the county printing was looking him over with critical eye and sounding him out not without skepticism. The interview led up to this important question:

"How will you treat The Eagle?"

"I'll be fair to The Eagle," replied Bill Elliott.

Murdock puzzled over this reply. That evening he took counsel of an old politician named Tyle who, passing the door, stopped to chat. "What does it mean in politics when a fellow says he'll 'be fair' to you?"

"Means he's against you!" answered Tyle.

Bill Elliott was not intrusted with the Republican nomination—equivalent to election—for county commissioner.

The future Insurgent Congressman played the political game as he found it, and played it as if to the political manner born; but his habit of thought did not change. It broke out, first, when the state machine proposed to turn down Davy Martin, who was one of the judges of the state supreme court. Davy Martin's offense was that he had rendered a decision unpopular with the machine. No one contended that it was contrary to law, but every one agreed that it was against the railroads: hence the indignation of the machine leaders, who whispered among themselves that Davy Martin must go. This edict was relayed to the office of The Eagle, and immediately our reporter journeyed to Topeka, where he protested to the leaders. Getting no satisfaction he protested, with the aid of double-leaded editorials, in The Eagle. He got very much wrought up over the fate of a judge with whom he was personally unacquainted. But the machine leaders stood pat, caring more for the power of the railroads than for the power of the press.

The next outbreak of insurgency occurred after a particularly harmonious county convention held in Garfield Hall. Young Murdock had sat in at the deliberations of the leaders the night before, when everything was cut and left to dry, every candidate selected, each resolution prepared, and the men chosen to make every motion. It was not the dress rehearsal, but the nominating convention itself. The affair in Garfield Hall was merely a ratification meeting. After adjournment *sine die* young Murdock walked home with two of the machine men, Captain Jake Balderson and Captain Ben Downing, both brave fighters in the Civil War, and afterward adept politicians. To them the neophyte protested:

"That was wrong there today. We've got no right to take those farmers away from their work and keep them sitting all day on hard yellow chairs, under the pretext that they're having something to do with the convention. They had absolutely nothing to do with it. It was a fraud upon their good-nature."

"What procedure would you follow?" asked Captain Balderson, more in jest than earnest.

"Have no slate next convention. Let it be a free-for-all—everybody take part."

Politics Elbow Letters

THIS radical proposal caused Captain Downing to make the remark Mr. Murdock was destined to hear every time he took a forward step in future, namely: "Why, that would be anarchy!"

Came a day when there was a deadlock in the state legislature over the United States senatorship. The future statesman, now managing editor of The Eagle, had been drenched in politics from babyhood. At seven years of age, on election night, he had carried telegrams to the assembled group of politicians in the newspaper office. Before he was a voter he was sitting at the reporters' table on the stage at county conventions, following the manipulations of the machine, helping certain fellows to get nominations, and acting as amanuensis for the committee on resolutions. He had long since come to think in terms of party platforms, and his life was filled with concern for the political aspirations of his friends. Strangely enough, he had no personal ambitions along political lines, but because of his activities those around him began to have aspirations for him. Who were they?

"The practical politicians," explained Mr. Murdock, "for whom as a class I had then, and still have, the warmest personal affection. One of the sorrows of my career is that so many of my champions of that earlier time oppose me today."

These politicians it was who sought, unsolicited, to give him political preferment. They talked about him for the legislature or for the state senate. Then came the contest for United States Senator in which Chester I. Long, W. E. Stanley and Charles Curtis were at one another's throats. It was a tremendous struggle. The newspaper man from Wichita was early at Topeka, and soon was in the center of the fight. He was a Long man. Eventually Long won, and his advancement made a vacancy in Congress. With one voice the political friends of the energetic newspaper man exclaimed:

"Victor went to Topeka and stood up with the biggest of them. He's a leader, and he's the man for Congress!"

But he didn't want to go to Congress. He wanted to "write literature." At that age he believed he was a literary genius. The fervor of this belief led him to suppose that if, by any strange fate, he should fail to convince the world of his genius the tragic narration of his failure alone would be sufficient to give him immortal fame.

So a family council was called. As usual it assembled after supper about the dining-room table. At one end of the white cloth sat the editor, at the other his wife. The children gazed into each other's faces over the silver-plated caster—an ingenious mechanical contrivance, now unhappily out of fashion, which was built to revolve and thus bring the salt, pepper, mustard and vinegar, and of later years the olive oil, in juxtaposition with every palate.

She who ruled the "Eagle roost" first had her say "Yes"; no more. Then the vote was taken. Mother and her daughter-in-law voted in favor of the congressional mantle, while the editor, alone but vociferous, voted "No!"

"Majority's against you, father," said the innocent bystander. "I go to Congress." He did not add what was in his mind, that a promising literary career was to be ruined.

But there were obstacles, fortunately. Even though the "future editor" of the leading Republican paper in the

district was a candidate, the other aspirants did not at once withdraw. First, there was Judge Baker to be got out of the way, because he was a strong candidate, and because he, too, lived in Sedgwick County. The judge had long been ambitious to represent the district in Congress, and he was eminently deserving of the honor. Time and time again, when the campaign chest was low, he had been promised the congressional nomination "next election," but for one reason or another the opening had not come. Now he was to be put aside again. It wasn't a pleasant task.

"Call on Judge Baker," directed Ed Bewey, one of the leaders of the organization. "Pretend to ask him to withdraw from the race—be respectful-like but firm. Tell him positively you've got the delegates sewed up in a bag."

The newspaper candidate almost balked at this demand. He liked Judge Baker. Further, he knew that Baker had a right to expect the nomination. But Ed Bewey was unyielding.

"Do as I say—go up to the judge's house tonight. Mebbe he won't be surprised to see you. Mebbe we've got it all fixed. But mind you go prepared to give Baker an eloquent knock-out. And don't you forget to go in a hack."

"In a hack?" exclaimed the organization candidate. "Why, I have been to Judge Baker's house a hundred times and always went on the trolley."

"See here, young man," said Bewey condescendingly; "you've got a lot of learnin' ahead of you in practical politics. Do exactly as I say. Go in a hack. What's more—have both lamps lit and keep 'em lit while the hack waits."

The leader triumphed. The candidate proceeded to the home of Judge Baker as directed, with the lamps of the hack trimmed and burning, and he went boldly, prepared to put up a stiff bluff.

"You are positive you have enough delegates pledged to nominate you?" asked Judge Baker not unkindly when the bluff had been made.

"I'm certain of it!"

"Then I withdraw." And Judge Baker took the hand of his young opponent and offered his congratulations with a heartiness that was far from assumed.

Possibly it was a prodding of conscience—aftermath of the encounter with Judge Baker—that made him overcareful about the remaining candidates. There were eighteen of them—the district contained thirty-six counties. Undaunted by this opposition, he looked upon himself as a sure winner, and he did not want the unsuccessful candidates to be down on him when the race for the nomination was over. And particularly he desired the continued friendship of Tom Noftzer, politician among lawyers; Charlie Branine, leader of the bar of his county; William Wallace, another able lawyer; Sam Forshay, a six-foot ranchman; and Dave Blaine, successful businessman—all of them much older than the ubiquitous newspaper candidate.

It was in the little town of Great Bend that the clans gathered for the big convention. Rushing from room to room in the hotel, Murdock visited one rival candidate after another; and his youthful earnestness and his sincere pleading—"Don't be mad at me; I want you for my friend more'n I want the nomination"—enabled him to handle a difficult situation. Of course some of the candidates laughed at his confidence in his own nomination; but they all listened.

Moreover, they were all impressed with his claims and depressed by his air of confidence—or else they depressed one another. For the upshot of this strange move in practical politics was that these very men, weakening in the crisis, gave the final impetus to the stampede at the convention. That's how Victor Murdock obtained the nomination.

How he got elected is another story. Returning from the convention he was surprised, as the train approached the Peerless Princess of the Plains, to hear all of the whistles blowing.

"What are they blowing for?" the candidate asked Jerry Howard, one of his backers. "'Tisn't noon yet."

"Blowing for you," said Howard proudly, "for the next Congressman from the Eighth District."

At the station and vicinage every man, woman and child of Wichita apparently had gathered. It was a splendid reception, and elicited a worthy response, the keynote of which was that the young candidate was "for 'em"—would always be "for 'em"! At this the old politicians smiled. "For" them? Of course! But they began to shake their heads a little over the burden of the young man's regular campaign speech.

He was not an orator. Indeed, at that time he gave little promise of being even a fair public speaker. But he had an engaging manner; he was a good mixer on the platform as well as down among the crowd. And everything he said had a ring of wholesome sincerity to it. Moreover, he said what the people were pleased to hear. Their only safety, he told them, was in activity. They must be busy and keep busy; if they remained quiet and did nothing then the politicians would get the best of them.

Judge Watkins, a man thoroughly skilled in politics, after listening to this strange talk in a machine district, one evening took the candidate aside and reasoned with him. "I know you're sincere—you mean every word you say. But you're taking the wrong road. You don't want all the people active. This and all other governments are run by a minority—and a select minority. It's your business to be part of that select minority."

However, the speech wasn't changed. Probably it elected him. He was only thirty-one.

"What was the first thing you thought of after your election?"

"Of that five-thousand-dollar salary," promptly answered Mr. Murdock. "It was only five thousand in those days."

"And what did you do?"

"I drew a check for two dollars, and went along Main Street jingling those two silver dollars. My, but I was happy! Then an old printer named Sam Daniels came up to me and, without so much as offering his congratulations, said: 'Got any money?'

"Just to show him I had, I pulled out the two silver dollars.

"'Thank you,' said Sam, taking the two dollars. For the moment I felt as downcast as if I had lost the election."

"When did you become an Insurgent?"

(Continued on Page 49)

SEALED ORDERS

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

"Beat it, You, or I'll Run You In!"

IT BEGAN at Donahue's Ranch, really. From the first the brown river had edged stealthily westward with an eye to Guaymas, keeping within the bounds set by mountain walls a few hours to right or left, but all the while slyly waiting an unguarded moment for breaking through to the Pacific along the path of the Yaqui River. A trifle more of westing, to leave a few puny hills to the left, and the thing had been done—the Rio Grande had slipped by the barrier and so southwest across the Yaqui country. But from those insignificant hills reached out a finger of inexorable rock—hidden and nameless as the cause that makes you what you are. Therefore at Donahue's the Rio Grande is turned snarling to the east, to gnaw and carve a way through three great mountain ranges to the Mexican sea.

And here is a curious thing: There are no islands in the Rio Grande—save one. That one is precisely at Donahue's, where a stubborn California branch bears westward about Greenhorn, a minority report—to creep back at last, thwarted, sullen and slow. It may be chance—but in that land of happy names there is no name for this short, unstoried stream; as if men kept for that baffled hope the silence due to grief.

From that rejoining the river whips sharply east, impatient of further delay. Always a twisty and squirmy stream, for the next day's journey it writhes and thrashes about like a python in death agony. Look at the map. It breaks through Caballo Mountain at Rincon, cuts a valley slantingly across the desert, nearing the eastward range at the proper chisel-angle; and so chisels through at El Paso.

El Paso, remember, means The Pass. Seven great railways crowd to this pass. Transcontinental passengers stop off here. They cross the bridge to Juarez—thereafter saying complacently: "When I was in Mexico ——"

The native of the city of New York, it is said—by natives of the city of New York—is quiet, prudent and economical. Wickedness and waste are provided for, and by transients from Wichita, Paducah, Zanesville. It is even so with El Paso, which is New York's closest rival for the crown of naughtiness. The aborigines are singularly domestic and sedate; the attractions are for the transients. So it is said.

That is as it may be. The attractions draw more transients, right enough—which creates a demand for more attractions, and so forth, *ad libertine*. For the same causes, El Paso's police force, man for man, fears no comparisons.

"Say, you, Crooknose!" said Gannon. "What are you hanging round this corner for?"

Crooknose turned slow gray eyes for better regard of Officer Gannon—otherwise holding his negligent attitude against the wall, his hands resting on the stone quoin.

"For safety, Bullneck. Because you're here."

Now Bullneck was the older and larger man, but the gray eyes held the effect of looking down in kindly banter to a favored child.

"Beat it, you, or I'll run you in!"

"That will be interesting!" said Crooknose politely.

Gannon's big body swayed, but his feet clung to the pavement. Of the brown-faced men who came to the Pass City, there were some from whom pink-faced men had no profit in their dealings. Quiet Crooknose was alarming. The policeman could not have named a reason. He sensed it—and was not sorry for an interruption.

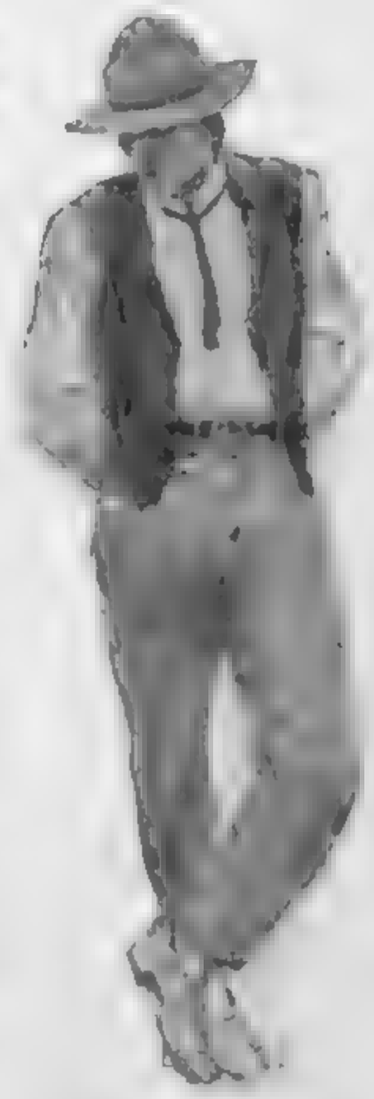
"Mart! Mart Gannon! I've been robbed!"

He was a pretty boy, about the age of Crooknose; his hat was smushed, his coat torn, his cheek bruised; Gannon knew him for a deskman at the smelter.

"I was hanging round at the Jumbo, just looking on—big boob with a roll and a jag, buckin' monte; and they was dealing seconds on him—see?" The story came in gurgly blobs, like water from a full keg. "I spots a chance for easy money; so I crossed him—see? It's a snap. When he bet gold on the *cinco*, I'm piking silver on the other card—and so on down the line—see? By the time the gink gets his I'm sixty to the good. Goin' downstairs two guys clatter past me, one on each side. They grabs me; bashes me hat over me eyes; they frisks me and they throw me out. Lucky I was most down. See where they tore my coat getting my leather?"

"Anybody see 'em? Will you know 'em? Can you swear to 'em?" Thus the law's majesty, blaring.

"Know 'em nothing! Didn't I tell you they mashed me hat over me lookers? All I see was their backs as they beat it upstairs. I don't want the strongarms pulled; I want me dough—ninety-five bucks! Thought you was me friend!"



"That Will be Interesting!"

"Friend? I know your name's Parker, if you call that bein' a friend. Whatcha want me to do, you sucker? Arrest the whole block? You swear out a warrant or clear out. By your own say you're a cheat, a piker, a squealer and a chump. Shack now!"

"Does the concession cover that?" Crooknose left his corner to put the query lightly, carelessly. "What you say of friend Snipes is eminently correct. You have a happy knack of speech. But isn't friend Jumbo a little on the hog? Winning both sides of one bet—it seems almost greedy! Still I would not interfere if they hadn't sent two men to get it from Snipes. I can't forgive that. You'd better trot along, Bullneck, and bring it here."

"Bring it? How? Who'll I get it of?"

Bullneck was choking-black, but that cold gray eye chilled him to the bone.

"Oh, just ask the house for it. They'll give it to you. Ninety-five dollars, Snipes? Well, Bullneck, you bring back—oh, say sixty-five. That leaves a piece of money to

split three ways. You can keep all of the thirty if you want to; but it doesn't pay in the long run—the golden egg, and all that. If Jumbo holds back you might mention my name—Crooknose—and tell 'em I'm one of the grandest little collectors now at large, and I'll be up presently. Go on now and get it!"

And Gannon got it.

"Snipes," said Crooknose, "let me put you wise to a few things: Don't cross the sucker bet too pointedly. It's bad form; it tips the game; you'll get yourself disliked. Number two: Keep to the wall on dark stairways; it is a sign of bad luck to have a stranger on each side. Thirdly: This is no place for trundle-bed trash. Keep out of this part of El Paso unless you are a match for any two men."

"Like yourself?" sneered Gannon.

"Exactly. You may go now, Snipes."

"Why—er—thank you!" blurted Snipes. "Can't I slip you a yellow boy for yours?"

"Me? For that!" said Crooknose dispassionately. "I must give you another steer." A quick twist of the collar brought Snipes to position; a creditable drop-kick started him on his way; outraged law stood by, subdued.

"So long, Bullneck!" said this redresser of wrongs. "I got to go up to the office."

II

A STIRRING place, the great world, and crowding to the eye: Troy town, a month away, was dimmed in Katie's mind. The best was that no marvel of all held more of lure than her daily task. For Katie worked in a dreamshop.

Strong, barbaric colors—blankets of Zuñi and the Navajo; basket-work of Pima, Hopi and Apache; pottery of old pueblos—these drew you through the door to ruin and delight. Beadwork and moccasin came next, quiver and belt and bow; then all that the desert holds of quaint and rare—cacti of cliff and plain and hill—flaunting, flaming scarlet and crimson and blood-red; purple maguey, the yucca's white and waxen bells—cousins, these two, bearing lance and wand; and, poor kin to them, *soto* and bayonet and dagger, spiked and bristling; richest in names of all growing things, these thorny kindreds, strong-fibered, stout-hearted—sharing between them a hundred words of love or hate.

Beaten copper, filigree of delicate silver; great locks, hand-forged with foot-long keys, from churches that flourished and fell when Cromwell ruled in England; petrified wood; heaps of garnets, carnelian, agates, turquoise; arrowheads of flint or obsidian; quartz, white or creamy; skins of leopard, bear, panther and wolf—such wonder-wares and a thousand more the dream-pedlar had brought and blended.

A curtained archway gave to a *posada* of old Spain: fireplace, crane and turnspit; groined roof and mullioned window. Here you dined with Quixote or tasted the fare of a later land, weird and fiery dishes—*chile con carne, tortillas, atole;* spiced chocolate or milky *tiswin* for drink; cornhusk *cigarrillos* for the devotee.

It was the lucky girl Katie Quinn found herself, blessing the day that brought the dream-pedlar to Troy town, seeking jacinth and turquoise.

Under another sky, Kester, the dream-pedlar, had known Katie's father—who was father and mother, too, poor girl! But it was not friendship for Tom Quinn that brought her the chance to leave the lonely hilltown—though Katie thought so, not knowing that she herself brought the one touch the dreamshop lacked; midnight hair and black-gray eyes and wildrose cheek, against Felipa's flashing and stormy loveliness, golden Ruth, and porcelain Hilda's slender and flaxen fairness.

There had been one not so well pleased at Katie's fortune. That was Billy Boy.

The full tide of her fresh-hearted youth joyed in splendor and flashing lights. Billy Boy and Tom Quinn whistling home down the trail; Troy town nestling against the hill-slope; the white mines far above; Ghost Mountain breasting the golden air—in the back of her mind they were faint and small, like the drowse of a lone bee in a pulsing noon.

Katie sold basketry and ores to a pink-and-white young man of good taste and an infinity of leisure until he was rescued by an anxious parent; a nice old gentleman beggared himself for gems; and after him came a silken lady, with a white doglet.

"That cunning little toy basket—yes, I want that for a jewel box. How much for this perfectly lovely jade? Oh, that's too high! I can't afford it—now. This lava paper-weight is charming! I'll take that. Oh, I did want those fire opals so much; but I suppose I can't have them. Where did you say Mr. Kester got them? Querétaro? Oh, no—Simapan. Wait! Ask the manager if he will please put them aside until my husband can look at them. Oh, you are a new girl here—I had forgotten that. My husband is Mr. Julius Barron. Perhaps I can coax him to buy the jade too. What stone is that? Girasol? I never saw one like it. Now let me see! The red-and-black jar we were looking at and the Zuñi scarf—that will be all

The Holden Woman Tapped at a Door at the End of the Hall

for today. Send a messenger with the things at once. The manager knows the house number. My change, please."

"Excuse me, madam, but the goods come to more than the twenty dollars," said Katie.

"Twenty dollars! Why, I gave you a fifty-dollar note when I started to go after I first looked at the opals."

"Your pardon, madam; but it was twenty dollars you gave me. See, I have held it in my hand all the time." Katie was paling.

The silken lady darted a terrible glance at her.

"What's this! You have changed it for another bill. You are a thief!" Her voice rose. "Call the manager!" she demanded of Felipa.

"But, Mrs. Barron, will you not look first?" said loyal Felipa. "This Katie is a good girl. It is not possible what you say; there is a mistake."

"I tucked a fifty-dollar bill in the heel of my glove when I left Chaney's, and gave it to this swindler to pay for the scarf and the jar. Will you call the manager or shall I have you discharged too?" Mrs. Barron passed from rage to tears.

So Katie was discharged. At the clock stroke life had been sweet and sunny and bright to her; an hour found her shamed and blackened. Not despairing—her spirit rose to fight against injustice. Mr. Kester was afar in Moquiland—she would appeal to him. He would not believe this dreadful thing of her. Meantime poor father must not know—or Billy Boy. She remembered an employment agency in the next block. There she gave her slender qualifications and paid the fee.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," said a pleasant voice as she gained the street; "but I saw you go into the agency. I had just come out and I cannot resist the temptation to ask you if by any chance you do typewriting?"

Katie looked up at the friendly face.

"No, ma'am, I can't. I can't do anything much." She was very much alone and hungering for a friendly face. She wished with all her heart that it were closing time so she might talk with warm-hearted Felipa.

"Oh, dear! I'm sorry. I was so in hope that you did. You'll excuse an inquisitive old woman; but you're never going to do housework—with that pretty face?"

"Not yet—though that wouldn't be so bad, with nice people. I'm trying to get on at the department stores first."

"Any experience?" The woman walked beside her.

"A little—but I can't bring a recommendation." Katie's lip quivered.

"Trouble? Child, the world is full of trouble." Katie's eyes were brimming now. "There, there! Don't cry, dearie! Come into the park and tell me about it. Maybe I can help you. I have no daughter of my own."

She was kind; she was neat and pleasant to the eye; her hair was graying—and Katie was young and unwarned.

"There, there! It's a shame!" said the auditor warmly when the story was done. "And you think this Mr. Kester is a just man?"

"He knows my father—he knows I couldn't do a thing like that!" sobbed Katie.

The woman considered.

"Let me see! There are four girls, artists, where I have my rooms. Studios—top floor and north light—that sort of thing—but they room there too. They hate getting their meals at restaurants. Just till your Mr. Kester comes back, would you consider being a play-housekeeper for them? They have been talking of setting up a kitchen for weeks and weeks. It would be easier than to be a beginner in department stores. And they will be wanting to put that sparkling face of yours on canvas—or I am the more mistaken."

Katie dried her eyes.

"I'll try it, ma'am, and thank you for all your goodness to me."

The kind lady clapped her hands to applaud this decision.

"That's settled then! Now I'll tell you what we'll do: Two of the girls won't be home tonight. You and I will dine together at the Plaza. I'll send a note to your lodgings by a messenger boy. You can have one of my rooms tonight and we'll make arrangements with the young ladies the first thing tomorrow. Indeed, I will be asking them if I may be one of their family myself. Bless me, you don't even know my name! I am Mrs. Holden—Alice Holden, my dear—and glad this once that I was born swivel-tongued."

That is why and how, something after seven, Katie went with Mrs. Holden to a street she had never seen, turned in at a doorway between Hardware and Harness, climbed two flights of stairs, and so came happily into a hall of warm, wide rugs and cushioned chairs and glowing bulbs, with a broad skylight over the central space. Under the skylight a mountain lion's hide was spread; on the wall above it was a pair of splendid antlers.

"Now you make yourself at home here, dearie," said Katie's benefactor, showing her to a cozy and comfortable room, "while I run out and ask about the young ladies. I won't be half an hour."

"If you please," said Katie timidly, "might I write to Mr. Kester while you're gone?"

The kind lady opened a desk.

"There you are—pens, paper, stamps—everything. I'll be right back."

While Katie wrote, Mrs. Julius Barron found the missing fifty-dollar bill in her wristbag.

The Holden woman tapped at a door at the end of the hall. It was answered by a flashily dressed man with a mean and cruel face.

"There's a country girl in my room, Ikey. See that she doesn't get away while I do some telephoning."

So Ikey smoked in a chair near the stairhead. Five minutes later three men, loathsome and vicious, came puffing up the stairs.

"Well! Curly? Doc? Ratty? What is this, anyway—a reunion of the Thug family?" demanded Ikey, scowling.

"Yes, and more coming—hear 'em?" said Doc. "The cops are on the raid bigger'n a wolf! Man got croaked at the Midway—and two or three guys lost their rolls along the line and put up a holler. The push is comin' here to duck. There's never been any rough stuff pulled off in this joint—the bulls won't look here."

"You got to dump your gats, then," said Ikey sulkily.

"Mine goes to the discard," said a newcomer, shivering. "There's rangers in that bunch. They go too strong for me. I don't need no gun."

"Well, I do!" growled another, pushing up the stairs. "Me gat stays right wid me—see?"

These sentiments were echoed by perhaps a third of the refugees. They were the dregs of infamy.

"Oh, well; crowd into a couple o' rooms," growled Ikey. "I can't take your guns off—but, mind, if the bulls come I hope they bump you off—see?"

There were a dozen in the first vermin flight; more came later, white-faced, slinking.

Katie finished the letter. Now to mail it! She put on her hat before the glass; she went into the hall, smiling; she paused by the lion's hide to thrust forgotten hatpins through her coiling hair. Ikey rose.

"Where you goin', missy?"

III

AT THE office Crooknose was giving business his closest attention, with a fair measure of success. Work had begun about three in the afternoon. It was now past seven and the lights were on.

This was when the town was wide open. There were other anterooms in the Tivoli—three of them—where pikers could lose their money at poker. They shared the

second floor with roulette, senate, stud, twenty-one, craps, monte and faro. The office was reserved for big money. It was on the third floor, making connection with the buffet by speaking tube and dumbwaiter; and it zealously fostered a profitable reputation for fair play—which was quite undeserved. The rest of the floor was given to comfortable bedrooms for the use of auspicious patrons. Curiously enough, robbing these patrons while they slept was not permitted. They were the guests of the house.

Had the players signed a round robin as they sat at the round table, the order would have been Hike, Lumber, Cigars, Crooknose, Travesy and Moore, which brings the vicious circle back again to Hike, the house man. Lumber and Cigars were fixtures—business men of the town. They laughed, they told stories, they made freak bets, they went the high spade for drinks.

Crooknose was at once the youngest and most mature of the party. Twenty-eight at the most, his face was year-bitten and strong. He was unknown. For three days that ominous maturity of quiet eye and strong brown hands that wasted no motion had oppressed poor Hike to shameful honesty. He knew the breed. Evans—so Crooknose gave his name—played a stiff game—at unexpected flashes a brilliant one; lapsing unexpectedly to the safe and sane, and showing an uncanny instinct against disaster. He said little, made no post-mortems, and drank not at all.

Travesy, a huge man, scarlet-faced and overdressed, was in reality part owner of the Tivoli, but the connection was carefully concealed. His cue was rough good nature, his business to inspire confidence. When his chips were taken away and he endeavored to buy more without cash, the transaction was refused.

"I know you're all right, but I can't do business on jawbone. Sorry—but it's strictly against rules," said Hike.

So Travesy, visibly miffed, left a marker to hold his chair, and came back presently with much money. These things had their effect. When Hike and Travesy fought out a jackpot between themselves the showdown usually disclosed a scandalous bluff—privately remarked by Lumber, Cigars, and Jack Moore, promoter, who also joyed over the goodly gains taken by Travesy from the house, to the vast chagrin of Hike. But Crooknose Evans noted that their bluffing was purely mutual; when others called an unreasonable bet the only chance to win was to hold an unreasonably big hand. Silent Mr. Evans also noticed how these two "cross-lifted" a luckless victim between them—and drew his own conclusions.

Promoter Moore, with Hike on his left and Travesy on his right, was *pro tempore* offensively wealthy; also, of his proper nature, permanently offensive and overbearing: for both which reasons the Tivoli desired his heart. Inopportune Mr. Evans had delayed this consummation; he had Mr. Hike's number. Twice in the three days Travesy, ably seconded by the promoter's purse-pride, had tried to put Crooknose out of the game by making the come-in too large for him; but that imperturbable gentleman had brought forth, without comment, sums surprising for one of his careless appearance.

Moore, with brutal callousness, spoke openly of a trip to Arizona; Erie would relieve Hike at eight o'clock; and Travesy, impatient, gave Hike the signal for Big Business. It was a jackpot game. On Moore's deal no one opened.

"And you cash in every night at twelve, Mr. Evans?" said Travesy as Hike dealt.

"Yes. I believe in the eight-hour day."

"Knew a man once," boomed Travesy in his rough, hearty way, "that set himself another sort of limit. When he won a hundred dollars or lost a hundred, no matter what time it was, he quit for the night. Sounds like a good, sensible plan, doesn't it?"

"I used to win one day and lose the next," said Moore. "Now I only play every other day."

"'Evings! I never could do that!" said Cigars genially. "I'm out for the fun more than the money."

"I'm out for the money," said Evans.

Lumber passed; Cigars passed, showing Lumber the high spade and ordering more of the same. Evans passed; Travesy passed. Moore opened for a small stack; but the game was a big game; every man round the board had won and lost alternately, buying more chips when he lost; and the smallest stacks were staggering, measured by day-wage.

Hike looked over his cards, laughed carelessly and stayed. Lumber and Cigars passed; Evans stayed.

"I'll draw with you boys myself. I ought to raise, but I haven't the nerve," said Travesy. "One—when you get to me."

"Asleep at the switch!" said Hike, in deep vexation. "I don't suppose Moore would have laid down, but I wouldn't have had you two hyenas drawing to four-card flushes on us. Still, I couldn't very well raise. I don't mind letting you fellows see what I am going to draw to." He discarded two and spread the others, face up. "Two tens and a spike ace. Goin' to have a cheap draw, I was. Oh, well —— Cards, gentlemen?"

Evans, Travesy and Moore drew one each. Hike drew two and pushed the deck over to Lumber.

Promoter Moore had been dealt two kings, the ace of spades, the joker and a useless card. The joker is always an ace in Texas. He drew a third king and bet largely.

Hike looked at his draw, knuckled his chin and stayed.

"Oho! Caught your other ten? Hard luck, old man—hard luck!" said Moore. "I hope these other gentlemen make their flushes, I'm sure. The more the merrier."

Crooknose Evans, unhurried, sized a stack up to the promoter's bet.

"Afraid to raise—on a flush?" taunted the promoter. "Bah!"

"I always play my hand to suit myself, you know," said Evans, unangered. "And this looks like a good place to get off. What you got?"

"Hold on! Ho-old on!" boomed Travesy. "I'm in this thing yet!" He raised the pot for another towering stack. "Mine's all green. The hide goes with the tallow!"

"All green? That won't buy you much. Your one only play was to call. Evans played his hand right. He understands poker," said Moore. His piggy eyes shone greed; his pulpy cheeks tightened to a cruel sneer. "Now I'm going to prize the roof off. There's no use sending a boy to mill." He raised with an insulting flourish. "I always expected to make a hog-killing in this joint!"

Hike saw the doubled raise and raised yet again.

"I've got one more squeal in me at that!" he observed.

To the purple amaze of the lookers-on in Vienna, Mr. Evans saw the three successive raises and further contributed his entire pile of expensive chips—a goodly pile, for he had been winning.

"Domino!" said Mr. Evans mildly.

Travesy flung down his hand. He had nothing; his bets had been made to tempt the Moore money to the open. He was a hardened gambler, but he eyed Crooknose askance—a fortune was at stake beyond any previous hazard of the Tivoli. He knew that Evans had not been expected in on the play; it was possible that pure chance had sent him better cards than the ace-full which Hike was to hold—a little set of fours or a small straight flush. For the house must merely win, without frequent holding of invincible hands, which is bad form.

Moore's arrogant manner had left him; sweat stood on his heavy jowl; he called, but his hand twitched. He had few chips left.

Hike called. Hike also felt curiosity as to the chance-held hand of friend Evans. But after all it was not Hike's money and he was acting under instructions: all he had to lose was a job. And he had warned Travesy against Evans.

"It's hard to hold my mouth just right," he confessed. "All right, Mr. Evans. Beat me and buy the drinks!"

"Beat you!" Moore smote the table with his heavy fist. "Damn you, Hike, I've got you skinned a mile! I'm sweating blood, but there's the man I'm afraid of." He jerked his thumb at Evans. "You—you've got a ten-full at best. You can't have four tens, unless there were five in the deck, for one was faced in the discard. Here's mine!" He spread down his king-full.

"I also am afraid of Mr. Evans—not of you. According to the state constitution—which you seem to have forgotten, Mr. Moore—there are five aces in the Texas deck," said Hike. He showed an ace-full. "What is it, Evans—a gold chain or a wooden leg? What you got?"

"Oh, me?" said Crooknose pleasantly. "I got a six-full!" It appeared—a clicking flash in his left hand; the muzzle was at Travesy's ear. "Quiet!"

Quiet ensued.

"Mr. Moore, pass your left hand carefully under the edge of the table toward Mr. Hike. You will find two cards there, held in a clip. Mr. Hike exchanged them for his two aces. I saw him do it. Course work, Hike; course work! You grieve me!"

Mr. Moore produced the cards. Mr. Moore was subdued—not to say extinct.

"Now, Mr. Hike, go softly and bring the bankroll from the checkrack. Very softly! The bills only. Never mind the hard stuff. . . . Thank you! I will not stay till twelve tonight, I believe. This will do nicely. Moore, you are entitled to this little pot—you had the high hand. I'll keep the money and you take the chips. Tinhorn Travesy'll cash 'em. He can't afford to chipruck you. He's the owner, you know. By the way, Travesy had nothing in his hand but cards—same as I did. He was just in to cross-lift you. Well, I must be going. Got a gun, Travesy? Never mind; keep it. You're welcome to follow me—but, if you come, come a-shooting!" He backed out, closing the door behind him.

As he ran swiftly down the stair he knew the speaking tube was in action. Could he gain the street by speed or must he fight his way out at the first floor? Or should he do the unexpected thing?

By terrible and evil ways his reckless feet had come to that silent stairway. Perhaps they were sent there. Midstep between foot and floor he made a swift choice, and so, unknowing, turned his back on shame forever.

He entered the swinging doors of the long gambling room on the second floor, passed through quietly, unnoticed in the crowd, and went hurriedly up a rear stairway to the floor he had just quitted, even as his late

(Continued on Page 34)

Flame Darted Before Him and Men Fell at the Flame

THE FIGHTING SIX

Easy Money—By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

WHEN I was seventeen years old my father and I had a little argument connected with the woodpile. He cornered me in the yard, where I was digging worms to go fishing.

"You young vagabond, go get the ax and split up those hickory knots!" said he.

"I can't split 'em," I explained. "They're too hard."

"You'll have many a knot worse than those before you get through life!" he assured me. "Don't you come into the house again until you've split every one of those knots into firewood for the range! I'm getting tired of supporting you in luxury. The only thing you're good for is to imagine yourself a pirate—you and your worthless Fighting Six cronies, with your mysterious confabs in the woodshed! I'll woodshed you, sir, if you don't have those knots split in just one hour!"

Off he stalked. I looked at the knots a minute; then I made up my mind to do a thing I had been contemplating quite a while—run away! The little town of Stony Bend was getting too small for me and that eternal woodpile too big. My parents kept the Bend Hotel, a small tavern, but ruthless in its devastation of the forests.

Slipping round to a side door, I went in quietly while my father was replenishing the fire in the hotel office. Upstairs I investigated dad's other trousers and extracted twenty dollars—borrowed it! Mentally I gave dad my note. I tell you this as a matter of history, not boastfully. I have many things to regret.

Softly I slipped out again; and before my hour of grace expired I was on the train bound for Chicago, which lay some six hundred miles to the westward. I had two reasons in selecting Chicago as my destination: first, it was about the terminus of my cash; second, I knew a man there who had made a million dollars on the Board of Trade—at least, such was the common report at Stony Bend. His name was Weatherhead Twitchell, and for a time he had been a grain and wool buyer at my little home town.

The Boys' Board of Trade

ON ARRIVING in Chicago I was unable to find Mr. Twitchell, but I located the Board of Trade. I also met a boy who was selling lottery tickets and I invested almost my last dollar in a fractional chance on a fortune. I had come to Chicago to escape work, but now I faced the necessity of splitting a knot that really appalled me. I was homesick; and the bare realities of life filled me with despair.

Having lived all my existence in a hotel atmosphere, I turned naturally to a hotel for succor. The traveling men who made Stony Bend had often talked about the bellboys in city hostelries, and now I sought work as a bellboy. The fourth hotel I tackled was the old Tremont House. There was a vacancy, but I was asked for references. I was up against it, but took a chance. Taking chances became my long suit afterward.

"Weatherhead Twitchell, of the Board of Trade, knows all about me," said I.

My bluff worked. Without looking up the reference, I was hired. On my first payday I received four dollars, a dollar being held out to apply on my uniform. On the advice of the head bellboy I put two dollars into a mining pool made up by my fellow workers.

"It's your last chance to get the stock at twenty cents," he confided. "It's to be put up to forty on the first of the month."

Then, on the judgment of a bellboy called Racehorse, I backed Blanche B to show in the third race down at New Orleans and contributed a dollar to that end. Racehorse obligingly invested the money for me at a poolroom. The first returns I got from my various enterprises caused tremendous excitement among my set. My lottery ticket drew thirty dollars! There was a rush for lottery tickets resembling a land boom.

I was now on the highroad to fortune; so I put a twenty-dollar bill in an envelope, with a short and haughty note to my father, and gave the letter to a traveling man to mail in Omaha. I was afraid dad might come to Chicago after me if he found out where I was. I need not have worried; he was glad to be well rid of me. My mother—But I don't like to talk about it. In the same way I repaid two dollars I had borrowed long before of Hen Hogun in Stony Bend and fifty cents I owed Buf Southern. Both these boys were members of our juvenile pirate band, the Fighting Six. I had been the originator and Grand Bloody Chief of the Six.

All my associations in Chicago were bad. The glamour of the hotel lobby made me contemptuous of the everyday world, and petty speculation speedily got me in its tenacious grip. Every week I gave up the bulk of my pay for gambling purposes, ranging from imaginary wheat to bogus plantations in Honduras.

At nineteen, when I was head bellboy, I was falsely accused of stealing a ring from a guest; I was discharged. This was the parting of the ways. Had there been any one to direct me, I believe I should have gone into some line of legitimate endeavor. My father had not handled me just right back in Stony Bend. He was not broad enough to see that some freak of heredity had made me different. My imagination needed to be turned into something really worth accomplishing.

"If I Had Ten Thousand Dollars Cash I Could Clear a Small Fortune in a Year!"

One of the permanent guests at the Tremont House was a young grain trader familiarly known as Option Harry. Like myself, he had run away from home, and now from my viewpoint he was living a fairy existence. His cigars were unlimited, his clothes good, and his evenings in the barroom filled with billiards and gayety.

I appealed to him, and he gave me work as a messenger in his office. Shortly afterward I formed a little association which I called the Junior Brokers' Exchange, our members being composed of messenger boys and younger clerks connected with the Board of Trade. It was a pretty fair little bucketshop.

I was a plunger from the start. Of course we had no real wheat back of us; what we did was to bet on the rise and fall of prices. Margins were fixed at a cent a bushel and any member could buy fractional lots down to a single bushel.

Owing to our lack of bookkeeping we had many rows, and much additional trouble was caused by the proneness of our members to default. On one occasion I got into serious trouble with a boy we called Auntie. I had sold a mythical line of wheat short and covered it successfully, and I should have made seventy-three cents. In cash I got only twenty.

I tackled Auntie on Jackson Street, and after some compliments back and forth he got me down on my back in the gutter. Then he put his knees in the pit of my stomach.

"Take it back?" he yelled, referring to some aspersion I had made on his character.

"N-Never!" I managed to gasp.

"Then take that!" he hissed—and punched me in the nose.

I Investigated Dad's Trousers and Extracted Twenty Dollars—Borrowed It!

Just then a policeman dragged him off. We were both arrested and the story of the Junior Brokers' Exchange got into the newspapers; also my name—Frederick Hastings. Next day a Board of Trade man of consequence sent for me and offered me a job as assistant order clerk at seventy-five dollars a month.

"You've got the makings of a good speculator," he informed me warmly. "I'll help you all I can."

This praise swelled my ambition to get rich without working. I did so little work in the office that I was fired at the end of the first month; but I got another job, and still another. Sometimes there were long periods when I did not work. I seldom worked unless I had to.

Easy Come and Easy Go

ON MY own account meanwhile I went into the game pretty stiff. Privileges were my specialty. Puts and calls were just playthings. With perfect sang-froid I sold wheat I did not own at the time I sold it, and bought wheat the other fellow did not own. I did not want the wheat itself; a flourmill was not in my line. All I wanted was the easy money that came from trading in differences. Nor did I confine myself to grain. Anything was prey to me if it had a big element of chance.

"I'll bet you ten dollars that we see a redheaded girl inside of one minute," I said one day to Fletcher Burr, one of the fellows in the office where I had landed a job temporarily.

"I'll take you," said he, pulling out his watch. "And I'll bet you ten dollars more that we don't see a yellow dog within a minute."

Dogs were not plentiful on La Salle Street and the odds were heavily against me; still I was just as game as Fletch.

"All right," said I; "we'll begin to count at two-thirty-nine."

In fifty seconds, as we stood there at the window, a redheaded girl went by leading a yellow dog. I won twenty dollars. At four o'clock I lost the money and forty additional dollars with it on the races.

Fletcher Burr was a fascinating, daredevil chap, and, like myself, preferred money that had not the taint of toil attached to it. His reckless indifference in speculation was amazing; yet, in various degrees, hundreds of men all about me resembled him in method. Perhaps it is hard for the workaday world to realize the vast extent of the speculative population. I believe there are a million men in the United States today who are trying to travel the easy-money route. Most of them are young men, and their history will be pretty much what mine has been. You cannot change the leveling law of average. I know the game from start to finish.

I was about twenty-five years old when my latest employer got caught in a squeeze and lost half a million

dollars. He retired to a private lunatic asylum, where they had a blackboard and a fake line of market quotations. It was a clever idea, for there was quite a party of erstwhile speculators up there. When things were lively this crazy-house trading pit made a fine motion-picture sermon.

I was out of a job; so was Fletch.

"I've served my apprenticeship anyway," said he, "and hereafter I don't mean to do any real work. There'll always be dubs enough in the world to do the slave act. A man with the proper area of convoluted brain surface needn't toil; neither need he spin."

"I'm broke!" said I. "Can you loan me two hundred?"

He examined the stub of his checkbook.

"I've got twelve hundred and seventy-six dollars," he announced. "I'll loan you two hundred; and I'll bet you a thousand dollars I make ten thousand within ninety days."

I was not deterred by the fact that I lacked the thousand dollars necessary for the bet. I took him up, agreeing to deliver in September in case I lost. A deal in futures did not worry me.

Fletch went to New York, planked down a thousand dollars as margin, and told his broker to go ahead and do what he pleased with it. The broker had a hunch that a certain gas stock was a good thing, and so it proved. The market was bullish and the shares jumped thirty points in a month. Then Fletch himself got a tip and plunged in Western railroad shares. The stuff went up steadily. He might have taken out twenty thousand dollars if he had not neglected to give a stop order. The seesaw turned while he was off celebrating his good luck; but, even as it was, he returned to Chicago in September with eleven thousand dollars.

This hit me hard, for I was worse than broke now. I had been greasing up on lard and the market had gone wrong. On the last day of the month I got an idea—not altogether original. I knew Fletcher Burr's weakness mighty well.

"Loan me five thousand dollars, Fletch," I suggested, "and I'll bet you another thousand that I double it before Christmas."

He gave me a check on the spot. I went down to New York, got tangled up in a rigged market and dropped the whole bunch.

Ups and Downs

"NOW you owe me seventy-two hundred dollars," said Fletch when I reached Chicago again on a pass loaned me by Bill Durfee, a New York newspaper editor. "But don't worry over it," Fletch went on—"pay me when you find it convenient."

I got a job marking quotations in a bucket-shop and in a short time was promoted to the post of filling clerk. I could not stand for this, however, and quit right away. In real trading I had always found things pretty much on the square, so far as relations between men were concerned; but here was the rankest of fraud.

In justice to myself let me say here that I was never a crook. Except inasmuch as speculation is wrong, I wronged nobody. At various times I associated with men who may have been more or less dishonest; but I doubt if any man exists who can claim exemption from this charge. If in this narrative I paint myself, truthfully, as an undesirable citizen, remember that I did not transgress the laws. Practically everything I did in my efforts to get rich easily was done under full legal sanction. I don't want you to think of me as worse than other men—some other men, at least—who enjoy the respect of their communities. I believe I am justly entitled to sympathy rather than to censure.

Another broker gave me a job, and in this place I rose to the position of manager at eight thousand a year; but just as I attained this eminence the house failed. Option Harry was mixed up in the deal and landed in the penitentiary at Joliet.

About this time there was a bitter fight put up against the privilege men and laws were passed prohibiting puts and calls, and the like. But no mere law will ever block men who are traveling the easy-money route. The only preventive is to show young men the red danger signals to convince them that such a road leads inevitably to ruin.

Again I was out of a job and broke. One day at the Stockyards I met a horsedealer who said to me:

"If I had ten thousand dollars cash I could clear a small fortune in a year! Horses are in big demand."

I hurried over to the telegraph office in the Transit House and wired to Fletch Burr, who was speculating in New York. I knew he had just made a good thing and I wanted to reach him before the money got away—as it always did.

"Big money in horses," my message ran. "Get busy quick!"

Fletch would plunge on anything if he took the notion. Now he hustled to Chicago and backed the horsedealer for every dollar of his capital. It chanced that the horseman was experienced, level-headed and honest—otherwise Fletch might have lost all his cash. They kept buying and selling; and before the market turned they made more than forty thousand dollars.

In recognition of the tip I had given him Fletch canceled the debt I owed and gave me a check for five thousand besides. He was always generous, like a true buccaneer of finance. Within a month I lost that five thousand dollars in mess pork.

Again Fletch Burr backed me. I cut loose from a salary and concentrated every energy on a mad whirl of wheat, corn, hops—anything that rose and fell in price. I drank rather heavily for a time and then quit, as I had promised my wife—I had married a girl who brought me fifteen thousand dollars.

I kept my fingers off this money for a time, but finally put it into a land speculation. I had a sure tip that an elevated railroad was to bisect my subdivision; but the road was built three miles away. The land was sold under foreclosure and my wife's money went up in mist. I pass over that period—hellish years they were!

I was drinking again—and my wife left me, taking our two children.

Early in 1901 I was sitting in the barroom of a downtown hotel when Fletch Burr came in. He, too, had been having a run of bad luck and was pretty well cleaned out—though not so badly as myself.

"Get up to your room and pack your grip!" he said. "It's five o'clock now and we leave for Texas at eight!"

He was pale and seemed to be under a great nervous strain. His old nonchalance was quite gone—he had lived forty years in a decade!

"Texas!" I exclaimed, astonished. "I'm not going to Texas!"

I saw his hands tremble as he put them on the table and leaned toward me.

"Fred," he said, "Texas is our inning! They've struck another gusher near Beaumont that's throwing a stream a hundred feet in the air. The whole country down there is wild. If we get there in a hurry it means a million apiece for us!"

"I'm dead broke!" said I hopelessly, though I felt my heart pounding. A million dollars looked bigger than ever to me.

"I'll guarantee to raise at least ten thousand dollars before seven o'clock tonight," he returned, and called huskily to a waiter for whisky. "See!" he went on, drawing a sheet of paper from his pocket. "I've already named our corporation. We'll call it the Gushing Oil Company of America—capital, one million dollars!" We drained our glasses together. "I'm president and treasurer; you're secretary," he continued. "It'll take the two of us to swing it. A cool million apiece!"

I saw his eyes glisten. Never had I seen Fletch Burr excited like this. Still, he was the same brilliant, polished diplomat he had always been. As for me, I was somewhat broken and shabby, and most of my old spirit was gone.

"All right," said I, rising. "All right—a million!"

"You'd better spruce up a bit," he told me, glancing me over with disfavor. "What's the matter with you of late? Here—take this money and get you some clothes. You'll have to take the ready-made sort, but get 'em good. Then meet me at the train. We'll eat on the diner."

Launching the New Company

WHEN we left Chicago, three hours later, Fletch carried checks for more than fourteen thousand dollars, representing the first subscriptions to the stock of the Gushing Oil Company of America. Most of the money had been contributed eagerly by speculators who were always alert for a chance. Fletch did not flimflam them in the slightest degree.

On the second morning we boarded a Southern Pacific train at New Orleans, bound for Beaumont. The cars were crowded to their limit. Every seat in the five Pullmans was taken and all we could do was to stand in the aisle of a daycoach, like dozens of others.

Nearly the Whole Trainload Got Out Into the Mud and Rain of Beaumont—a Town Gone Demented

At night nearly the whole trainload got out into the mud and rain of Beaumont—a town gone demented. From the railroad station to the old Crosby Hotel stretched a waiting line of men, and the lawn of the hostelry was turned into muck by ruthless feet. Likewise every hotel in town was besieged by new arrivals.

"Never mind," said Fletch; "we have other affairs of more consequence. We must get a grip on some of this Texas mud before we think of eating or sleeping."

We checked our bags at the depot, already overflowing with baggage; and then, on Orleans Street, we found ourselves accosted by a man in high boots and a short rubber coat.

"Land, gents?" he inquired.

"How much and where?" asked Fletch laconically.

"Five thousand an acre, three miles from Spindletop."

"I'll give you five hundred dollars for an option on fifty acres until tomorrow," said Fletch.

"I'll take a thousand dollars!" bartered the other.

"All right."

The thing was done. The Gushing Oil Company was to hold its assets in fee, rather than lease them.

In a stable improvised by the seller as an office we put up a thousand dollars in checks and signed the agreement pending a survey and a deed. Then we had supper in a tent restaurant and engaged a blanket and plank apiece, at eight dollars for the two of us.

The night was yellow with torches and noisy with the multitude of adventurers. Real-estate and oil offices had jammed themselves into every cranny. Easy money was written on every haggard face. And all through the nation men were jumping toward Texas to get rich without labor!

Next day we bought the fifty acres for a quarter of a million dollars—five thousand down as earnest money. A few weeks previously the land would not have sold for fifteen dollars an acre!

We filed our incorporation papers at Austin, put up a headquarters shack on a strip of land near the depot at

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A TRAVELER FOR THE FIRM

Mr. Jones Goes to Paris—By Dorothea Conyers

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

Small and Shabby, He Escaped the Notice of Birds of Prey

MR. AMOS MOSENTHAL, of Mosenthal & Company, said something softly but emphatically, and hung up the receiver of the telephone. He turned to his brother and partner, Mr. Samuel Mosenthal, and said it again.

"Harrington's got scarlet fever!" he added.

"Gracious!" Mr. Samuel moved his splendidly dressed person uneasily. "Couldn't come down the telephone, could it?"

"It couldn't," said Mr. Amos savagely. "And Harrington cannot come down the stairs or go to Paris. And Manson's leg is broken—and who is going to Paris with the diamonds?"

"We can't!" said Mr. Samuel.

"Unless"—his senior partner bit a penhandle—"you did it as a honeymoon, Sam."

"Paris in July!" almost shrieked Samuel—"with Helme Hall lent and ready! And you can't, Amos, because Lady Mary will be best bridesmaid. The Paris firm must wait."

Mr. Amos referred to a letter on the desk.

"They won't," he said. "We've put them off for a week. They've an order for these stones from an American and"—he pored over the cipher—"Gaillon tells us to be careful. He says there is a leakage from our firm. Harrington was all but robbed last time. You remember his bag was snatched at Rouen, with some small things in it."

"The small things," said Samuel sourly, "were extremely valuable."

The heads of the big diamond firm looked worried. Their two trusted and experienced travelers were suddenly stricken down by illness. They placed no trust in registered parcels of valuable diamonds. The pink stones going across bore a fabulous value.

"There is Jones," said Mr. Amos at last.

Samuel remarked vigorously that Jones was a fool.

"He is a trustworthy fool," said his brother quietly. "Better that than a clever fool." And he struck his bell to summon Mr. Jones.

Archibald Jones was slim, slight, faintly grizzled about the temples—the meekest and mildest of little men. He had toiled contentedly for a mere living wage since kind Fate had given him a place with the big merchants and jewelers.

Day by day he came on his bus, blessing the new motors that now gave him ten extra minutes at home. His five-roomed red villa contented him. He took his weekly outing with mild joy—wheeling the baby in the pram when it was fine, and sitting indoors and reading Titbits if it was wet. His life was a mere passing of hours and days; and he raised sweet peas and mignonette in a pocket-handkerchief garden, and grew geraniums in a window conservatory.

A month before he had gone with a message to Mr. Amos' house and admired a zonal on the balcony; the butler had given him a cutting, which was coming into flower. Mr. Jones was dreaming of it when the bell rang summoning him to his employers' private room.

He went in with a bewildered air. His conversations with the heads of the firm were generally confined to: "Take this letter, Mr. Jones!" or "Mr. Jones, call Mr. Harrington!"

"You sent for me, sir?" Jones had never dropped the boyish mark of respect for the heads of the house.

Samuel whispered to Amos: "He'll never do, Amos!" And Amos returned briefly: "He must!"

Jones stood slightly on one leg and wondered.

"Mr. Jones," said Amos smoothly, "do you think you could cease to be a—that is, do you think you could undertake a task needing skill and watchfulness?"

Mr. Jones blushed and said he could try. Visions of advancement flickered lightning-like before his eyes.

"Harrington's got fever," growled Samuel half to himself, "and Manson's leg's broken. Dunne is also a fool."

Mr. Jones coughed softly.

"So you see," said Amos, "after all, it will probably merely be a quiet crossing to Paris. Now, Mr. Jones ——"

Mr. Jones jumped.

"Sit down, Mr. Jones—smoke a cigarette, won't you? Pass him the cigarette box on the table, please, Amos."

Mr. Jones lighted an expensive Egyptian and sighed for the luxuries of the rich. Mr. Samuel explained rapidly: There were certain valuable diamonds to be delivered to their Paris customer immediately. An American millionaire awaited them to complete a necklace for his young wife. The diamonds were rose-tinted and of extreme value. They must be taken to Paris immediately—delivered without delay to Jules Leroux, who would await the arrival of the train at his office.

"Can you speak French?" snapped out Amos.

"I can understand it slightly, sir," said Jones modestly. "I could ask for bread and butter, for example—and shaving water—*l'eau*—and soap—*savon*—and chops—*côtelettes*—and a few useful things. There was a young French lady ——" said Jones, blushing again.

Mr. Samuel cut him short. He lowered his big voice suddenly. In tense accents he told Jones that there might be danger.

"Things," whispered Samuel Mosenthal, "have been getting out. Manson was shadowed last journey and his bag ripped open. Of course he had nothing in it." Mr. Samuel sighed sharply and looked fierce. "Harrington lost a small package not so long ago. You can shoot—eh?"

"I have used an airgun—against sparrows," said Jones.

"Buy a revolver, then—and keep awake!" snarled Amos. "This is your chance, Jones, and it's an important one."

Some further instructions were hammered hard into Mr. Jones' brain. He was told not even to murmur of his destination and that the rest of the day was his own. At nine next morning he would come unobtrusively to Mr. Samuel Mosenthal's house, at ten he would leave Charing Cross.

"And keep awake!" growled Mr. Samuel.

"I will do my very best, sir," said Jones quietly.

"And he will," said Amos—"that's the worst of fools. Keep awake, Jones!"

Mr. Jones tried to accept the advice as he walked into the outer office. He was not quite sure whether he was asleep. An hour ago he had dreamed of sweet peas and zonals, and now he was going alone on a mission of skill and of danger. He might be followed—drugged! Mr. Jones was a reader—he remembered sundry stories in magazines; and he shuddered. Absently he went for his coat, to be recalled by a sharp voice.

"I am going out, Mr. Harris," said Jones—"going out for the day. I have to purchase—er—matters for the firm." He had come back to his desk to put in a book of account and the senior clerk stepped back with a yell of anguish. "I beg your pardon," said Jones meekly. "I thought the wrist was my own. I was just seeing ——" Here he pinched his own wrist gently. "It's quite right," he said, smiling—"I am awake."

One of the clerks looked at him shrewdly and inquiringly, very inquiringly.

When Archibald Jones had replaced his office coat with his outdoor one, he walked out with steps that faltered slightly. The day was cold and bright. He took some money from his pocket and strolled absently westward. Presently, after a walk of quite an hour, he bought a white silk handkerchief and a cake of soap. Then he drank tea and ate a roll at a marble-topped table, and tried not to think that when next he ate luncheon he would have forty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds concealed on his person.

"Forty thousand pounds!" shivered Archibald Jones. "Forty thousand —— Five pence—thank you, miss."

After luncheon Mr. Jones wished that he had not taken his holiday. If he got home before six his wife would ask questions—and if he refused to answer them she might be disagreeable; so, after a great deal of thought, Mr. Jones took a bus to the Zoo and strolled to the monkey house, where he stayed some time.

"Getting used to rapidity of speech," he said gently to the keeper. "Going to France tomorrow, you see."

The keeper said "Yes" briefly and touched his forehead. "Pore, mild clawss of chap too!" he said to the gorilla.

Cunning He Had Not Deemed Himself Capable of Made Him Keep His Eyes Closed

Going homeward, Mr. Jones passed a small gunshop and started. He went in after some hesitation, asking mildly whether he could buy a revolver. A small but wicked-looking weapon was laid on the counter and Jones looked at the cartridges in their box.

"But -would they go through anything?" he inquired skeptically.

There was a board at the end of the shop with an old mattress behind it; a rough target was marked on its face. The proprietor promptly shot at the bull's-eye and missed it handsomely; but the bullet disappeared. He handed the weapon to Jones with a curt:

"You see wot it'll go through, sir. Let it off."

Jones took it up carefully. He looked with great trepidation along the little barrel and pressed the trigger.

"An' you didn't look at it neither!" said the shopman respectfully, looking with some surprise at a black dab in the center of the red bull's-eye. "No idea you were a crackshot!"

"Six bullets, please," said Jones nervously, "in a separate box. Thank you—that is all. Oh, six will be quite enough. There would not be six men—would there? Good evening!"

He went back to Brixton with the revolver in his overcoat pocket. His wife prescribed a liver pill because he was looking "that peaked!" He had to explain to her awkwardly—he was a bad liar—that he was going on a message for the firm next day—to the country.

Mrs. Jones immediately thought of a raised salary and the cottage of their dreams. She also considered that Mosenthal & Jones would look quite well on the firm's paper. She saw him off next morning at eight, having boiled eggs for him and made his coffee.

"He's a good little softy!" said Anna Jones as she went to dust her house.

At ten o'clock Mr. Jones, hurriedly seeking to avoid observation, walked into a first-class carriage at Charing Cross. He did not notice a dark man who had followed him to the ticket office and who now came to his carriage and looked for a place. He was followed by a second man—a round-faced little fellow with a big mustache. As he settled himself in his corner Jones heard scraps of conversation:

"It couldn't be—they couldn't!" "I tell you they have!" "A fool like that —— But the class of fool to go on through anything and never see ——"

Archibald Jones, unfolding Titbits, wondered who they were talking of. Both men got into his carriage. He had been careful to choose a full one, according to instructions. The dark man came to the door, looked in and found a place, moving bags with a callousness that appalled Mr. Jones.

"Not taken, sir, I think—thank you. Yes—room here, Gray. Come on—only bags on the seats."

Mr. Jones turned to the puzzle page. He became immersed in the difficulty of finding the name of a station to fit a pot-hat upside down, a line which might have been that of a telegraph or for clothes—or a mere rope—and a glimpse of the seacoast. His railway guide was opened; he pored over hats and lines and cliffs and found nothing.

"Line under Hat Sea! Hat over Line Sea! Wire Hat View!" cooed Mr. Jones. "First prize, motor car. I got within ten of winning the last. I could get the man to bring the car up once, just to give us prestige in the neighborhood. Second prize, a diamond pin ——"

Mr. Jones laid the guide down and grew cold. Already on this momentous journey he had forgotten all about the diamonds he was taking to Paris. He put his hand upon his little bag and shivered. Then he stared at his fellow passengers. They were all very ordinary men in ordinary clothes. "Most probably," ruminated Jones, "they had not an idea of who he was, of where he came from, or that he traveled for any firm." He looked again at his paper.

"Trying very hard for that prize myself," said a pleasant voice. "Not a chance though! One of a piece of rock and some people beats me."

"Folkestone," said Mr. Jones gently; "but this is beyond my powers."

The dark young man looking at it said it was also beyond him. He explained to Mr. Jones that he thought the pot-hat was a coal-scuttle with the handles off, thereby rendering that gentleman to mental pulp after his efforts with hat.

"Or, if it's a pot—Hathersea," said the stranger. "Hat; air—airline; sea. There you are!"

Mr. Jones wrote it down. He produced a bundle of back numbers; he grew excited over the pictures. The white cliffs of Dover were close too soon. He put away the papers reluctantly and sat alone upon a deckchair, sadly lost without his wife.

Presently the dark, boyish-looking man stumbled over his toes and apologized.

"Oh, you!" he said. "Feeling bad? No? Good sailor? Have a drink, then?"

"I hate lemonade," said Mr. Jones mildly. "Lemonade and these waves—I think not."

"Have tea, then—I'm going to. I want to try to puzzle out that pair of pictures."

He sat by Mr. Jones, who was moved by the stranger's affability and believed him to be an officer in His Majesty's service. He said so blandly and was not contradicted.

He Saw Closely the Cruelty of the Stubble-Framed Mouth

"Observant fellow you are," said the dark youth. "Sure to win that prize! Yes. My name's Staunton—the Buffs—off on leave. And this is my brother officer, Captain Hill, of the same regiment."

Two officers of the line were surely safe companions. Mr. Jones noticed that Captain Hill had one eyebrow higher than the other. As Mr. Jones began to find out that even without lemonade the waves annoyed him, he grew more silent. He kept his bag at his feet and studied Titbits very assiduously, though the pictures failed to interest him now.

"Calais," said the dark youth across a void in which nothing was still.

"Thank God!" said Mr. Jones greenly. "Anna chose fine days," he said resentfully. "We have been twice to Boolong, but she chose fine days to cross on—she is so reliable."

In the custom house Mr. Jones had to open his bag. It contained a change for the night and several ripe pears tucked in among handkerchiefs and a pair of socks. He declared and paid duty on twenty-five cigarettes, believing it would be impossible to procure anything like them in Paris. "Having been told by Mr. Mosenthal himself to spare no expense!" said Mr. Jones to himself.

The small revolver was in his overcoat pocket, where it was almost forgotten.

The dark young man had been close to Mr. Jones when he opened his little bag; when they got outside—quite by accident—he cannoned hard against the little man, stopped to apologize and looked astonished.

"Hello—you!" the dark young man said. "Going to the buffet? You know that eighth picture? The hat, I believe, is a lobster pot."

"Pot-lyne-sea—Lob-stroke-sea!" said Jones. "I think not." But still dreaming of the pictures he took coffee with the strangers and was not surprised when he found himself in their carriage en route for Paris.

He made one or two timid inquiries as to the great city—supposed it was a flimsy French affair compared to London—and relapsed into silence. It was close to Paris that Captain Staunton took out a bottle of hot coffee. The evening was chill, a fragrant scent of coffee tempting; little Jones took a cup gladly; he spilt some as he lifted the cup to his lips.

"The girl is very late, Anna," he heard himself saying weakly—"very!"

He blinked at a dirty ceiling; he wondered why he could not move. There was a hideous taste in his mouth and his head ached horribly.

Presently he was aware that he lay upon his back on a narrow bedstead in a back room with a sloping ceiling. The return of consciousness came with pangs of misery. Befooled, drugged, robbed! The diamonds gone! He had betrayed his trust to his masters! He had proved himself the fool Anna always called him.

"She will never forget," groaned Archibald Jones; "never!"

He wriggled a little; he was not tightly bound. The atmosphere of the place was sickeningly stuffy. It was quiet; there was no roar of London in his ears. Screwing round his aching head he saw his neat garments flung here and there upon the floor; his boots cut to pieces near the window; his bag, with the lining trailing out. His clean collars, his nightshirt and the ripe pears had been flung in a heap on the one table. A slow, faint smile crossed Mr. Jones' mouth.

"They haven't got 'em yet!" he said, and nearly fainted.

He was lying back inert when a key clicked in the lock. Cunning he had not deemed himself capable of made him keep his eyes closed; his color was ghastly.

"Not a flicker," said the voice of the man who had called himself Staunton. "Not a flicker—the little ape!" He kicked at the bed angrily.

"Where are they?" said the other man.

"That," was the reply, "we shall know when he comes to. He won't forget. There's his own toy gun there if he does and my knife."

"And then?" Mr. Jones hoped his eyelids were not flickering.

"Then—the Seine is just at the end of the second roof! A chop or two will spoil his identity. Then Jones-Bury"—he said and laughed—"the Titbit! He'll win his prize in the Morgue—the idiot!"

"Laughed," said Mr. Jones' inner consciousness angrily, "at such a subject!"

"That stuff lasts for twelve hours. We gave it to him at five, and he's a miserable specimen; about five this evening he will wake. No chance till then. Lord!"—Jones heard another laugh—"how easily we took the little fool out of the train, calling him our drunken friend! Eh, Antoine? So we will fetch Le Loup. It is as well to be ready. He will make this imbecile speak!"

Mr. Jones heard them going away. The door was shut and locked. He could hear their steps on a wooden stairway. He staggered to his feet, flung on his ripped, maltreated garments. His boots were beyond wearing. Though sick and giddy, he went to the table and pocketed almost mechanically the pears and his little revolver.

The window was easy to manage. He lifted it and scrambled on to a steeply sloping old roof; and even as he did so, wondering how he could escape, he heard the door in the room behind him opened.

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The Health Quest in the West

Fort Stanton, New Mexico—Tent City for Health Seekers

By A. C. LAUT

THERE is another class besides campers that hears the little red gods begin calling in the spring: "Go West! Go West! Go West on health quest! Cut the strings! Spread your wings! Leave the care and wear, hustle and bustle, hurry and flurry! Quit chasing yourself! Take a breath and live! Join the health quest to the West!"

Unfortunately this class does not heed the call soon enough. The men and women do not quit chasing themselves until something else is chasing them—the grim fear of a grim shadow, which no one sees but the one followed by the shirkless shadow! The only time you get rid of that kind of shadow, you know, is when the sun dips into darkness. All right! Do not weep; but quit soon enough and buck up now! This is the kind of shadow you can throw to the rear by a quick right-about turn and face to the sun!

"The trouble is," said the director of one of the largest Rocky Mountain sanatoriums, "though we have a record of eighty-four per cent cures for those who come soon enough, unscrupulous physicians in the East and Middle West keep these patients for the sake of the fees until they have passed the deadline. Then they ship us dead ones. That gives us a black eye. We can't raise the dead! If they would send us those very same patients one, two or three months before they do, we could cure them—or, rather, we could not. We should surround them with right conditions and the climate would cure them; but to let a patient sink right over the edge of the grave and then hand us a slim lifeline—well, the West does not like that sort of thing.

"Those are the people we do not want; and to send them West is cruelty and a crime against the public, for often the quack East has sapped the fellow of his very last cent. He has just enough to pay his railroad fare. Then he comes to us penniless. That means the community has to sustain him or we have to; or he dies from want.

"Understand distinctly, we are a health-resort state. That is one of our chief assets; but we do not want to earn the reputation of a graveyard by having dying men and women sent to us. Send them in time and we will cure them; otherwise, do not send them at all. It is a danger to the public and a cruelty to the victim."

Go, But Go in Time

"YES, we are a health city," said the secretary of the chamber of commerce in one of the high inland resorts of Northern Texas; "but please, for goodness' sake, do not mention that fact! People who are really intelligent and worth keeping alive—'fit to survive,' I guess you call it—will find out for themselves and come in time to be saved. We have thousands of such cases every winter—I should say five thousand to ten thousand; and we send them home cured. But the people who are so stupid as to health matters that they have to have facts rammed down their throats with a crowbar, then get coaxed some to be convinced, are the very people who will dillydally and seesaw until it's too late—then come and die on our hands and give our climate a black eye."

"Yes," said a prominent woman worker of one of the great health-resort towns of New Mexico, "you may set it down that nine-tenths of the Easterners who live here came as 't. b.'s,' and were cured; but do not tell that—please! Unless people come in time, we simply have to pass the hat to send them home—or get them buried."

The next was down in Silver City—down, that is, as to the southern boundary of the United States, but six thousand feet up as to altitude. I was talking to an editor who had been shipped in as a dead one, but who is a very live one indeed today and, humanly speaking, good for thirty years more.

"Well," he said, "of course I'm well! Look at me! I do a man's work every day in the year; but I'll never be able to leave and go back home cured, because I hadn't sense enough to come in time! If I had come, say, six months before I did, I'd be as sound as any man on earth today; but I thought I couldn't come—just like all the rest; I thought I couldn't afford it. I thought I couldn't get away. I thought the machinery in my little part of the eternal universe would stop going if I let go of things; that is, I thought all that until the doctor told me plainly I'd die on the jump if I didn't let go and get right out. I couldn't afford to come. I couldn't afford to let go; but I let go and came all the same—and I'm a well man today.

"The pity is I did not come in time; and I can't leave this climate and live. If I were a rich man I'd like to paste posters all over this continent: 'Come! Come! Come in time—or don't come at all!' It ought to be a slogan East, West, North, South—in every country hamlet and every town; in every doctor's office and school. There is no excuse today for letting any one die of tubercular troubles. Send 'em in time—or don't send 'em at all!"

Not Always Hot in California

Getting Well in the West

SOUNDS brutal? Believe me—it is nothing of the kind. If that slogan were followed, thousands, tens of thousands of lives wasted today—sacrificed needlessly through sheer inertia and stupidity and ignorance—could be saved as easily as a child's bump is cured and forgotten. If you like all the fuss and fluster of being an invalid—as many people do, for some psychological reason science has not diagnosed yet—all right; but if you want to be well, robustly well, with a wide margin of reserve strength, then bestir yourself before the shadow has you at a handicap.

Does the West want health-seekers? Absolutely yes! From Kamloops, British Columbia, and Calgary, Alberta, to San Antonio, Texas, and Silver City, New Mexico, are sanatoriums and tent cities and hospitals and whole communities, like Fort Bayard for United States Army invalids, given over to health-seekers, and with a record for cures that reads like a fairy story—eighty and ninety per cent of all patients received are discharged well. You hear sometimes in the East of the soil of certain Western states becoming infected. No one but an Easterner could entertain that fear for an instant.

In the first place, invalids are no longer received in the general hotel, the general pleasure resort. They are provided for in colonies of their own. In the second place, in those communities every possible source of contagion is destroyed and neutralized. You are less exposed to germs in such a colony than when walking down the average city street, where little if any care can be taken against the spread of disease.

The question is often asked: If patients took the same rest and lived the same outdoor life in the East as in the West, would not they have the same recoveries? The point is, they will not live the same outdoor life! And if they would, in many cases they cannot. There are the daily nagging, insistent demands of business and family life. You may shut your door to them—you know they are rapping outside the door, and that disturbs your quiet. Your student sees his class going ahead without him; your lawyer, his clients slipping away; your preacher or teacher, demoralization of the flock.

Besides, supposing a successful Wall Street broker hied him away from apartments in the

Waldorf and built him a canvas tent, with mosquito-wire slides all round, on the Palisades of the Hudson, or on a vacant lot—what do you suppose would be the effect on his business? "Bats in his belfry!" and the chances of small boys stoning the canvas house at times. You can do that sort of thing in the West comfortably. You can do it in the East comfortably only under special conditions.

Then there is the very essential factor of climate. It is outdoor life that is going to cure you. You can take more outdoor life in a climate where skies are cloudless ten months of the year than you can in a climate where the cloudless days average only half and half. Whether you go West from nerve-jag or for the rest cure, or for t. b., you are going to do things in the West that you would not ordinarily do at home. You'll hunt! You'll fish! You'll tramp! You'll ride! You'll play! You do not do those things back home when you are in business traces. There is an ozone in that Western air that will buoy you up and dispel gloom, and fill you with a desire to go in spite of your dearest dumps and most cherished glooms.

Out there you'll drop a lot of the burdens of your old life back East, as Christian dropped his bundle of sin. You'll drop them just at the wicket gate of the new, care-free, outdoor, independent life. Whether you came West for rest cure or nerve-jag or lungs—you'll begin doing a lot of things you never did before. You'll take exercise. You'll eat ravenously. You'll stoke up quantities of food that you never suspected any two people could eat; and you'll be able to digest hammers and tacks and nails and bits of crockery—a result of the climate that you get only in the high, buoyant life of the West. That stoking up of itself arrests disease and recuperates. Instead of living right on the margin of your strength you begin to accumulate an unconscious reservoir—a reserve to drain in case of need.

A very essential part of that essential factor—climate—is the altitude. You may have the spirit and determination of a lion. At three hundred feet above sea-level, or even six hundred feet, you cannot have the same energy, the same vim, the same desire to go and do. You cannot have the same number of pulsebeats a minute, the same number of breaths of pure oxygen, the same amount of energy pumped into you, the same amount of inertia pumped out as at an altitude of three thousand feet or five thousand—or even ten thousand. There is one Rocky Mountain state that has not a square mile in its area under three thousand feet. There is another that has none under two thousand feet; yet another not much under four thousand. No matter what your determination to be well, you will have more energy in those areas than at sea-level.

Nature's Drugs for Soul and Body

THEN there is the newness of everything. Your mind is taken off the past, off self; off plans broken in the middle; off the Indian sickness of "too-long thinking" or, as we would say, "back thoughts." That is part of the healing process. Your thoughts find new channels, new interests, new variety. It is as if you turned the sluice-gate of a new irrigation ditch into your innermost being. There are nights at these altitudes when the stars seem so near, you could pluck them down like Jack-o'-lanterns! Stars? If you talked stars down in Wall Street they would ask you if you had been buying diamonds. There are days when, sitting astride your pinto—or, if you are not a good rider, astride a burro, when you can ride with your feet on the ground—you will be lord of all you survey from skyline to skyline.

Pine Resin, Ozone and Sunbe

The Indians come out with their vast herds of sheep and goats to the watering pools. The packtrains wind into the defiles of the mountains with a tinkle of the bell on the old mare leading the mules. What was all that fury and fluster, fuss and feathers, back home that worried you so? Here you are in a country whose future is in the making; and, no matter what your past, the bigness or littleness of the failure of it, you can cast in your lot with this country the future of which is in the making. It has a curious effect—that thought. It releases you from a heartsick past. That, too, is part, and a very important part, of the healing.

There is another important point to the healing process. Nine cases out of ten, patent medicines for coughs are either opiates or some by-product of the resins of balsam and hemlock and pine. In the forests of the Rocky Mountain states you are literally breathing air surcharged with the steaming odors of pine resin without the opiate. You are breathing a mixture of ozone that is not fancy, but fact, pine resin and condensed sunbeams. The mixture happens to be good for body and soul—and it can't be bottled.

There is the other side to the picture, of course. When you are high enough up to get a mixture of ozone and pine resin and sunbeams you are high enough for cold nights, and must choose a sanatorium with good heating arrangements—or have a stove in your camp. Also, in the desert there are blinding, choking duststorms and most torrential rains. Keep your mouth shut for one, and yourself under cover for the other. The duststorms come only in the windy spring months; the rains only in July and August.

A few years ago a well-known citizen of a Western state was ordered by his physician to some springs in the Black Forest of Germany. Arrived at the sanatorium, the American lugubriously presented himself. There was a lot of red tape and formality. Patients passed through a perfect brigade of specialists, and were punched and poked, and sounded and bounded, and blood-tested and rested right up to the last big mogul physician of them all. The American was examined—he had already spent a couple of thousand dollars. The head specialist pulled a long face.

"There is only one place on earth to help a case like yours," he said—and he named the healing waters of springs in the identical state from which the American had come.

The American exploded in more picturesque than scriptural language. The specialist smiled wisely behind his glasses.

The Question of Cost

"LOOK here, mein friend," he said; "if you lived on the street beside me, und I told you the only thing dot vould cure you vould be to go across the street und drink gallons und gallons of vater from the village pump—do you t'ink you vould do it? No! You would dismiss me from charge of your case. But if I send you three thousand miles to drink vater—*nein!* but you vill drink it in tubs!"

That is the moral of many cases ordered West.

All right! You decide to go West in time! Where will you go? How will you go? How will you finance it? Exactly what will it cost—this cure of pine resin and ozone and sunbeams?

If the first crime of going West is going too late the second crime is the cruel and unnecessary waste of means in the way many invalids go. So much is spent on the mere preliminary of getting out that nothing is left to sustain the patient and keep him secure from worry after he reaches the West. This extortionate cost is not necessary. Decide exactly what you can afford to spend—or, rather, what you cannot afford not to spend. Decide exactly where you want to go, and the health trip can be made to cost you less than medical attention at home.

The editor mentioned reached the West with less than seven dollars a week for going money—and every cent of that was borrowed from relatives. He bought a ten-acre stretch outside the town on a "shoestring" for fifteen hundred dollars. With his own hands he built a tiny health shack for himself. For this he picked the stones up off the land. Cement, shingles and a few beams were all he had to buy. Here he moved in, with his wife and cots and campstove. Presently a "lunger" came along more desperate than himself, to whom he rented the shack for ten or fifteen dollars a week. This provided the wherewithal for more health shacks, until two or three dozen dotted the land. Within ten years he sold half the vacant land for fifteen hundred dollars—the built-up portion for ten thousand dollars, as the nucleus for a tuberculosis sanatorium. He is now living in another shack on the interest his money brings him.

I know of another case—a New York boy, who drove his horses too hard studying law, and had only a few hundred

(Continued on Page 57)

Indians of the Desert

Leading the Flocks to the Pools

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE

Abe Potash Equalizes a Copartnership

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"If Mawruss Gives Up Fifty Dollars I Would Do the Same"

WHEN Abe Potash entered the firm's office one morning in November Morris Perlmutter abruptly ceased his reading of the Cloak and Suit Gazette; and, with the studied carelessness of the stage husband dropping the incriminating letter in the first act of a farce adapted from the German, he drew his watch from his waistcoat pocket. For two minutes he examined the dial, and after a loud manipulation of the key he snorted.

"I was just now talking to Sol Klinger, Mawruss," Abe said in an offhand manner, though his heightened color could hardly have been caused by the exertion of taking off his hat and coat, "and he is telling me Barney Koshrik and Harris Felt is going to dissolve already; and why do you think they are doing it?"

Morris snorted again.

"Because Koshrik couldn't get down mornings before ten o'clock—ain't it?"

"No," Abe replied mildly. "Koshrik is the one which is kicking, Mawruss; and Sol says he don't blame him, neither."

Morris flapped his hands impatiently.

"How you could spend hours and hours talking to that *Rosher*, Abe, I don't know!" he declared. "There's a feller goes to work, understand me, and steals from us Jake Greenberg, Abe, which he was an A Number One cutter and everything; and now he turns round and tries to bust up a partnership between two decent, respectable fellers like Koshrik and Felt."

"He ain't trying to bust it up at all, Mawruss," Abe protested: "and besides, Mawruss, you know as well as I do Greenberg would of left us anyhow, Mawruss, because he says that time his wife is sick and he wants us we should give him a job as designer so he could make more money, when we already got a good designer. So naturally if Klinger & Klein offers him a job as designer, Mawruss, he's got a perfect right to take it just so much as they got a right to offer it to him."

"Sure, I know," Morris said; "and Greenberg's wife dies on him anyhow, Abe, which if he would stuck to us he would get just as much by us as by Klinger & Klein."

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"What is *sorbei* is *sorbei*, Mawruss," he said. "We got just so good cutters in our place as Greenberg was, Mawruss; and if Koshrik & Felt dissolves, y'understand, I wouldn't lose no sleep over it, neither. The most we sold 'em is two hundred dollars a season."

"Which is pretty near two hundred and one dollars more as Klinger & Klein sold 'em, Abe," Morris retorted, while he turned again to the Cloak and Suit Gazette by way of putting an end to the discussion.

"Klinger says they would of done a good business with 'em if it wouldn't been for Felt," Abe said as he plunged busily into the pile of mail on his desk. He ripped open an envelope and examined the contents with a smile.

"Your wife's a pretty prompt collector, Mawruss," he said. "Here it is the middle of November only and I should please remit to Mrs. Mawruss Perlmutter, treasurer, my annual dues as a patron, payable January first next, for the Touro Relief Society—twenty-five dollars."

"If one partner couldn't subscribe to the charities which the other partner's wife is running, Abe," said Morris, who had not entirely recovered his normal good humor, "you could easy resign—ain't it?"

"What d'ye mean resign?" Abe protested. "I ain't kicking, Mawruss. Ain't my Rosie a member also? I'll send 'em a check right away."

Morris grunted and turned again to his paper, where he had been finding a melancholy pleasure in reading the Business Troubles column.

"Koshrik & Felt ain't the only ones, Abe," he said at last. "Maggid & Blaustein is also got through with themselves."

"Let's see," Abe cried, rising from his checkbook; and as he looked over his partner's shoulder Morris placed his thumb against the following item:

"New York, N. Y. Maggid & Blaustein to dissolve. Maggid & Blaustein, doing business as the Minthorn Department Store, at Minthorn Place and South Fifteth Street, E. D., have signed articles of dissolution to take effect January first next. The business will be continued under the same firm style by Wolf Blaustein, who assumes all liabilities."

"I would *oser* break my heart over them two greenhorns neither, Mawruss," Abe said. "The only time they bought from us a bill of goods, y'understand, they held us up pretty near two months. If it wouldn't be for such people, collection agencies couldn't exist at all."

"Them fellers was all right," Morris said. "They know retail garment selling from A to Z, Abe, and the only thing the matter with them was they didn't got enough capital."

"Sure, I know, Mawruss," Abe retorted; "when a business concern is all right except it ain't got enough capital, understand me, it's like you would say a feller is perfectly healthy if it wouldn't be his heart and kidneys is gone back on him."

He finished writing out his check and handed it to Morris.

"Give this to Minnie *mit* my compliments, Mawruss," he said, rising to his feet. "I guess I would go and see what them fellers is up to back there."

Morris pocketed the check in a manner implying that its acceptance was not to be construed as a waiver of his grievance against Abe for coming down late that morning. Indeed, he maintained this "without prejudice" attitude toward his partner for the rest of the forenoon, and so when he went out to lunch at twelve o'clock he was able to avoid the usual rhetorical flourishes from Abe concerning partners who made "gods of their stomachs."

Five minutes later he seated himself at his favorite table in the rear room of Hammersmith's Café, and he was midway in the perusal of a bill-of-fare that might have been the result of a conspiracy between the chef and a manufacturer of dyspepsia tablets when a familiar voice sounded in his ear.

"*Wie geht's*, Mr. Perlmutter?" it said, and Morris looked up to view the melancholy features of no less a personage than Barney Koshrik himself.

"Why, how do you do, Barney?" Morris cried. "Sit right down and have a little something to eat with me. This here *Esterhazy* roast *mit Knockerl* sounds pretty good to me."

Barney shook his head as he sank into a chair opposite Morris.

"Much obliged, Mr. Perlmutter," he said, "but I got an appointment here *mit* a couple fellers and they ain't showed up yet."

"And how is Mrs. Koshrik?" Morris asked after he had ordered the fuel for a whole afternoon's heartburn. "My Minnie says she ain't been round to the meeting of the Touro Relief Society lately."

"She ain't got time to," Barney replied; "she's been working late in the store the last couple weeks."

"That's good," Morris said with an elaborate show of ignorance. "I'm glad to hear it your business is rushing, Barney."

"It ain't business," Barney said. "We're taking an inventory up there on account me and Felt is going to part."

Morris bolted a huge mouthful of *Esterhazy* roast and gazed at Barney with an excellent imitation of astonishment.

"You don't tell me!" he cried, wagging his head from side to side. "Why, you and Felt has been partners together now going on eleven years, and I thought you was just so much fixtures as twin brothers already."

"Sure, I know," Barney said; "but even blood relations couldn't stand it that we should got a drawing account share and share alike from the business, understand me, when I got five thousand dollars more invested there as he got it."

This was news to Morris, and he laid down his knife and fork in genuine surprise.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that you got as much as five thousand dollars more capital at the start as Felt did?"

"Not at the start," Barney replied. "At the start we got five hundred dollars apiece, Mr. Perlmutter; and the first two years we are drawing twelve dollars a week and put the rest of the profits into the business, understand me—which, as you know, we got a hard struggle to get on our feet already. H'afterwards we are beginning to see daylight ahead of us, Mr. Perlmutter; so we went to work and drew a little more, understand me, until we are each getting thirty dollars a week out of the business."

"A business like yours could easy stand that much," Morris declared.

"*Aber* then we turned round and both of us gets married, Mr. Perlmutter."

Morris nodded comprehendingly.

"You mean you got *mit* your wife a dowry from five thousand dollars, which you put it in the business and Felt didn't—ain't it?" he suggested.

"*Oser a Stück!*" Barney declared. "I got *mit* my wife not even furniture, Mr. Perlmutter, which I ain't kicking at all, Mr. Perlmutter, because *mit* my Esther everybody knows what it is, Mr. Perlmutter. A heart like gold—ain't it?"

Morris made an eloquent gesture with his fork and resumed eating his succulent luncheon.

"*Aber* Harris Felt, when he gets married, Mr. Perlmutter," Barney continued, not without a note of envy in his tones, "the first thing you know in three years' time comes along a couple nice children, a boy and a girl, Mr. Perlmutter, and right away he is drawing from the profits of the business fifty dollars a week—and I am still drawing only thirty!"

"Did he got a right by the partnership agreement to draw that much from the profits?" Morris asked.

"Sure, he did!" Barney replied. "What do you think, Mr. Perlmutter—I would be such a big fool to let him, supposing he didn't got a right?"

Morris waved both knife and fork in midair.

"So long as you suggested it, Barney," he said, "I would even say you was a bigger fool not to draw also fifty dollars a week and put what you didn't need in savings bank *oder* bonds, understand me, rather as let it lay in the business. Abe and me draws week by week always the same amount, whether we need it *oder* not, which *mit* my wife and my boy, Barney, I am spending pretty near all my share of the profits, which Abe don't. But he draws it just the same, Barney, because just so soon's one partner's got laying in the business more money as the other, Barney, comes right away trouble."

Barney nodded his head sadly.

"I bet yer," he agreed. "Felt and me done nothing but fight there for the last three months, Mr. Perlmutter; and in especially the last week or two, Mr. Perlmutter, the names that feller calls me—I tell yer I wouldn't forget 'em in a hurry!"

Morris shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly.

"What is calling names between partners, Barney?" he said. "The things Abe says to me sometimes, understand me—a lowlife, a bum in a liquor saloon, don't use such a language when he is *shikker* already."

He shook his head and smiled in recollection.

"*Aber* you should hear me when I get mad at Abe, Barney!" he concluded. "What he says to me ain't a marker even!"

"That's all right too," Barney commented. "If one partner calls another partner a bloodsucker *oder* a schwindler because they got a dispute like paying two dollars too much for wrapping paper, Mr. Perlmutter, it's only so to speak, understand me, and they don't mean nothing by it; *aber* if the dispute is about five thousand dollars, Mr. Perlmutter, then I got a pretty good idee that Felt thinks I am really and truly a bloodsucker and a schwindler; and so we couldn't do business together no more."

Morris indorsed this statement of copartnership etiquette with a tremendous hiccough and ordered cheesecake and coffee with cream by way of making certain the ravage of his digestion.

"Well then," he said as he attacked the pastry in due course, "why don't you go to work and draw your five thousand, *und fertig?*"

"Felt wouldn't let me," Barney replied. "He says in two years he's got coming due a twenty-year endowment policy for five thousand dollars, understand me, and he would then put it in the business and everything would be all right again. Meantime I should draw savings-bank interest on my five thousand dollars, Mr. Perlmutter! Did you ever hear the like?"

Morris elevated his eyebrows and judiciously coughed away a few particles of cheesecake.

"Savings banks pays pretty good interest nowadays, Barney," he said.

"But not so good as drygoods stores, which they must got to give for five thousand dollars' accommodation at a bank at the very least ten per cent, Mr. Perlmutter! So I turned him down good and hard on that proposition, Mr. Perlmutter, and things is pretty near fixed up right now; in fact, we are going to appraise the stock and fixtures tonight yet."

"And how would you do that?" Morris asked.

"We each of us takes a friend in the garment business which understands our stock, and a practical storekeeper which knows fixtures, *verstehst du*, and if they couldn't agree we would leave it to a feller which acts like a *Dayan*."

"A *Dayan!*" Morris exclaimed. "You mean an umpire?"

"No," Barney replied; "I mean a *Rav*, Mr. Perlmutter, by the name Hillel Immergut. Might you would know him maybe?"

Morris nodded.

"He sometimes collects for the Touro Relief Society," he said. "And who is going to be appraiser for Harris Felt?"

"That I couldn't tell you at all," Barney answered; "but the appraiser which is acting for me is ——"

"Hello, Barney!" cried Sol Klinger, who had approached the table unnoticed. "Am I late?"

At this juncture Sol recognized Morris Perlmutter and nodded a cold salutation, while Morris scowled in return.

"*Nu*, Perlmutter," he said, "are you in this too?"

"Mr. Perlmutter and me meets here just by happening that way," Barney replied. "Ain't Maggid come with you, Sol? I thought you said you was going to fetch him along *mit* you."

"He'll be here in a minute," Klinger replied; and at the name Maggid, Morris paused with his cup of coffee midway between the saucer and his lips.

"Do you mean Charles Maggid—used to was Maggid & Blaustein before they dissolved?" he asked.

"That's the feller," Barney replied, and at Morris' question Sol grew red and began to perspire. "*Aber* they ain't dissolved, Mr. Perlmutter, so far as I know it."

"Ain't they?" Morris retorted. "I thought I seen it in this morning's paper, and that Blaustein would carry on the business over there in Williamsburg." He added to Klinger's embarrassment by an irritating smile. "But that's all right, too, Barney," he went on as he signaled to the waiter for his bill; "if you are looking for a practical drygoods man with experience to appraise your fixtures, understand me, Maggid has got the experience."

"That's why I suggested him, Barney," Sol declared, raking Morris with a venomous glare.

"And if Maggid is looking for a practical drygoods man to go as partners together, Barney," Morris continued, finishing his cup of coffee with noisy relish, "Maggid has still got the experience, but the other feller must got to furnish the capital, Barney." He rose to his feet and shook Barney warmly by the hand. "Which when it comes to getting a line of credit from a credit man," he concluded with another and more irritating smile at Sol Klinger, "experience is just so much an asset like an elegant tenor voice or a good digestion, Barney. You couldn't put it into the written statement at all."

II

"WELL, Abe," Morris said as he entered the firm's office five minutes later, "what do you think of your friend Klinger now?"

He took off his hat and coat, and sitting down at his desk he lit a cigar as he waited for Abe to inquire what Klinger's latest enormity had been, but Abe merely nodded gloomily. "In a way, too, it was Greenberg's own fault," he said at last. "He should of stuck to us, Mawruss, because he couldn't expect if he is only working a short time for a concern they are going to stand for him being all the time sick."

"Greenberg sick!" Morris exclaimed.

"I should say!" Abe retorted. "We had an awful time with him while you was out, Mawruss. He comes in here and in a few minutes he drops down like a stone already. We got to send out for a doctor over to the Insurings Company across the square, Mawruss; and after I sent Jake Greenberg home with Nathan in a taxicab I couldn't get rid of the feller at all. He talks me deef, dumb and blind about term insurings and twenty-payment policies *mit* accumulations—and *Gott weiss was noch!*"

"*Aber* what did he say about Greenberg?" Morris asked.

"He said it would be a waste of time for such a feller to sign an application at all," Abe replied; "and I tell yer, Mawruss, when a feller is a widower *mit* two children, which the oldest ain't hardly two years old yet, understand me—and Klinger & Klein goes to work and fires him, y'understand—it looks pretty *schlecht* for him even if he would be in good health even."

"Did Klinger & Klein fire him?" Morris cried.

"Like a dawg!" Abe replied—"just on account he is away sick three days last week and two days this."

"You don't say!" Morris commented; and clucking his tongue he wagged his head compassionately. "Does he got maybe a little money put away, Abe?"

"*Oser* a *Stück!*" Abe replied. "That's the first thing I asked him, Mawruss. He ain't even got from lodge insurings even, and he's got an old mother besides to take care of, Mawruss, which he told the whole thing to Sol Klinger; and all that *Rosher* says is they ain't running no hospital *oder* home for the aged exactly."

Morris shrugged his shoulders.

"What could you expect, Abe, from a schemer like that!" he declared, and forthwith began a circumstantial narrative of his encounter with Koshrik and Klinger at Hammersmith's. "And so that's the way it goes, Abe," he concluded. "So sure as you are sitting there, Abe, Klinger would make up a *Shidduch* between Koshrik and Maggid they should go as partners together; and Klinger & Klein would sell 'em their entire stock—ain't it?"

"My worries what they do!" Abe declared. "Between you and Greenberg and that there doctor from the Insurings Company, Mawruss, I could starve to death here." He looked at his watch and jumped excitedly to his feet. "Two o'clock!" he exclaimed with an indignant glare at Morris. "I got a right to be pretty near fainting from hunger already."

He jammed on his hat, and a moment later the elevator door slammed behind him, while Morris puffed away at his cigar and attempted to devise a plan for the circumvention of Sol Klinger's scheme. At the end of an hour he could think of nothing better to do than to ring up Koshrik & Felt and inquire for Harris Felt.

"He's out," a masculine voice replied.

"Well, might Mrs. Koshrik is there maybe?" Morris continued. "My name is Morris Perlmutter and I would like to speak to her for a minute."

"It's all right, Mr. Perlmutter," the voice answered; "she got Mrs. Perlmutter's message and she went right over there a few minutes ago."

"Went right over where?" Morris asked.

"The address Mrs. Perlmutter left," the voice declared, and Morris remained silent for a minute.

"All right!" he said at last. "Good-by!" He wagged his head solemnly. "If them women ain't the limit!" he muttered to himself. "Koshrik is pretty near crazy about this business, and his wife is got time to go out and play bridge already *mit* Minnie and them loafer friends of hers!"

Morris was still sitting at his desk when Abe returned.

"Ain't Nathan come back yet, Mawruss?" Abe asked as he looked toward the rear of the loft.

"I don't know," Morris replied. "I ain't inquired, on account I'm busy here since you left. I just rung up Felt."

"And he wasn't in," Abe replied positively.

"How do you know that?" Morris inquired.

"On account I just seen him in Hammersmith's," Abe answered, "which he was sitting at a table there with his appraisers."

"How did you find out they was his appraisers, Abe?" Morris asked. "Did you talk to him?"

"I did not," Abe answered. "I could judge for *myself*, Mawruss, because one of 'em was a garment manufacturer—which no doubt you heard of—by the name Sammet, Mawruss, and the other was a drygoods man—also a friend of yours, Mawruss—by the name Wolf Blaustein."

"You don't tell me!" Morris exclaimed.

"Which you could call Leon Sammet and Sol Klinger all the crooks you would like to, Mawruss," Abe went on; "they're right on the job when it comes to getting business, understand me, and that's more as you could say about some concerns."

"Sure, I know," Morris said as he looked out toward the elevator, from which direction a tall bearded visitor was approaching. "But if I would got to make *Rishus* between partners in order to get business, Abe, I would a whole lot sooner close up the place and be done with it—which I guess we got here a charity collector coming, ain't it?"

The visitor walked straight to the office and held out his hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Perlmutter?" he said. "I guess you don't recognize me—ain't it?"

Morris was about to say that he naturally couldn't remember every collector for an orphan asylum that came into the place, but on closer inspection the old man possessed so dignified and melancholy an air that Morris shook hands with him in silence.

"This is my partner, Mr. Potash," he murmured, and the visitor turned to Abe.

"I wish you long life," he said, and Abe grew pale as he grasped the old gentleman's hand.

"What's the matter?" Abe asked, for the visitor's salutation was the traditional mode of breaking bad news.

The old gentleman murmured a few words of Hebrew, and then took off his hat and sat down.

"The poor fellow died in the taxicab," he said.

"Greenberg!" Abe and Morris exclaimed in chorus, and the visitor nodded.

"They sent for me right away," he continued, "and I

"Now, Harris, Just You Show Barney How to Hold a Baby"

told your shipping clerk he should go home on account he was so upset and everything."

"That was all right," Abe broke in. "We would of done it ourselves, Mister ——"

"Immergut," said the old fellow, and Morris snapped his fingers as he suddenly identified his visitor.

"You know Mr. Immergut, Abe," Morris added. "He sometimes—now—gets in subscriptions for the Touro Relief Society."

Mr. Immergut nodded.

"So soon as I saw the old lady, Greenberg's mother, couldn't do anything," he said, "I rang up Mrs. Perlmutter, and she said she would go right round there and see to the children."

Abe started immediately for the telephone.

"I guess I would call up my Rosie," he said, "and tell her to go round there too."

"'Tain't necessary at all," Mr. Immergut cried, "because I guess Mrs. Perlmutter has got pretty near the whole Touro Relief Society there. Your wife is a great executive, Mr. Perlmutter." His grave face broke into a smile of recollection. "In fact, she sent me down here, Mr. Perlmutter," he continued; "and she said you were to give me a check for fifty dollars."

"Me give you a check for fifty dollars!" Morris exclaimed. "What for?"

"Well," the *Rav* replied, "Greenberg owed for rent twenty-five dollars, and the other twenty-five we'll put to the funeral expenses."

Morris shrugged his shoulders and frowned.

"Of course I'm awful sorry for the feller and everything," he protested, "*aber* why should I pay for Greenberg's funeral?"

"That's what I remarked at the time," Hillel agreed; "and Mrs. Perlmutter said something about telling you only last night that her mink set looked awful shabby, but she thought she could make it do for this winter, Mr. Perlmutter—and that in case I had any trouble about getting the check, Mr. Perlmutter, she thought perhaps she couldn't make it do."

"Mink is a pretty expensive fur, Mawruss," Abe advised with a malicious smile.

"Might Mrs. Potash needs a new mink set maybe?" Mr. Immergut commented, as he turned to Abe.

"I bought her one only last January," Abe said calmly; "but I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Immergut—if Mawruss gives up fifty dollars, understand me, I would do the same."

"I wouldn't have left here till you did," the *Rav* declared; "so you've saved a lot of argument, Mr. Potash."

He watched the two partners as they drew their respective checks.

"*K'mo shenémar*," he said, lapsing into the singsong of a Talmudic quotation; "it's a *Mitzvah* to promote marriages, visit the sick and bury the dead." He folded the checks into his wellworn pocketbook and beamed at the two partners. "But don't forget, Mr. Perlmutter," he concluded, "if Mrs. Perlmutter really and truly does need a new mink set, understand me, it is also a *Din* that a man should give his wife jewels and raiment according to his possessions."

He shook hands, and a moment later the elevator door closed behind him.

"That feller's pretty cheerful, Mawruss, considering he is just coming from poor Greenberg's house and all!" said Abe.

"A *Rav* like him is used to death, Abe," Morris replied, "because outside of a little charity collecting, understand me, he practically makes his living from funerals and weddings; and once in a while he——" Here Morris paused and slapped the desk with his hand. "By jinks, I clean forgot about it!" he exclaimed. "That's the feller which he is going to act as umpire over Koshrik & Felt's appraisers."

Abe nodded.

"Ain't it a Picture!" She Murmured

"Well, all I could say is," he retorted, "he's got his work cut out for him!"

"Sure, I know," Morris went on excitedly; "but we should ought to of spoke to the feller about it. Might it ain't too late yet maybe!"

"What ain't too late?" Abe asked.

"Might it ain't too late yet to fix things up between Koshrik & Felt!" Morris explained.

"*Yow*—fix it up!" Abe cried, with a wave of his hand. "Even if they wouldn't got a couple of loafers like Sammet and Klinger edging 'em on, Mawruss, the only thing that fixes it up now would be that some one should make a present to Felt five thousand dollars he should invest it in the business."

"Not make a present at all, Abe," Morris insisted. "The feller don't need to get some one to make him a present of five thousand dollars, Abe. All he needs is some one should lend him five thousand dollars."

"Even so," Abe said, "who would stand willing to lend Felt five thousand dollars?"

"*Mit* elegant security, Abe, like a five-thousand-dollar endowment policy which he is got coming due in two years already, understand me, and at six per cent interest, y'understand, I would do it myself, Abe, supposing I had the money."

"Supposing you had the money!" Abe repeated with bitter emphasis.

"Which, of course, Abe," Morris continued, "I got myself a wife and a boy, understand me, and I am spending all I am making here on my home and my child, Abe; whereas, Abe, some people which ain't got neither chick nor child, y'understand, and is also living pretty *sparsam* in their homes, y'understand, could easy afford they should sell a couple bonds and lend it a concern like Koshrik & Felt five thousand dollars *mit* six per cent interest, and on such an elegant security!" Abe began to grow scarlet and he stared open-mouthed at his partner, who drew a deep breath and delivered his peroration in the loud tones of a political orator. "In particularly, Abe," he concluded, "when you yourself say that some concerns make such a big effort to get Koshrik & Felt's business, understand me, now is your chance, Abe, that we should keep their business and no effort at all hardly."

Abe's chest rose and fell with an emotion too deep for utterance, but at last he voiced it in appropriately husky accents. "I should lend it Koshrik & Felt five thousand dollars!" he gasped. "I think, Mawruss, you're crazy!"

"Why am I crazy, Abe?" Morris insisted. "Bonds pays you four per cent, understand me, *mit* such security as only them *Roshoyim* in Wall Street knows which and what it is, understand me; whereas here you got a chance to get six per cent on your money *mit* security like gold."

Abe raised a tremulous hand at his partner.

"All right, Mawruss; I heard enough," he said. "I ain't going to start to tell you just why I don't think an endowment policy is security like gold, Mawruss, but all I am telling you is I ain't going to do it. If Felt would of spent only as much as Koshrik did, Mawruss, he wouldn't got to raise no money on his insurings."

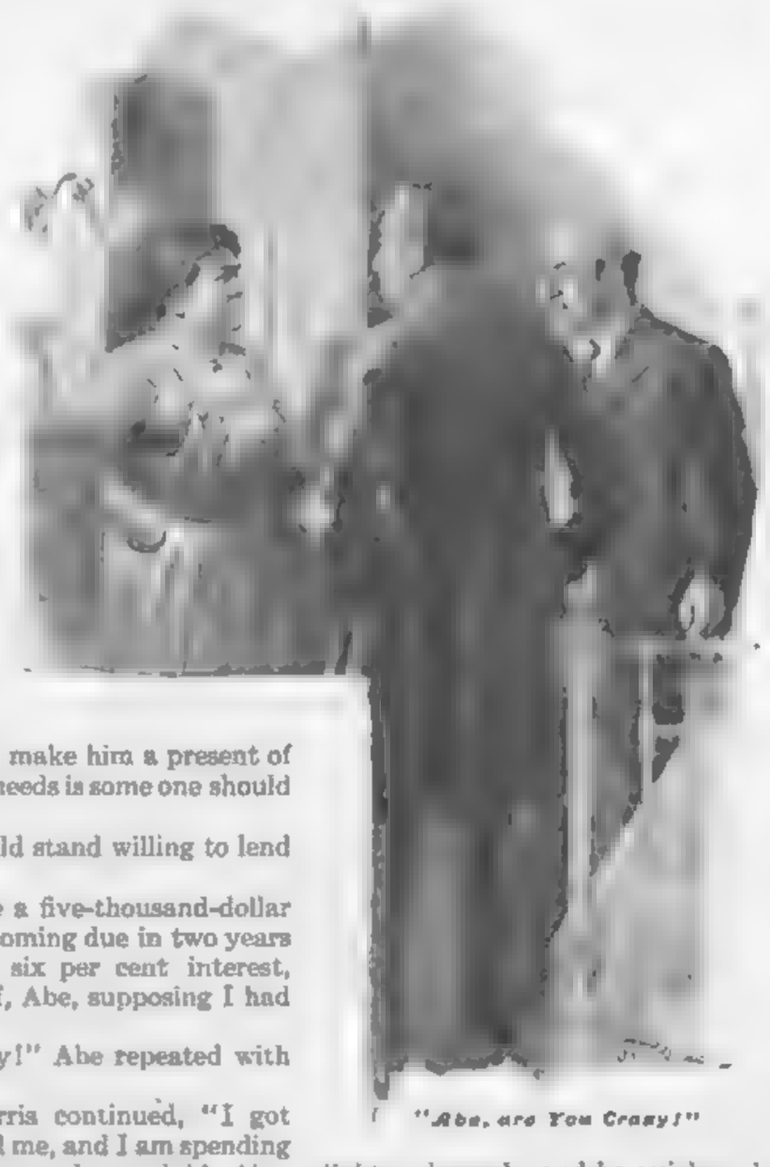
"Felt has got children and Koshrik ain't got none, Abe," Morris retorted—"just the same like you and me."

"Do you think it makes me and Koshrik happy we ain't got no children, Mawruss?" Abe roared.

Morris looked a trifle ashamed of himself.

"I ain't saying nothing about Koshrik that he ain't got children, Abe," he protested. "All I am saying is if he would of got children, understand me, he would spend just so much as Felt did."

"Well then, supposing Felt did borrow it from some one five thousand dollars, Mawruss," Abe retorted; "unless Koshrik would also got a couple children like Felt it would only be a matter of a few years when he is again got more capital as Felt, either in or outside the business, Mawruss; and then they would have



"Abe, are You Crazy!"

wiedermal trouble, Mawruss. Giving the feller five thousand dollars, Mawruss, is only putting off the dissolution, Mawruss—and that's all there is to it!"

There was obviously no room for further argument, and Morris retreated to the cutting department, while Abe pottered aimlessly about the showroom. There, during the remainder of the afternoon, he worked himself up to a fine state of self-pity over his childless condition; and his melancholy persisted until, at seven o'clock, he emerged from the Subway at One Hundred and Sixteenth Street and Lenox Avenue. A whiff of fresh boiled tongue from the doorway of a delicatessen shop, however, conducted his thoughts into lighter channels, and he quickened his footsteps as he recollected there had been some talk at breakfast that morning of roast duck for dinner. Sure enough, as he stepped into the elevator of his house he encountered an odor that caused his mouth to water involuntarily.

Hence he was in boisterous spirits when he plunged his latchkey noisily into the door of his apartment, and he was about to break into a cheerful whistle when a loud Sshh! resounded through the hall. A moment later Rosie appeared in the doorway of the bedroom; and, with her finger to her lips, she tiptoed up to her astonished husband and kissed him in a manner so markedly different from her usual perfunctory greeting that Abe felt a trifle embarrassed. Then, with a mysterious shake of her head, she led him down the hall to the door of the bedroom and very carefully pushed it open.

"Ain't it a picture!" she murmured; and gradually through the gloom Abe discerned upon a large pillow in the middle of his bed a little pink face half hidden by the fur of Rosie's new opera coat. For at least two minutes he gazed at this amazing spectacle, while a tumult of ideas passed through his brain. Nor was his agitation lessened by the ardor with which Rosie had seized his hand.

"It ain't seven months old yet," she whispered as she dragged him toward the parlor; and then he began to perspire as he heard the crooning of a lullaby behind the portières. A moment later Rosie drew them aside and disclosed the figure of a lady whose features ought to have been familiar to Abe; but, transfigured as they were by the chubby two-year-old youngster she held in her arms, he could not immediately recognize them. At last he gasped and held out a hand in greeting.

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Koshrik!" he said.

III

ABOVE all the sights and sounds that made Abe a stranger in his own house, however, there arose persistently the comforting odor of roast duck—and roast duck seasoned not with sage and onions but with garlic, in a manner known only to Rosie Potash. Moreover, there came with it from the kitchen a sizzling noise and a slamming of the oven door that seemed to threaten disaster to Abe's familiar dish.

"Rosie," he whispered anxiously, "you ain't letting that greenhorn in there tend to your dinner alone, are you?"

"If you are so anxious about it," Rosie replied as she stooped to pull the shawl more snugly about Mrs. Koshrik's charge, "go and see to it yourself."

She gave him a push in the direction of the kitchen door and as he opened it a familiar voice upbraided his curiosity.

"Get out of the kitchen!" it said. "A man's got no business snooping round the kitchen."

"Why, hello, Minnie!" he cried. "What are you doing here?"

"Never mind what I'm doing here," she retorted. "You go and wash yourself and put on a clean collar. Dinner'll be ready in ten minutes, and I telephoned over home that as soon as Mawruss arrived he was to come right over here."

(Continued on Page 28)

THE WHISTLING MAN

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

X

"GAD, here's a muss!" ruefully exclaimed Gawtry as he and Leonard Craig stood at the door of the Pioneer Club waiting for a taxicab. "Didn't Vilas tell you to pick up your trunk and bags on the way up?"

He seemed fretted, annoyed. Craig, however, was too engrossed with his own affairs to give much attention to another's.

"Why, yes, I was told," he answered listlessly; "only all my things are at the wharf in Hoboken. If I was to see you I hadn't time to go for them."

Gawtry ruffled up his brows again.

"Well," he murmured, "I suppose it can't be helped! I could rig you out, of course; but I dare say you'll prefer your own things. Come along, we'll have to go over to Hoboken for them."

Craig lagged back, his eyes clouded, shadowed by a growing dullness. He was in no mood to meet new people, to chaff and chatter, to fling himself into their gayeties. He felt crushed, beaten and helpless. In this last revelation, a completer catalogue of his father's doings, there was something that shamed him far more than he'd ever felt himself shamed before. Not even the charge that his father had done a vulgar murder had hit him half so hard as this. He felt, in fact, as if he'd come in contact with something unclean, foul! A low, common blackmailer—to think of it! There was contamination in the very thought!

"Mr. Gawtry, if you don't mind," said Craig, "I think I won't go with you to Arcadie today. Some other time perhaps."

But Gawtry cut him short. "What?" he exclaimed; and with the word he shot at Craig a penetrating look. "Why not?" he demanded almost bruskly.

Craig gave him his reasons. He had yet to digest all that the revelation meant; he wished to be by himself while he thought it over. "So if you'll make my apologies to Mrs. Gawtry"—he was saying, when with a sudden clap on the shoulder Gawtry cut him short.

"Nonsense, my boy—ridiculous! Why," he exclaimed, "you mustn't take it like this! You're not accountable for what your father may have done; then, besides, what if he did rook a little money out of that gang? They were not saints or holy innocents, that crowd mixed up in trying to loot the Island Trust. Now don't you let any silly notions creep into your head! I want you to come along and enjoy yourself!"

Craig glanced at him, vaguely pondering. It was the first time he'd heard the philosophy that crookedness justifies other crookedness; and he wondered whether this was the essential morality of New York, the ethics of its financial world, of Wall Street especially. But to enjoy himself! "Mr. Gawtry, let me off, won't you?" he begged. "If I lunch with you and Mrs. Gawtry, won't that do? I could get back to New York tonight then." Gawtry, however, wouldn't hear of it. Nothing would satisfy him but that Craig must accept all his hospitality. "Come, come, my boy!" he smiled indulgently; "you mustn't try to argue! I can't let you mope here by yourself all alone—you, the son of my old friend! It would never in the world do!"

Craig capitulated. A sense of his utter solitude suddenly engulfed him, his loneliness and lack of friends. Jamming on his hat, his mouth set grimly, he followed Gawtry down the steps. He had decided to see it through. Besides, Gawtry had yet to tell him all the details of the story. He might as well learn it now as later.

"Now cheer up, Len!" said Gawtry, and gave his arm a friendly squeeze.

A moment later the cab drove up to the curb; and Craig, before he got in, suggested that after all it might be better if he left his baggage at the wharf. He and Mr. Gawtry were of a size; and if he could be rigged out with dinner clothes it would save a lot of time.

But Gawtry shook his head. "No, no!" he said, and he said it firmly too; "it's not any bother. You must have your trunk—all your bags besides. You won't be comfortable without your things." Craig could not help but contrast him with bearlike Adair. Gawtry was in comparison warm-hearted, a kindly, hospitable man, a friend.

"Eighty-sixth Street," he called briskly to the starter; "the Yacht Club landing stage."

The Onontio her owner had described casually as a launch. She was in reality, though, big and able enough to be classed as a sea-going yacht; and as Craig, following Gawtry, stepped into the smart power dingey at the landing stage, then shot away toward the moorings outside, he regarded the white, graceful flyer with admiration, a new and awakening interest.

It was his first introduction to any one of the luxurious, costly playthings of New York's rich. He had, in fact, never before set foot on a yacht; and the trim, clean hull with its sharp stem, its lithe lines of speed, its glittering brasswork and enamel, swam on the river before him like a fairy craft.

"He Was a Genius, and Wall Street Hates the Genius"

There was not a spot upon her. Her freesides had been scrubbed till they shone like porcelain. Her decks—they were of matched whitewood laid with the precision of a ballroom floor—had been holystoned till they were as clean and clear as a housewife's kneading board; while the deckhouses, with all their rich mahogany and brass, gleamed like cabinetwork. Amidships, a pair of false stacks gave air to the engine room, where under the open hatch-covers one looked down upon a pair of long, lithe, high-speed motors, each with its moving gear polished and burnished to the finish of a high-priced watch. There were eleven men aboard—the yacht's master, a pilot, three deckhands, the engine-hold force of an engineer, an assistant and two oilers; and then in the fully rigged galley a chef and steward. All these, both in their dress and discipline, aptly reflected the high-class character of the Onontio; and as the dingey swept alongside, bringing all this into view, Craig marveled that so much money, to say nothing of so much care and effort, should be lavished on what, after all, was no more than a toy, the self-indulgence of a single man. But then he had yet to know New York! What is more, he had yet to know that part of New York wherein all this wealth, the fuel for its luxury, its extravagance, is germinated. Wall Street to him as yet was but a name.

The owner's flag was broken out aloft as the dingey ran alongside; and following Gawtry, Craig clambered aboard at the midships accommodation ladder. The yacht's master stood at the rail, a tall, silent Norwegian with a face tanned by wind and weather to the hue of brick; and Gawtry paused to speak to him. "Luders, Mr. Craig's baggage is at Hoboken, the Dutch steamer wharf. Run alongside and get it aboard." Then, walking aft, Gawtry led the way to where half a dozen chairs and a wicker table stood under the stern awning. He waved Craig to a chair, and Craig had hardly seated himself when the Onontio, with a sudden quiver, slid from her moorings like an arrow slipped from a bow, and with the water roaring under her counter at full speed went streaking it across the river. The run to the Jersey side she made in short order. In ten minutes at the most she was alongside the wharf, Craig's things were hurriedly rushed aboard, and then, swinging round, the yacht headed northward up the Hudson, fleeting on her way past the Palisades like a scared thing.

Gawtry touched a button in the woodwork. "Smoke? Anything to drink?" he asked as the steward approached. Craig declined, and Gawtry turned to the servant. "Scotch for me, the '88 special; and fill my cigar case, Train!" When the man returned with the decanter Gawtry helped himself to a modest peg. "Better change your mind!" he urged hospitably, but Craig still said no. "All right, my son!" was the laconic rejoinder; "what a man doesn't drink never hurts him!" Then, picking up his glass, he drank to Craig's health. "And now, my boy!" he said crisply, setting down the tumbler, "let's have done with this business as soon as possible! First of all let's get something straight! You said it was Freest you saw, that you were sure it was he! Are you still sure?"

"Madame said it was the man," Craig answered. "She seemed positive."

"H'm!" murmured Gawtry. He pressed his lips together, his face concerned. "Gad, but it's queer!" he murmured. "It's the one thing in all this business, Leonard, that can't be explained. Take my word, there's some mistake. That man is dead, I know!"

"Would you tell me how you know?" asked Craig and Gawtry frowned.

"Why, from my own knowledge, Leonard! I saw him the day he died; he sent for me. I saw him die, in fact! It was he himself who told me why he'd hounded your father. Gad, my boy!" exclaimed Gawtry, "it's all a matter of record. The man died in Bellevue Hospital. Drink got him—alcohol. I can take you to his grave any day!" And shrugging, Gawtry frowned again, his face troubled, perplexed. "Let that go now! I want to get this business about your father done with quickly. You say now you know nothing about him or what he did—that or who the men were that made his life a hell? Well, I think you ought to know, Leonard. It's not a pleasant story, of course; you could hardly expect it to be. It's all got to be told though. It's for your good—the good of others too! Only what I tell you, Leonard," said Gawtry, and he raised his hand impressively—"what I tell you you must give me your promise not to repeat. You must pledge me your word to that. There are others, all innocent like you, that I am in duty bound to protect."

He was deeply earnest. However if what he told had to do with Craig's father there was little likelihood Craig would repeat it. He said so in fact, his tone almost bitter.

"Well, here goes then!" said Gawtry, and he began.

It was a grim story, the tale he told, the usual record of Wall Street greed, its treachery and corruption. Gawtry, perhaps, may not have called it that, but just the same before the tale was finished Craig needed no further characterization either of the Street or the life that's led in the Street. "But, Leonard," said Gawtry gravely, "don't judge your father hastily, harshly. The man was sorely tried and tempted. Added to that, my boy, your father never belonged in Wall Street. Down there special traits, special virtues, are demanded. A man must needs have courage, force of character; and though I won't say your father was exactly weak—no, not that—what hurt him was lack of force, the ability to stand fast to his guns. Because of it, too, he was not the only one to suffer. There was more than one, Leonard. They still, in fact, suffer."

"His friends?" Craig echoed harshly.

"His friends," Gawtry gravely replied. Picking up his glass he helped himself to another sip of the Scotch.

"But your father, my boy, was not alone to blame," said Gawtry as he set down the glass again; "you not only must pity him, you must pity others. There was Adair—Robert Adair," he added as he leaned forward and with an absorbed care selected a cigar from his case; "Adair, who was running the Island Trust. I dare say if he hadn't

been your father's friend—or, rather, if your father hadn't been a friend of his—all this would never have happened. Never mind that though. Bob Adair was president of the Island Trust, and it was a big concern, booming even then; for the man, whatever else he may have been, was fairly shrewd, fairly clever. We were, in fact, big, and flourishing fast enough for the Street's big men—the ones that run the Street—to get their eyes on us. Accordingly I grew scared. I was afraid for Bob Adair. Frankly, with all his shrewdness, his clever self-reliance, he was hardly the man to be trusted. He was a genius, and Wall Street hates the genius; it spares no effort to destroy him. Adair was too cocksure, too brash, too big-headed! Besides, if he saw a piece of business he liked, without waiting to see whether some of the big men might not want it for themselves he'd jump in and try to grab it for himself. He was never in the world the man to have charge of a trust company, much less of all the money in his hands. There were five millions of his own and fourteen millions belonging to the Island Trust—nineteen millions in all. Here he was with all that money, as I say; and here too, I say also, was Wall Street lying to catch him."

Pausing, Gawtry struck a match, and touching it to his cigar he blew out a cloud of smoke. "But all this must be ancient history, isn't it?" he asked, suddenly looking up. "You must have heard it all before?"

Craig shook his head. As he reminded Gawtry, his father had told him nothing. Nodding in remembrance, Gawtry let his eyes drift vaguely shoreward to where the cliffs of the Palisades hung their curtains of fluted stone; and from them his glance wandered far back along the Onontio's path. New York, now hidden in the haze, was barely visible, for the launch, her engines driven at full tilt, was scooting up the river at the gait of a railroad train, the water cascading in her wake. "Did you ever hear of the pool in Eastern Consolidated?" Gawtry asked abruptly, and as suddenly he sat up.

"No," answered Craig. "A pool? What is that?"

Gawtry smiled at him dryly.

"It's what ruined your father, young man! It's also what ruined Bob Adair! Let me add, too," he said grimly, "it very nearly cleaned out the Island Trust besides!"

Obviously the memory touched him on the raw, for the speech fell from him with a visible note of disgust. Leaning forward he picked up the decanter and helped himself to another peg of Scotch. And as glass touched glass it tinkled momentarily like a chime, for Gawtry's hand shook, tremulous with a quick emotion. "It was just what I'd feared! Bob Adair got the big head, got to swelling high. He believed himself as big as the big men that run the Street. He bamboozled your father too. Alone, on their own hook, the two started in to grab control of Consolidated Eastern. Gad!" exclaimed Gawtry, and smiled painfully, "it was laughable! It was sickening! Pshaw!" Gawtry's air was graphic.

"I'll never forget it!" he murmured. "Here was the Consolidated, a good, big road, a dignified undertaking—and Adair thought he could nip it away from the insiders! Consolidated at the time was having a little housecleaning in the market. A good deal of its stock having fallen into the hands of small, weak investors, the insiders were shaking them out. Consequently the stock was selling in the market cheap, so Adair figured that he could nip it out of the insiders' hands! He began to buy, and they got wind of it. Bit by bit they strung him along. Every time he took on a little stock they ran up the price on him. Then when they had him where they wanted him—loaded up, over-extended, staggering under it all—why then they turned on the screws. A bear raid sent the price of Consolidated tumbling! The next turn was when they spread the report that the Island Trust was in trouble! Then the County National, at their orders, refused to clear for the Island Trust. That settled it. A run started on the concern—gad! I remember yet how I looked from the window and saw that line at the door—a run started, and three days later, when the smoke of battle cleared, outsiders learned what had happened. The Island Trust was in new hands and under a new head mine, by the way and Robert Adair was dead! Then, too, the Consolidated, the spoils of war, the cause of battle as well, was by some quirk of fortune held in the hands of the dead man's brother, Jim Adair himself!" And saying this, Gawtry leaned back, his eyes on Craig, and drew a heavy breath. "Yes, Jim Adair had grabbed it!"

Craig knew nothing about finance. Gawtry's speech, though, would have been significant even to the least informed. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed; "you don't mean the man tricked and robbed his brother?"

Gawtry slowly shook his head.

"I don't say that, I merely give you the facts. You must not draw your conclusions too hastily." His manner, however, did not dispute that Craig had guessed right.

"To think of it!" he breathed. "To think that he'd cheat his own brother! Ruin him! No, it's unbelievable!" Craig protested hotly.

"Why not say, my boy, that Bob Adair tried to trick and rob him?" Gawtry touched him on the arm. "Leonard, I'm afraid you're not very wise to Wall Street. It is a fierce, grueling life down there—every man for himself! Mind you," he added, "I do not say old Adair squeezed his brother. If he did, though, you must not judge him either too harshly, too hastily! In Wall Street they play for keeps. Blood ties and bonds of friendship are only burdens there. Remember it was your father's friends that ruined him."

Craig's eyes grew dark with rancor at the thought.

"All right!" he growled. "Who were they?"

For a moment Gawtry did not answer. Drawing the cigar from his mouth he blew out a puff of smoke, his eyes reflectively following the pale, convoluting little cloud of vapor till a gust of wind sweeping aft shattered it into nullity. Then he looked at Craig, his face regretful. "It was Bob Adair, of course, that ruined him," Gawtry slowly murmured. "Didn't his brother tell you—your father's old friend and mine—old Jim Adair?"

"Adair? No!" answered Craig. "What makes you think so?" And Gawtry, smiling vaguely, made a little gesture of inconsequence with his slender, graceful hands. "Oh, I don't know. As Adair was on the Amsterdam it struck me he might have talked with you. I haven't seen him yet."

Craig's face was burning hotly. "Mr. Gawtry," he replied slowly, "I tried to talk to Mr. Adair, but he refused to listen to me!"

Gawtry seemed somehow to expect the answer. At any rate he nodded in a matter-of-fact way. "I don't wonder, Leonard! You do not know it, I see; but the fact is, if Bob Adair ruined your father, Bob by no means got away with the best of it. Your father ruined him."

Craig gazed at him, openly bewildered now.

"My father?" he echoed. "You say he ruined Adair?"

The Car Leaped Like a Missile Through the Gateway

There was an air of compassion in Gawtry's voice and manner as he looked up at Craig again. "It was your father, Leonard, that tipped off the Consolidated crowd—sold out Bob Adair! He tipped them off after Adair had begun to buy, and day by day he kept them posted. They knew from him that all the man's own money was tied up. They knew besides when, to save himself, Bob Adair began dipping into the funds of the Island Trust. He even told them when to turn on the screws. I'm sorry, Leonard; but all the way through Bob Adair owed his ruin to your father!"

Craig had whitened to the lips, and he stared at Gawtry bewildered. The tale of his father's meanness, his craft and duplicity, shamed him till he writhed. It seemed monstrous, incredible.

Gawtry, with a quick sympathy, seemed to realize the depth of Craig's distress, for he looked away, his own face troubled. Craig with an effort recovered himself. "Well, go on, Mr. Gawtry," he smiled grimly. "What's next? My father ruined him, you say?"

What followed Gawtry obviously tried to make as easy as possible. It seemed hard sledding though.

"He ruined him, yes!" he said, his voice faltering; "but that isn't all, Leonard, I hate to say! It was in your father's house that Bob Adair came to his death!" And at this sledge-hammer stroke Craig, stifling a groan, sat back and steeled himself for what else Gawtry might have to tell him.

A little pause intervened. Then as if from a distance, fine and small, Craig heard Gawtry's voice again pick up the broken thread of the narrative.

"That night—the day, you know, the run started on the Island Trust—there was a scene, a terrible happening in your father's house. Your father had sent for the brother, for my old friend, Jim Adair. I was there. Adair came, and his face was dreadful. There's this about it, you know: In the Street you may take from others, whoever they be, all they have; but you must take it lawfully. You shall not steal—not outside the law! Adair came, and he knew everything, I saw. 'Where's that man?' he asked—'my brother?' Your father said Robert Adair had been sent for, that he'd get there soon. Jim Adair paced the floor, growling to himself; and once, when your father tried to speak to him, Adair turned on him with an oath." Gawtry raised himself in his chair. "Eleven o'clock struck, then we heard Bob Adair coming up the street."

Abruptly halting, he leaned forward and touched Craig upon the hand. "Look here!" he said. "How many times did you say you'd seen that fellow Freest?"

"Three times, Mr. Gawtry," Craig answered, astonished; "once at Lowestoft, then twice at Etaples! Why?" he inquired, and Gawtry drew in his breath.

"Did you ever hear this?" he asked alertly; and pursing up his lips he whistled a little bar of music.

It was an air Craig had heard before, the sweet, simple measure of an old and familiar song:

Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter—free,
Dearest her constancy . . .

Craig stared at him dumfounded.

"That was what Freest whistled. I heard him—Eileen Aroon."

Gawtry gazed at him, his lips tightly pressed together for a moment.

"It was what Adair, too, whistled, bluffing to the last. The tune was his favorite, his pride! It was not Eileen Aroon, though. The words he knew were the Scotch version, Robin Adair."

"Tell Me, How Do You Like Our Well-Known United States?"

But Craig hardly heard him. There crashed suddenly upon him then, in all its grim significance, the full import of what the air, the title, of that tune conveyed. So far it had escaped him, only to fall now upon him with all the added tragic force of a surprise. "For God's sake, Mr. Gawtry!" said Craig, his voice breaking, "who was Tevis? What road did Tevis go?"

"Tevis?" repeated Gawtry. "Why, that was Bob Adair, of course—Tevis, as his brother called him. Why?"

Craig sat back in his chair then, his hands clasping its arms until his knuckles grew white, the cords tense.

"I see," he said. "Then it was his own brother that old Adair killed—that is, my father and old Adair!"

But Gawtry shook his head.

"I do not say that, Leonard, nor must you. James Adair is my old friend; I mean to protect him at any cost. All I can tell you is that your father went with the two men upstairs. When he came down again Bob Adair was dead! How he was killed or why I do not know."

A long, long while afterward Craig heard Gawtry's voice come to him as if out of the hazy, disjointed fabric of a dream. "Leonard, the day Freest died he told me why your father fled New York. Your father was ruined. Through Freest, then, he tried to bleed Jim Adair, his old friend—the very man that had befriended him. But Adair had fought them off. He was not afraid. Instead he swore vengeance on whoever had told how his brother died. And in fear that he'd be found out, that his friend would learn who'd tried to bleed him, your father fled. He left Freest to shift for himself. Abandoned, the man swore revenge." Breaking off, Gawtry gave his shoulders a shrug and sat back, his eyes drifting again into the distance. The silence grew prolonged.

"Well?" asked Craig presently.

Gawtry looked at him with a little air of surprise.

"Well—what?" he murmured, smiling.

"What else?" asked Craig. "I'd like to hear the rest."

"There isn't any," answered Gawtry; "I've told it all!"

Again, a long while afterward, Craig spoke.

"Mr. Gawtry," he said heavily, "if Freest is dead who was the man that came to my father on the dunes?"

At the question Mr. Gawtry's eyes grew dull and thoughtful, just a little troubled.

"I do not know. I cannot understand it, my boy. All I can tell you is that with my own eyes I saw Freest in his coffin."

Craig with a deep breath dropped his chin in his hand. "Then, Mr. Gawtry," he said slowly, "we must find that other man. Until we do I don't believe we shall know all my father's story."

XI

A SPLITTING scream from the power whistle forward echoed shrilly along the river; and lifting his eyes from the deck, Craig looked round him. Arcadie lay close alongside; and the Onontio, sliding in over the surface of a little basin under the hills, was slackening speed as she headed up toward her home moorings. A moment later, with a jingling of bells, a swift thudding of the screws beneath her counter, she sagged to a halt; and Gawtry, who had risen to stand beside the rail, snapped his watch shut, with a smile and a satisfied bob of his head. "Eleven fifty-nine!" he remarked to Craig. "Not so bad, eh? That's nearly thirty-two miles an hour!"

A bos'n's pipe chirped and warbled forward; and the power launch, swung clear on its davits, flopped outboard into the river. Craig glanced shoreward. A high wooded hill rose steeply from the river, and high on its crest stood a huge country house, a rambling structure of gray sandstone and brick, pretentious and ornate, yet still the best of its type, the English renaissance. There was a wide, well-set formal garden at its front; and from this there fell away down the slope a broad curtain of turf, a bit of extra effect for the eye that must have cost the keep of half a dozen men to maintain.

A road, well metaled and raked like a garden path, led down from the hill above to a landing stage in the cove. A flash of white among the trees caught Craig's eye; and as he looked he saw a light wagon come tooling rapidly along. There were two women in it—girls rather; and in the rumble behind sat a groom in a summer livery of cords. Its whole effect was smart; and dulled as his wits were at the moment, his eye could not help lighting as he took stock of the hackney cob that drew it. The animal was a bay, shaded to the last hair the exact and proper hue; and as it moved down the road toward the landing stage its gait represented the squarest piece of hock-and-knee work Craig remembered ever having seen.

But it was on the girl in the cart, the one driving, that he fixed his final admiration. She sat straight-kneed and erect, elbows square, and with a perfect movement of hand and wrist she carried the hackney down the hill, over the bridge above the railroad, and then in and out the sharp S-curve that led out to the river landing. There, almost out of a trot, the cob slapped to a standstill, the girl at the same instant dropping her hand to give the bay stretching room.

The real charm of it, though, its real perfection, was the girl's unconsciousness; and Gawtry, seeing Craig's frank look of admiration, nodded at him briskly. "I see you know a good piece of hackney thoroughbred, Leonard. If you don't know it, that's Champion Irvin's Irvin! There's a frame of blue ribbons hanging by his box!"

"I was admiring the way he was handled, Mr. Gawtry," Craig returned; and Gawtry smiled indulgently. Like

"I Only Turned My Foot a Little! Don't Let Father Know"

Craig he had seemed distrait, a little vague and troubled, but now his spirits were rising. "Yes, Hilda drives," he assented, assured of it; "she always could. I sometimes think the horses are her only pleasure. There's Angie, though, the young scatterbrain! Gad!" exclaimed Gawtry with a chuckle: "nags are too humdrum, too deliberate, for Angie! What she prefers is to roar round the country in a six-cylinder racing sixty!"

His eye twinkled.

"I paid for two dogs and about half a crate of chickens last week! The week before I paid for a cow!"

A deckhand came aft, touching his cap.

"The launch is away, sir!" he said; and Gawtry briskly stirred himself.

"Come along now. Never mind your coat or things. Train will see to them. And Train!" Gawtry called to the servant; "when you go up to the house see that all Mr. Craig's things are put in the blue room. Mind now, I want him put in the blue room." Animated, again full of spirits, it seemed, he bustled down the short companion ladder and gave the word to cast off. A couple of minutes later Craig, stepping ashore, found himself looking down into the coolest pair of gray-green eyes it had ever been his fortune to have stare at him.

Their owner was Miss Angie Gawtry, and she was in age either sixteen or twelve, twenty-four, fourteen, seventeen or eleven, the age depending entirely at the moment on Angie's momentary mood. In appearance, though, she was sixteen.

"Mr. Craig, isn't it?" she remarked casually. "Just over from old Lunnun, they say—or is it that dear France?" When Craig, a little taken back, assured her it was France, Angie murmured, "*Merveilleux!*" after which she inquired "Tell me, how do you like our well-known United States?"

"Are you trying to rattle me?" Craig abruptly asked, at which rejoinder Angie started visibly. Before she could reply suitably, however, another's voice cut in.

"Angie!" it expostulated.

Angie turned leisurely, her manner assured.

"Don't apologize, sis! Mr. Craig's American—and domesticated!" With the voice and air, then, of a demonstrator, Angie directed Craig's attention to her sister. "Mr. Craig, permit me—the Blessed Damozel!" But here observing her father—he was pow-wowing with the launch'sengineer—Angie, with a shrill welcome, descended on him. Craig smiled amusedly, though it was evident Angie's sister hailed Angie's departure with relief.

"How do you do, Mr. Craig?" said the elder girl, and she held out her hand to him.

She was eight years or more older than her sister; and in trait, manner, speech, type—everything, entirely and utterly different. Her face, at her irrepressible sister's pert *burlesquerie*, had crimsoned deeply; but as Craig regarded her, he was aware in her manner of something more than either embarrassment or diffidence. He had a subtle, subconscious feeling that Miss Gawtry's manner was more than reserved, that it was awkwardly strained.

The thought instantly made him color, then wince. There was no doubt, he told himself, that she had already heard his history. He stood silenced and awkward.

"I'm to drive you up, Mr. Craig," she said quietly, the flush gone now from her face, leaving it pale with the faint, frail, translucent pink seen usually only in the faces of the old; "Angie and father will take the car. Shall we start?"

Craig silently followed her.

Moving swiftly, with a lithe, self-possessed grace, she made directly for the cart. At her coming the groom standing at the hackney's head turned the wheel for her, and picking up the reins and the whip she sprang lightly to her seat. Craig followed. As he seated himself she nodded silently to the groom and the man gave the bay his head. Instantly the powerful animal, setting his shoulders into the Flemish strap he wore, whisked the light wagon after him at a clinking trot, his hoofs scattering the gravel smartly as he squared himself away along the level toward the hill road.

Craig silently waited for Miss Gawtry to give him a lead. Her air had given him the grim, angry hurt that comes from being judged for the wrong-doing of another—evil in which the victim has had no hand. At the risk of being thought a boor, he maintained his silence, determined not to force himself upon her.

He had already accurately gauged his position, and that too, it happened, added nothing to his ease. Here he was, penniless, unknown, besides that, smirched by his antecedents, and yet, willy-nilly, fortune had hurled him in among a horde of self-centered, self-indulgent worldlings, all with wealth, all with place and power, and all—presumably—with proud, untarnished, highly connected names! The travesty of his presence—he with his few pence jingling in his pockets—would have been comical had it not been so real. He had the feeling that any moment he might be unmasked, denounced, pointed out as a vulgar adventurer.

It was Miss Gawtry that spoke first. Having straightened out the cob in the long slope that led to the hilltop, she glanced across her shoulder at Craig. Her voice, while pleasant, was far from effusive.

"America must seem strange to you, Mr. Craig," she murmured, "after all your years away."

"Yes, indeed, rather," he returned agreeably enough, yet in a tone, like hers, entirely without enthusiasm.

After a reflective little pause his companion glanced back at him again, but he happened to be looking at the road ahead.

(Continued on Page 44)

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 10, 1913

One-Cent Postage

WE NEVER open a day's mail without being informed that there is a tremendous popular demand for something or other that we have been regarding as quite negligible. If we believed all the letters and circulars we should have to imagine the entire population of the United States assembled in perpetual massmeeting, formulating demands; but we do not believe them.

For instance, we do not believe there is any popular demand for one-cent letter postage. Why should there be? About one-third of all the letters in the country are sent from the six largest cities. Some big city businesses—especially mail-order houses, publishers, department stores, subscription-book concerns—might reap a benefit from reduced letter postage; but the Post-Office Department even now is barely self-sustaining. If letter postage were cut in half it would be necessary to increase rates on other classes of mail, which increase would be borne by the public, or there would be a big deficit in postal revenues, which deficit would be paid by the public. Postal rates in the United States now are the cheapest in the world when distances are considered.

The rural per-capita expenditure for letter postage is about fifty cents a year. Reading and writing go together. The rural household into which little second-class mail goes is one out of which little first-class mail comes. A saving of twenty-five cents in letter postage would be more than offset by an increase on second-class mail and merchandise. Some booksellers have long had a mistaken notion that if magazines could be made more expensive through increased postage, more books would be sold; but any increased cost of magazines through higher postage would fall upon the consumer, without affecting the book trade.

Clouds on the Blue Sky

CAN robbery by means of fake stocks be prevented by law? That is the staggering question many Eastern states have painfully deliberated upon this winter; and in some cases the answer has been a dejected negative.

On one side there is a disposition to frame measures so elaborate and drastic as to be genuinely objectionable in a community having a great, complex investment business. On the other side there is a disposition to say the thing cannot be done at all—except in the West.

No stock or bond can be traded in on the New York Stock Exchange unless the issuing company has filed a statement of its assets, liabilities, earnings and organization that is satisfactory to the listing committee, which has large discretionary powers. In England no company can offer its securities to the public without filing a prospectus describing itself and its condition. And these requirements are not burdensome to legitimate investment business.

There is the gist of the problem—a showing in reasonable detail of what the concern is; what property it owns; what it owes, directly or contingently; what its earnings are; who its sponsors are—a statement to be responsibly made and put on record, with due penalties for falsehood. And some one must have power to say whether the statement meets the conditions of the statute. Sellers of securities should be registered and licensed. Of course some securities that meet stock-exchange requirements turn out badly. No one wishes a law to guarantee investors against loss. What is wanted is a law to bar the thief. A state that cannot frame such a law without ruining legitimate business ought to shut up shop.

Regulating Railroads

HERE is a gentleman requiring some medical attendance: "I will doctor his head," says Uncle Sam. "Leave the right shoulder to me," says New Jersey. "I will look out for his left arm," says Pennsylvania; while Indiana and Illinois attend separately to the legs. Being very healthy anyway, the patient will survive; yet the scheme scarcely recommends itself to a thoughtful physician.

A railroad traverses half a dozen states. One of the states orders a reduction in local rates. A question immediately arises as to whether the rates will yield a fair return upon the investment. But every bit of the railroad's property within the state is used both for local and through business. How can it be determined what the investment is with respect to local business only? Half a dozen schemes for doing this have been resorted to—as by taking the total value of the railroad's property within the state and dividing it in proportion to the road's gross receipts from local and from through business, or in proportion to the tonnage from each class of business, or in proportion to car-mileage. But all these schemes are arbitrary. Since railroad property is used both for local and for through business, it is impossible to say what its value would be if it were used only for the one sort or only for the other; in fact, if it were used only for the one business or only for the other it would have little value.

Our regulation of railroads, on the whole, works pretty well; yet it treats a railroad as though it were separable into as many different pieces as there are states through which it passes, though, in fact, its value and usefulness arise precisely from its being one organic, indivisible whole. There is room for better coördination of control—corresponding to the coördination of the railroad itself. This is the big problem involved in the Minnesota rate case.

Mr. Carnegie's Income Tax

MANY excited patriots—especially in and about Wall Street—have been pointing out that the richest two men in America will pay little if any income tax, under the bill introduced by the Ways and Means Committee.

Mr. Rockefeller's income is derived mainly from stocks of corporations. He will not be taxed on that, but the corporations themselves will be taxed on the income from which they pay his dividends; so, before a dollar can reach him, the Government will have taken its tribute.

Mr. Carnegie's income is derived mostly from bonds of the Steel Corporation, which contain a pledge that the interest shall be paid free of any tax the Government may levy upon it. As this clause is construed by eminent lawyers, the Steel Corporation will have to pay Mr. Carnegie's income tax for him. This is an obligation the corporation deliberately assumed. It is part of the bargain that was made when the bonds were issued. It is precisely as though the corporation employed John Smith at ten thousand dollars a year under a twenty-year contract which provided that, in case the Government should levy an income tax on Smith's salary, the corporation would pay it for him.

Probably the corporation did not expect the Government would levy an income tax—but it deliberately made the bargain; and if Andrew got a shade the best of it nobody need shed any tears over the fact. Of course it makes no difference to the Government whether Mr. Carnegie himself pays his income tax or the Steel Corporation pays it for him. The Government will get the tax, which is the only point that concerns it.

Class Legislation

IN VETOING the Sundry Civil Bill because a clause in it would virtually have exempted labor unions and coöperative associations among farmers from the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, Mr. Taft denounced that exemption as "class legislation of the most vicious sort." He meant, of course, to convey an impression that the law must be impartially enforced against all who violate it.

In a recent interview in the New York Times Annalist, Receiver Delano, of the Wabash, observed: "There is no competition in rates. It is simply inconceivable that the railroads, working independently, should all hit upon exactly the same rates to a penny. Every one knows that passenger rates are agreed upon jointly and published by the tariff bureaus, agreed by all the roads. What is that if not a violation of the Sherman Law? Yet there is no other way—and the Government knows it."

Every one knows that the railroads have violated the Sherman Law every day since it was passed. Their exactly uniform rates between given points could not possibly be reached except by joint agreement in restraint of trade and in spite of the anti-trust law. The Government tacitly sanctions this violation because it dare not do otherwise—knowing that unbridled competition in railroad rates would be ruinous.

Why is not exempting the railroads, in this respect, from the Sherman Law class executive action of the most vicious sort? Why is it virtuous to exempt railroads and vicious to exempt farmers and workmen? To be sure this is only one of the minor puzzles of the Sherman Law; but we should like to have an answer.

Who Holds the Joker?

THIS new amendment to the Federal Constitution means simply that, in the deliberate opinion of the public, state legislatures are no longer competent to discharge one of the important functions laid upon them—namely, the election of United States senators.

Every winter state legislatures scandalously fail to meet the needs of their states in other respects. The lesson will sink in by and by, and there will be some constitutional amendments reconstructing the legislatures themselves. It was Oklahoma, we believe, that hastily adopted a joblot of laws, and presently discovered that her statute-books were adorned with an act regulating harbors and wharves for ocean-going vessels—a statute that, with others, was borrowed bodily from Texas. That was considered a joke—as was the duly adopted amendment to Kansas' automobile law, requiring that all political machines operated on the highways of the state be provided with lifelines.

The real joke in both cases, however, was the legislature itself. Taking it by and large, regulating seaports in Oklahoma and the operation of political machines in Kansas is about as near as the average legislature comes to meeting the real needs of its state. Considering its construction and membership, it could not come much nearer.

The Mining Gamble

MUCH money may be made in mines by those who know how. Much may be lost by those who do not. The notion of digging wealth out of the ground is so fascinating that the inheritance-tax collector opens few of the large-size strongboxes without discovering a bundle of mining stock, the only value of which is a sentimental one.

Nearly a year ago some persons who know a good deal about mines organized an exploration company, with a paid-in capital of two million and a half dollars, for the purpose of discovering and developing attractive mineral deposits. This company recently reported that four hundred and twenty-eight mining propositions, located in Canada, the United States, Mexico, Central America, South America and Africa, had been offered to it. Nearly half of them were gold mines, the remainder embraced twenty-five different minerals, from copper to asbestos. All these propositions were expertly investigated—and not a solitary one found that was worth developing.

Bear in mind, please, that these men knew the game. Consequently the out-and-out faker would avoid them—for the same reason that a gentleman desirous of passing a cigar stamp as a ten-dollar bill would avoid a bank teller. Only such propositions as had some sort of plausibility in the eyes of an expert would be offered them. But the faker does not avoid you, who know nothing about the game.

From all of which you can readily guess how much show to win the ordinary purblind investor in mining stock has.

Fortune Telling Up-to-Date

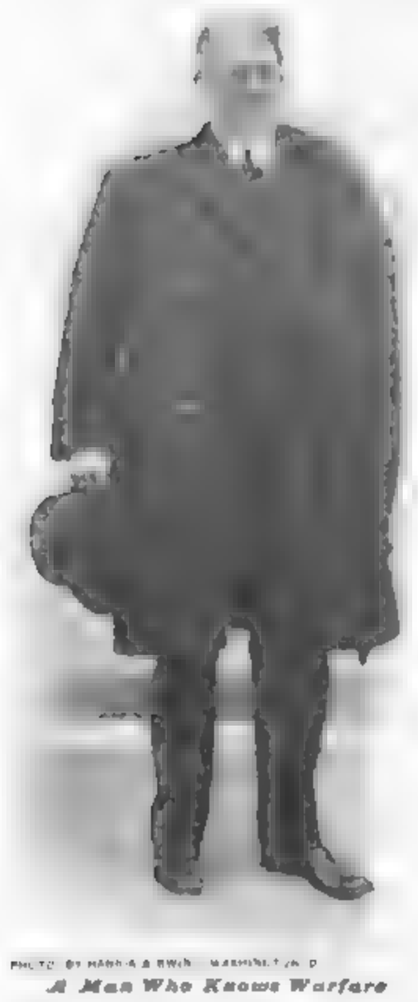
PLEASE try not to get murdered in a great city, or to disappear mysteriously there. Probably if you do disappear the police and the press will be quite unable to discover what became of you. Probably if you are murdered they will not discover who killed you. But they are absolutely certain to discover—immediately and in the most copious detail—every one of your bad habits and to spread the same before the gaze of an admiring world and of your afflicted family.

They will be in the dark as to what happened after you passed a certain corner; but they will throw a dazzling flood of light upon the circumstance that you took six drinks before reaching the corner. They will have only theories as to what became of the money you had on your person at midnight, or how much it was; but they will have the most exact facts as to the two hundred and sixteen dollars you lost in a poker game between nine and eleven. They cannot tell what sort of watch you wore on the fateful night, or whether you wore any; but they can and will tell precisely how much you paid for the pearl brooch you presented to a lady who was a stranger to your wife.

We have scarcely ever known it to fail: Let a mystery befall a man, and with each detective step—while the mystery itself grows denser—some interesting example of misconduct in his past is brought to light. Finally the mystery becomes impenetrable; but every scandalous or questionable act of the man's life stands revealed in beautiful clarity. Nothing can escape the modern, scientific detective—except the main thing he is after.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



A Man Who Knows Warfare

A Dark War Horse

A SECRETARY of war, all fair-minded people will admit, should be somewhat experienced in warfare—not, of course, to such minute detail as to know the difference between marching in echelon and progressing by the goosestep and such other technical problems as occur to vex the general staff; but to be able to excel in warfare, in combat, in the clash of foe against foe, when freedom shrieks and the azure kimono of night is ripped for the patriotic purpose of setting stars in glory there.

Warfare! Yea, verily—carnage and the shock of battle—ain't it? Ain't it? Well, certainly you know what General Sherman said it was. And here is Lindley M. Garrison, of New Jersey, captain-general of our army, which, the general staff proclaims, is neither mobile nor immobile, and therefore must be vibratory; a man who knows warfare from reveille to taps. Should you ask me to prove it—which asking, for the purposes of this argument, is assumed—I beg to call your attention to the previous condition of servitude of said captain-general from New Jersey.

Vice-chancellor, my lads—vice-chancellor of that imperial state—and what boots it? This boots it—this and this alone: The vice-chancellor of New Jersey, sitting austerely on the bench, hears a large portion of the divorce cases that occur. Warfare? Warfare, and nothing else! And warfare of the kind beside which the mere getting out and potting the enemy pales into tranquil insignificance. Experienced in warfare! Gentlemen, I say to you this man Garrison knows more about warfare than old Napoleon B. Warfare himself!

An astute man, comprehending the science of it and the difficulties, and sitting there in the attitude of the Great Powers when any nation or combination of nations essays to collect a few piasters from Turkey, after trotting Turkey out of Europe—that is, as arbitrator, telling each side where each side shall get off. Take the case—the famous case—wherein he stepped into a breach and showed a tremendous grasp of what should and what should not be the legitimate reason for warfare—the dollar-corset decision, which proved to every warring man that he is fitted to be secretary of war, or anything else, and caused our non-military classes—the women—to allege he is a poor stick.

It came about in this manner: A Jerseyman was suing his wife for divorce, or she was suing him—there was warfare—and one of the contentions was that the man did not dress the woman properly. The man produced a list showing the clothing he had bought his wife. He said he had purchased her a neat though not gaudy corset for one dollar, and she insisted she must have a corset that cost three dollars and fifty cents. There the fight began. Lindley M. Garrison was equal to the emergency. Bearing in mind the brave but broke boys who are striving to buy three-dollar-and-a-half corsets for their wives on a dollar-corset income, Lindley M. Garrison ruled that a dollar corset is plenty good enough for a woman who is suing her husband on those and other grounds, provided he says he cannot dig up the three-fifty for such purpose. And now he is secretary of war—and thereby hangs a tale.

How a Garrison Was Struck by Lightning

We have all read from time to time of that bizarre brand of lightning that flashes out of a clear sky and says, "Tag! You're it!" to a person who was expecting no lightning at all, but was thinking he would be lucky if he could fall across an occasional sunbeam or so to cheer his weary way—the apotheosis of the unexpected, as we have been led to surmise. A single flash of lightning from Trenton, New Jersey, and it was done. L. Garrison was the rod that received the electric flash; W. Wilson was the Jove who hurled it toward Jersey City; and Joseph Patrick Tumulty was the experienced person who pulled the string.

There had been much discussion over the War Department. Many men had slated themselves for the job, only to be sponged off as soon as Mr. Wilson saw the slate. He was desirous of getting a good lawyer for the place—especially a lawyer versed in the intricacies of equity. The president-elect had canvassed the candidates and had canned them. None had appeared who suited him. So time wore along until it was within a week of the glorious day—to wit, March fourth—when the triumphant Democracy was to take control of the pie, and still Mr. Wilson hadn't a secretary of war to his name.

At this precise moment, not seven days before it was necessary to snag a secretary of war or admit to the country that we are so blamed peaceful we have nobody eligible, J. Patrick Tumulty came marching to the front. Born in Jersey, he has adequate knowledge of the same.

"I have the man," said J. P. Tumulty.

"Name him!" retorted W. Wilson.

"Lindley M. Garrison, vice-chancellor of New Jersey."

"I know him not," observed W. Wilson.

"He is the goods!" asserted Joe Tumulty, relapsing for the nonce into the vernacular.

'Twas proved. W. Wilson was convinced; so he hurled his flash of lightning out of a clear sky to Jersey City in the shape of a telegram to L. M. Garrison, which read: "Come to Trenton at once!"

L. M. Garrison was surprised; but, with him, to hear from W. Wilson was to obey. He went to Trenton. As he walked into the office of the governor of that state W. Wilson greeted him cordially. After he found out who this gallant stranger was—who carried firmly clutched in his right hand a telegram that had been marked Rush! by the expedient secretary—W. Wilson remarked pleasantly:

"He looks like a regular secretary of war, doesn't he?"

"The dead spit of one!" said Josephus Patricius Tumultuous, that being an expression heard in County Cavan.

Lindley M. Garrison was petrified with amazement—that is, he was petrified except as to his voice. He retained the use of that and inquired: "Are you referring to me?"

"The same," said W. Wilson. "I dub thee secretary of war."

"And don't be a dub!" remarked Joe, who, as you might say, had grabbed this off for L. M. Garrison.

"Who is this new secretary of war?" the universe has asked.

At this point it is my purpose to answer that question. The new secretary of war is a tall, good-looking, clean-shaved, gray-haired man, who was born in 1864 in Camden, New Jersey, heretofore celebrated as the home of Walt Whitman and the place where you take the cars for the seashore. He went to school at Exeter, had a year at Harvard, and studied law in Philadelphia and Camden, finishing his legal education in the University of Pennsylvania. He was admitted to the bar in Philadelphia in 1886 and to the bar in New Jersey in 1888. He practiced in Camden until 1898, when he moved to Jersey City, where he was made vice-chancellor in 1904 and reappointed by Chancellor Pitney, now a justice of the United States Supreme Court, in 1911.

He is an alert, quick-minded man, likes to talk and does, has decided opinions, is good-natured, affable, companionable, and has an excellent reputation as a lawyer especially skilled in equity and harbor matters. Everybody in New Jersey was surprised when he was appointed. But everybody in New Jersey, where they know him, says he will make good.

What's the Difference?

Now Try This Better GRAPE JUICE

RED WING GRAPE JUICE is the *first* crushing from the best Concord grapes grown. We pay the highest price for the very best grapes obtainable. We do not extract the last squeezings from tissue and skins but only the *free* juice of the heart of the grape.

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SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE

(Continued from Page 22)

Accordingly Abe retired to the bathroom, and again he sustained a mild shock, for the entire room was festooned with diminutive garments that had been recently washed and were spread to dry on the edges of the bathtub and round the radiator.

Five minutes later he was sitting in the dining room with Morris, to whom the contagion of Abe's uneasiness had spread so that they grinned shyly at each other and made polite small talk in embarrassed and husky whispers for nearly a quarter of an hour.

"*Nu!*" Abe said at last. "What's the matter *mit* the cook she is holding us up like this?"

"We're waiting for somebody," Rosie said, and in confirmation the doorbell rang. A moment later the Reverend Hillel Immergut entered the dining room.

"One surprise after another!" Abe exclaimed as he wrung his guest's hand.

"Pleasant surprises, I hope," the Reverend Hillel said.

"Why not?" Abe replied as he seated the *Rav* at the head of the table, and after the customary blessing had been said the talk became as general as was permitted by the serving of *Lokschen* soup of a strength and quality only hinted at in Hammersmith's product of the same name. Then followed the roast ducks—three of them, brown and tender as roast ducks ought to be—and for fifteen minutes the conversation languished to a mere incoherent commentary on the excellence of the food. Meantime Minnie, Rosie and Mrs. Koshrik spelled each other in Abe's bedroom, where the two children were lying side by side; and the meal progressed to a *Nudel* charlotte, piping hot and diffusing a bouquet so exquisite that it nearly overcame the odor of coffee which emanated from the kitchen.

At last the Reverend Hillel intoned the grace after meat with a fervor appropriate not only to the viands consumed but to the cigars he knew would follow. Unfailingly Abe produced a box of faultless perfectos, and the three men sat themselves down in the parlor while the Reverend Hillel began the relation of one of the thousands of anecdotes that priests of every creed delight in telling.

It was while Abe and Morris were roaring over the conclusion of the Reverend Hillel's story that the telephone bell rang, and simultaneously the elder child woke and began to cry.

"Abe," Rosie called, "for Heaven's sake, ain't you got no sense at all?"

The laugh died on Abe's lips and his face lengthened into an expression of fright and chagrin as he tiptoed to the telephone.

"Hello!" he said in muffled tones. "Yes, this is Potash's apartment. Who? Mr. Immergut? Yes, all right!" He gestured wildly toward the parlor. "Mr. Immergut," he said in a whisper so loud that it brought on a fit of coughing, and under Rosie's beetling glance he tiptoed back to the parlor while the Reverend Hillel went to the phone. For five minutes he stood talking, then he hung up the receiver and returned to the parlor.

"It's Mr. Koshrik," he explained. "I forgot all about it that I had an appointment at his store over on Third Avenue, and he wants me and Mrs. Koshrik we should come over right away."

"I'll go and tell her," Abe said. Once more he tiptoed down the hall, and the repetition of this feat was no easy task for a corpulent man like Abe. Very timidly he pushed open his bedroom door and looked in.

"Get out of here!" Rosie said hoarsely. Abe jumped back two feet, and it was more than a minute before he screwed up his courage and looked in again. Then it was he saw Mrs. Koshrik with the younger baby; and he forgot his errand at the sight of her, for there was something in the expression of Mrs. Koshrik's face that penetrated even the trade-hardened stolidity of Abe Potash and melted him to wonder and admiration.

This time Rosie pushed him out of the room and followed him into the hall.

"What is it you want?" she demanded.

"Koshrik rang up," he said, "and he wants Mrs. Koshrik to come home."

"Well, she ain't going to," Mrs. Potash declared. "So you should tell him if he wants to see her he should come over here."

"*Aber* they got a lot of men over there about business," he protested.

"Business!" Mrs. Potash hissed. "Business! What has she got to do *mit* business, Abe?"

Abe remained silent. He was thinking hard; thinking of a face that brought to his mind memories of other faces he could barely identify—his own mother; Rosie, when he had courted her; his young sister, dead so long that he had not thought of her in years. All these were Abe's substitutes for what in a more cultivated man would have been memories of countless Murillos or Coreggios, and he blinked helplessly as he reflected on his wife's retort.

"Don't stand there like a dummy!" Rosie said as she pinched his arm affectionately. "Go and call him up."

"*Aber* Mr. Immergut is waiting for her," Abe said. "He's going over there too." Suddenly Abe screwed up one side of his face in the conception of a shrewd idea. "All right!" he said. "I'll ring 'em up."

Again he went to the telephone and there he paused. For five minutes he stood in deep thought, and presently he pulled an envelope from his waistcoat pocket and made a quick calculation with the stump of a leadpencil. As he viewed the result his shrewd expression disappeared and lines of a generous determination appeared round the edge of his mouth while he pulled the receiver off the hook. A moment later he was talking to Barney Koshrik, and it was more than ten minutes before he hung up the receiver and walked back to the parlor.

"*Nu?*" Mr. Immergut cried.

"It's all right," Abe said with a wave of his hand. "Have another cigar, Mr. Immergut."

"But I've got to go," the *Rav* protested, looking at his watch.

"No, you ain't," Abe replied. "They're coming over here."

In a quarter of an hour the bell rang again and Abe hastened to answer it. As he opened the door he made a noise like the ripping of a dozen linen sheets, and then he raised his hand in a gesture that caused his six visitors to stare at him in amazement.

"Go right through to the parlor," he whispered, "and don't make no noise, whatever you do. My wife'll kill me!"

As they walked by him singly he pressed Koshrik's arm and detained him while the others passed on.

"Go inside there," he hissed as he pushed him toward the guest chamber, which was next to the bedroom, and then hastened to the parlor.

"Mawrusa," he cried, "give 'em cigars all round, and the *Schnapps* is in the sideboard."

He returned immediately to the guest chamber and shut the door behind him.

"Barney," he said, "for Gawd's sake, what's come over you and Harris Felt?"

Barney Koshrik scowled and looked anxiously at the door.

"Say, lookyhere, Mr. Potash," he said; "you are a little too late if you are trying to fix things up between us. Everything is settled."

"*Koosh*, Barney!" Abe said. "Not so loud. You want to wake them two babies?"

"Them two babies!" Koshrik exclaimed. "What two babies? Yours, Mr. Potash?"

Abe shook his head.

"Nobody's," he replied. "Just two babies, Barney! One of 'em is six months old about, and the other is two years; and they ain't nobody's babies, Barney, because the mother died six months ago already and the father died this morning."

"That's too bad," Koshrik said. "*Aber* what's that got to do *mit* me, Mr. Potash?"

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"I just mentioned it you shouldn't talk too loud, Barney," he said. "You and me we ain't got two babies in our family, Barney, so we don't know how to act round them; whereas Harris Felt is different again. He does got two babies, Barney, and so he is coming to a point where if it wouldn't be he is got friends to make it good for him if necessary, Barney, he would be falling behind you by five thousand dollars in the business."

"What d'ye mean friends to make it good for him?" Koshrik asked.

"What I said, Barney," Abe replied. "Harris Felt is a decent, respectable feller, Barney. His friends know he is a square, white feller. Ain't it?"

He fixed Barney with a truth-compelling stare and Barney nodded.

"I ain't got nothing against him so far as honesty goes," he admitted grudgingly.

"And he's also a good business man too, Barney, and a hard worker — ain't it?" Abe went on, unconsciously raising his voice as he proceeded.

"I know," Barney admitted. "That's all right. He also abuses me like a pickpocket."

"What is that got to do with it?" Abe almost roared. "When a feller has got two children to look after and his partner goes to work and busts up his business, Barney, you could excuse him he abuses you."

"*Aber* I got there five thousand dollars invested, Mr. Potash," Barney protested; "and he ——"

"And he would got five thousand invested right there with you if he wants it!" Abe bellowed. "He's only got to ask me, Barney—that's all."

As he shouted out this retort the door was flung open and Rosie stood on the threshold with eyes ablaze.

"Abe," she exclaimed, "are you crazy!"

Abe was standing face to face with Barney when Rosie entered, and his chest and stomach were thrown out in histrionic emphasis of his words; but as soon as Rosie spoke he collapsed instantly and turned his head sheepishly in her direction.

"Say, lookyhere, Rosie!" he almost whined. "Let me alone, will you?"

"I'll let you alone!" Rosie cried. "I'll let you alone *mit* something you won't like if you don't keep quiet."

She turned to Barney Koshrik with a smile.

"Mr. Koshrik," she said, suddenly reducing her voice to an amiable murmur, "come inside once. I want to let you see your wife."

She laid her hand on his arm.

"Walk quiet!" she admonished him. "I don't want her to know you are looking at her at all."

She led him to Abe's bedroom; and when Koshrik looked through the slightly opened door he forgot his partnership troubles, and indeed all else in the world, as he reached her side in two steps.

"Esther *Leben!*" he said. "What have you got there?"

He stooped and kissed Mrs. Koshrik on the cheek, at which she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Take it," she said, rising to her feet and placing the warm little bundle against her husband's chest. "Take it or I'll drop him!"

Koshrik awkwardly held out his hands, palms upward, and Mrs. Koshrik laid the sleeping infant upon them and then took up the elder child from the bed

"This one's a girl," she said, "and she sleeps like a little bear. You couldn't wake her by shooting off a gun."

"What's going to become of them, Rosie?" Abe asked, for he had followed Koshrik into the room. "Did your Touro Relief Society decide which asylum you would put 'em in?"

"Asylum!" Minnie and Rosie cried in chorus, and at the word Mrs. Koshrik held the little girl more closely to her breast.

"We ain't thought about that part yet," Minnie replied.

"Well, you've got to decide on an asylum for 'em," Abe declared with an emphasis on the word "asylum" that caused Mrs. Koshrik to wince visibly.

"Why must they be put in an asylum?" she asked faintly, and Abe shrugged and extended one palm in an eloquent gesture.

"Rosie and me is past fifty, Mrs. Koshrik," he said, "and we're too old to start in *mit* a family; otherwise ——"

He made another eloquent sweep of his hand and Mrs. Koshrik looked appealingly at her husband.

"Barney," she said as the tears welled up in her brown eyes—"Barney, you got a little boy in your arms there." She held the sleeping girl in a tight embrace and kissed it hungrily. "You got a little son there, Barney," she said, "and I got a little daughter here if you'll let me."

Rosie took the baby from Koshrik, and he walked over to the side of his weeping wife and passed his arm round her waist.

"I don't know nothing about these children—who they are or what they are," he said; "but if you got your heart set on it—why ——"

He concluded his sentence with a shrug and turned away, while Rosie and Minnie became promptly hysterical; and there ensued a scrimmage in which the three women and the two babies became hopelessly mixed. Since there could be no reason for remaining quiet any longer, Abe walked into the hallway.

"Mr. Felt," he shouted, "*kommen Sie mal hier* for a minute!"

Again he led the way to the guest chamber, and after he had motioned Felt to precede him he seized Koshrik's arm and piloted him after his partner.

"In the first place, Felt," he said, "even if you would be dissolving, understand me, you should ought to dissolve good friends ain't it?" Felt nodded gloomily. He was an anxious-appearing little man about thirty-five years old, and he looked half sick with the worry of his partnership's impending dissolution. "So, therefore, you and Koshrik should shake hands right here and now," Abe said.

"What kind of foolishness is this?" Koshrik cried; but Abe remained stolidly adamant.

"Shake!" said Abe sternly. And the two partners exchanged a limp handclasp. "Now then," he continued, "you are good friends again—ain't it?"

Neither partner made a reply. "So I'll tell you what I'll do," Abe announced. "Harris Felt, here, has got five thousand dollars an endowment policy which it is due in two years—ain't it?" Felt nodded. "Well," Abe went on, "I'll lend Harris Felt five thousand dollars, with the policy as security until it falls due; and all the interest he would pay me is the same which I would be getting on five bonds which I got it, four per cent a year, provided he and you, Koshrik, stays as partners together."

Felt glanced at Koshrik in a constrained fashion.

"What d'ye say, Barney?" he said weakly. Koshrik remained silent. "And after this," Felt continued, "you and me would draw every week the same amount, and we wouldn't neither of us leave any more of our profits as the other in the business."

Abe flapped his hands vigorously and smiled mysteriously.

"He wouldn't be able to," he said—"he's a family man now."

He opened the door, while the two partners looked shyly at each other.

"Mrs. Koshrik," Abe cried, "bring your son here!"

Felt turned round as Mrs. Koshrik appeared in the doorway, and he smiled faintly.

"What's this?" he asked.

"Now, Harris," she said, "just you show Barney how to hold a baby."

She handed the youngster to Felt, who sat down on a chair and dandled it on his knee with the ease of long practice, while Barney's face broadened into a joyful smile.

"Mommer," he said, placing one hand on Felt's shoulder, "Harris and me has agreed to make up again, and we wouldn't dissolve after all!"

"Well, Abe," Morris said the following afternoon as they sat in their office, "I didn't think it of Klinger!"

They had returned only an hour before from Greenberg's funeral, which had been accomplished with the speed enjoined by the orthodox ritual.

"Klinger didn't do it without a lot of pressure, Mawruss," Abe said. "The party to praise for it is Mr. Immergut. He's a wonder—that feller! Not only he gets Klinger he should give up two hundred and fifty dollars toward getting Greenberg's mother in a home, understand me, but he also makes Sammet pay fifty dollars toward the funeral!"

"And the way he fixed it up between Maggid & Blaustein too!" Morris went on. "That was a shrewd idee of his that Klinger & Klein and Sammet Brothers should sell 'em two hundred and fifty dollars each a bill of goods at four months."

Abe's face took on a rueful expression as he nodded his head.

"Sure, I know," he said; "and we must got to do it too. Maggid said that him and Blaustein would be in here to pick out the goods tomorrow."

"You shouldn't worry, Abe," Morris declared. "Mr. Immergut stands behind them fellers. They don't get many *Rabonim* like Mr. Immergut nowadays, Abe! He's the old-fashioned kind, Abe; and when he is dealing with a couple greenhorns like Maggid & Blaustein, understand me, what he says goes!" He lit a cigar and smiled reflectively. "That was an elegant roast duck we got over to your house last night, Abe!" he said.

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THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Do you remember the tales we used to read of the jinks on high Olympus, as faithfully set down by Colonel Bullfinch? And how we sympathized with Sisyphus—poor old Sisyphus!—who, as the colonel told us, was condemned to roll "a huge stone up to the hilltop; but when the steep was well-nigh gained, the rock, repulsed by some sudden force, rushed again headlong to the plain. Again he toiled at it, while sweat bathed his weary limbs; but all to no avail!"

Of course you do, and I merely desire to observe that, from my viewpoint on the outside, looking in, I have arrived at the well-matured opinion that Sisyphus had nothing on these Democrats who make up the majorities in the Senate and House. This Congress of ours contains, at the present moment, the greatest collection of Sisyphuses—or is it Sisyphi?—this world has ever known, either in its mythological or its political aspects. Ever since President Wilson came into the White House as boss these Democrats have been wearily rolling their rocks of patronage, with which they hope to rebuild the Democratic structure and make it impregnable to the attacks that will come in the congressional elections of 1914 and in the general elections of 1916, rolling them up to the hilltop where sits Dispenser Wilson—the hill that leads to his favor and recognition—only to find, when the steep is well-nigh gained, that their rocks, repulsed by some sudden force, rush headlong to the plain again—said plain being populated densely with Democrats who inquire raucously each time a rock comes clattering back: "What's the use of electing a Democratic President if we can't get the jobs?"

The town is full of stories of disappointed hopes, and the Senate and House are full of patriots who are finding it impossible to explain why they can't redeem those promises made in the heat of the campaign, when votes for Wilson were desired. No statesman wishes to tell a constituent he cannot get a place for him because President Wilson will not give him any places; and every time there is a gathering of Democrats there are lamentations and curses, and wondering of where it is all going to end.

You see, this President of ours has ideas about the public service, and so have the men he has selected to be his ministers of state. He thinks it well to put a man in a place who is fitted for that place, rather than to put a man there who has no other qualification than the pledge of a senator or a representative that he is a good Democrat and needs the money—or that he is a good Democrat and the proposer needs his support. To be sure, Mr. Wilson has no especial objection to giving the offices to Democrats, but he has decided objections to giving the offices to Democrats who have nothing but politics to recommend them. Also, he is exercising a little prerogative of choice himself that is making the anxious statesmen up on the hill turn flipflaps of surprise.

A Fine Surprise for Mr. Squiffem

To quote him in a broad, general way, he says, when a statesman makes it clear that he is entitled to a certain bit of patronage:

"Very well; the place is yours."

"Then, Mr. President, I earnestly recommend the Honorable Hosea Horatio Squiffem for the position—a man than whom ——"

"Very good," says the President, making a note of Mr. Squiffem. "And what others?"

"What others?" roars the astonished statesman. "No others! Mr. Squiffem is my man."

"Certainly, Mr. Statesman; but I would consider it a favor if you would submit four other names of men qualified for this position in order that I may have full latitude of choice. Send the names to Mr. Tumulty as soon as is convenient. Good morning!"

This, you understand, Jim, is merely an impressionistic report of one of these interviews; but the high lights are all there. Imagine the state of mind of a patronage seeker who is compelled to furnish five names for presidential consideration when there is only one name he desires to be placed in consideration, and probably but one name that will be of value to him, with the chances favoring the selection of one of the extraneous four rather than the man first proposed. It's revolutionary, so to speak; but it is also Wilsonish, and the terms are rapidly getting to be synonymous.

The sad verse predominates. And the saddest story of them all is the tearful tale of what happened in connection with the new interstate commerce commissioners.

When Congress convened last December Mr. Taft sent in the name of Commissioner Edgar E. Clark, a Republican, to succeed himself in that important body. He sent in the names of many other Republicans for various other offices. There was a gathering of the Democrats in the Senate. "Here," they said, one to another, "this will never do! This man Taft is going out of office in March and he is sending in bushels of nominations of Republicans to fill offices for stated terms. If we confirm these nominations many excellent and patriotic Democrats will be deprived of places rightfully theirs, and we shall be divested of a large amount of patronage rightfully ours. Hold 'em up!"

Woodrow Wilson and the Would-Be's

So they held them up. They refused to confirm any save a few army and navy appointments and a few diplomatic ones. Meantime the appointment of Mr. Clark hung there. It was an important appointment. Pressure was put on the Senate urging the confirmation of Clark. But the Democratic leaders had been making a little investigation, and had demonstrated to their own satisfaction that the confirmation of Clark would work hardship to scores and scores of Democrats who stood in the offing awaiting jobs. It was reported to the Senate Democrats that the Interstate Commerce Commission employs about seven hundred and fifty persons and has a payroll of many thousands of dollars; that these jobs range in value from twelve hundred to five thousand dollars a year; and that ninety-six per cent of those on the rolls at that time were Republicans.

These were the figures given out to Democratic senators to encourage them in their opposition to Clark, to hold them firm against all pressure, and to keep the place open until Mr. Wilson arrived, when a good Democrat undoubtedly would be given Clark's place and there might be a chance at those seven hundred and fifty places, ranging from twelve hundred to five thousand dollars a year. Of course these figures may have been exaggerated for stiffening purposes; but, whether or no, the Democrats in the Senate firmly believed they were right, and Clark was not confirmed.

It so happened that Mr. Wilson selected Franklin K. Lane, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, for his secretary of the interior. There was Democratic joy over this, for that meant two places vacant on the commission and even a better chance at those seven hundred and fifty jobs.

Then, a few days after his inauguration, President Wilson sent a communication to the Senate. It contained the names of two men nominated for membership in the Interstate Commerce Commission. The first name was that of Edgar E. Clark, Republican, renominated; and the second name was that of John H. Marble, who, up to that time, had been secretary of the commission. Then it was learned that Marble, though a Democrat, had been appointed at the suggestion of Mr. Lane, and that he might be expected to carry out the policies of the old commission, of which Lane was the dominating member—and the hopes of the Democratic senators, who had fussed and maneuvered and plotted to prevent the confirmation of Clark, went glimmering, with a glimmer like that of an expiring pinwheel; for they didn't dare hold up these first nominations by the new president when they had so much patronage at stake themselves and wanted so many favors at his hands. And they confirmed both Clark and Marble, and sobbingly sponged off the slate the selections of patriotic Democrats, eminently qualified and potentially useful to themselves, which they had made for a certain percentage of those

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seven hundred and fifty jobs, ninety-six per cent Republican, according to senatorial figures

Hevings! How they roar! You can hear tales on any corner of political virtues unrewarded and political obligations from their angle—unappreciated; and the buoyant hope of two months ago has given way to the sickening fear that the principal requisite for a job under this Administration is to be fitness, not politics.

You may remember, Jim, that I made some comments, in a former letter, on the early-rising habits of Postmaster-General Albert S. Burleson, and predicted in a general way that he would be down at the Department along about eight A. M. each day. Well, not only is that the fact at present, but General Burleson has let it be known he is of the opinion that if he can get to the Department at eight o'clock in the morning he can see no reason why the clerks cannot get there at the same time; and he is for that change in the existing regulations.

Washington life is predicated on clerks going to work at nine o'clock in the morning, and there are thousands of them here. If they put through that eight o'clock rule it means the reorganization of eighty per cent of the breakfast hours in this town. It means the changing of train schedules to accommodate those hundreds and thousands who live in suburbs in the District of Columbia, and in Maryland and Virginia. It means a general shifting of the whole scheme of things here; and it caused more excitement and protest than any other similar foray against the precedents of this precedent-ruled city possibly could have brought forth. When they changed the closing hour from four o'clock to four-thirty some years ago it took months to get the dinner hour regulated and raised hob with the stores.

Waves of Reformation

Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels continues relentless in his stern demand, put forth in his capacity as the boss of the works, that the swivel-chair rear-admirals shall go to sea for a space and learn a few rudimentary facts about naval affairs and the navy—such as that the sea is salt; that the ships are iron but will not sink, on that account; that the motor power now is steam instead of sails and various other bits of general information along those lines. Naturally there is a howl. The swivel-chair sailors, who have long been social leaders in their set in Washington, dislike exceedingly to remove themselves to the restricted confines of battleships and they are raising a wild clamor about the absolute necessity of their presence here at their desks, in order that the American navy shall continue to be the glory of the sea.

And, speaking about the navy, the Navy League had a banquet the other night—a banquet designed to promote a greater navy. A greater navy was promoted to a fare-you-well until one John J. Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, New York, who happens to be chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives, rose in his place to make a few remarks. Johnnie Fitzgerald has opinions and knows how to express them. Also, he has convictions and stands by them. Furthermore, he has the courage of his opinions, his convictions and his conversation. Speaking as the man who has most to do with the money appropriated by Congress, he said there was no disposition on the part of Congress to deprive the navy of what it is entitled to, but asked the naval gentlemen why they are not on the level—of course he didn't say it that way, but it amounted to that—with Congress. He said, for example, that one of the principal arguments for the Panama Canal, and the four-hundred-million-dollar expenditure it has entailed, was the reason, advanced strongly at the time, that the digging of the canal would make our fleet more mobile and would lessen the demand for new battleships. Now, with the canal nearing completion, he said the naval experts advance the argument that the canal makes it imperative to increase our fleet. Fitzgerald tore into the naval gentlemen in fine style!

A crusty old rear-admiral, who had been listening in amazement, turned in the middle of Fitzgerald's speech and inquired in a loud but somewhat uncertain voice: "Why didn't they get some one to talk they were sure of?"

In these days, Jim, it is mighty hard to be sure of anything.

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El Grillo

A combination table stove for preparing a complete meal right on the dining table. Broils—boils—fries—makes toast above or below the coils. Any two of these operations simultaneously. Heating element guaranteed.

Outfit consists of grill, three dishes, tray, cord and plug. Made of pressed steel, highly nickeled and polished, with ebonite handles. Price U. S. $6.50, Canada $8.50.

El Toste

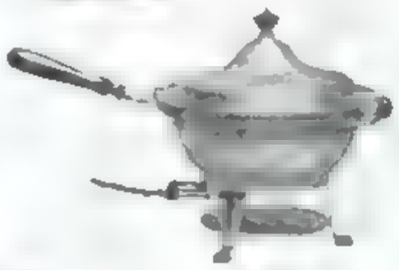
Makes delectable toast, just the right crispness, invitingly browned, two slices at a time. No fumes, smoke or other unpleasantness. Shelf on top to keep food warm. Cost of electricity to operate it is trivial.

Made entirely of pressed steel with highly nickel plated finish. Can be used anywhere there is a light socket. Cord and interchangeable plug furnished as with all of our appliances. Heating element guaranteed. Price in U.S. $4.00, in Canada $5.25

El Eggo

A small chafing dish especially for cooking eggs in the most modern way right on the breakfast table. Water placed in the bottom where the heating element is installed, soon boils. The eggs are steam cooked or may be boiled, if desired. A shirring pan with convenient handle is furnished for shirring, scrambling or poaching.

The price in the U. S. is $9.00, in Canada $11.75



El Chafo

Style Number Four. This consists of a set of copper chafing dishes, highly nickel plated, especially formed to be used on our six-inch El Stovo, single heat or triple heat, as described opposite. Illustration shows dishes in place on El Stovo.

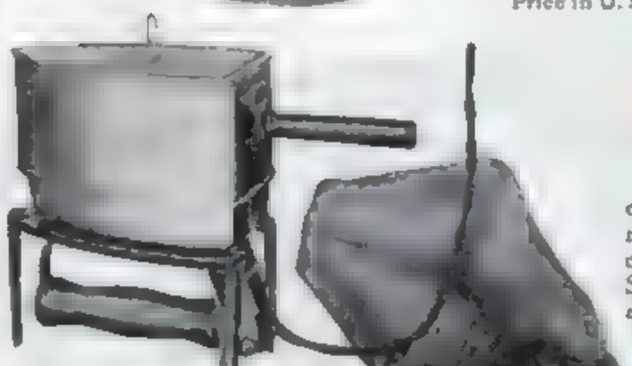
Price of dishes only $5.00, in Canada $6.50.

Style Number Five. This style contains its own heating element permanently installed and is introduced directly into the water pan. This gives the highest efficiency, as all the heat is utilized. Outer dish and pan are larger and heavier than number four. No stove to buy with this style. Two switch connections give high heat or low heat at pleasure. Heating element guaranteed against burn-outs.

Price in U. S. $12.00, in Canada $15.75.

Style Number Six. This style is known as the Mission design and is similar in construction to Style Five, but is larger and of heavier material. El Chafo increases the pleasure and charm of any chafing dish service—so quick and easy, so cleanly. High or low heat is secured by adjusting switch plug. Heating element guaranteed.

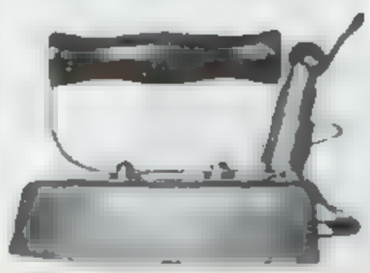
Price in U. S. $15.00, in Canada $19.50.



Utility

A combination iron, stove and curling tong heater. For cooking, invert iron on stand. To heat curling tongs insert in the rear of iron. Stand, dish with cover and handle all pack telescope style in ooze leather shopping bag.

Element guaranteed for 10 years. Price U. S. $5.00, Canada $6.50.



Hotpoint

The Hotpoint is so named because the heating element delivers most heat at the point, which is always going into the cool, damp goods. Therefore the point is always hot enough to iron with. Also has cool handle (no holder needed) and attached stand (no lifting).

Pressed Steel top with highly nickel plated finish. Guaranteed for ten years. Price three-pound U. S. $3.00, Canada $4.00. Five and six pound U. S. $3.50, Canada $4.50.

Our Hotpoin

Saturday morning more than 7000 Hotpoint
be ready to demonstrate El Tostovo and sell it to y

This is a united movement of the dealers, lighting companies and the ma appliances. The biggest electrical educational movement ever inaugurate and efficient they are—how economical to use. Go to the Hotpoint dis you want a Tostovo, get it at exactly half price.

All of the devices here shown can be

May 10th El Toste

El Tostovo

Is a glowing electric toaster-stove that can be attached to any electric light socket and used right on the table or sideboard. Will make ten slices of crispy brown toast with a cent's worth of electricity.

A complete meal for two or three people can be quickly prepared, and it is just the thing for cooking breakfast or for an impromptu spread.

An ideal corn-popper—just use an ordinary wire popper over the glowing coils.

Every electrically lighted home in America has many uses for this handiest of electric appliances.

So easy to keep El To closing heating coil springs attached. Can be kept spotlessly clean.

Efficient—practical—simple and its uses are almost endless. The instant the plug is inserted heating coils glow cherry red and cooking begins.

Electricity offers the only satisfactory method of makes the work pleasing.

This is one of five announcements to occupy the center of the Post this year. Each one will contain information of importance to you.

-toasts
-cooks

Parcel Post Service

More than 7000 distributors are ready to demonstrate and sell you Hotpoint appliances. If the Hotpoint distributor in your locality does not have the appliances you want, he can secure them quickly by parcel post.

Should there be no distributor convenient, send order and check for any of these appliances to our nearest office and we will deliver.

E T
full
tea steep
Any
alumin
Wher
we will f
prices if
than Satu

HOT

New York
Chicago—

t Day Special

distributors, in the United States and Canada, will ou at half price on that day only.

nufacturer to acquaint you with the practical advantages of our electrical d. We want you to see our devices in operation—to learn how cleanly tributor in your neighborhood on Saturday—ask for a demonstration—if

attached to any electric light socket.

ovo only $2.00 Canada $2.60

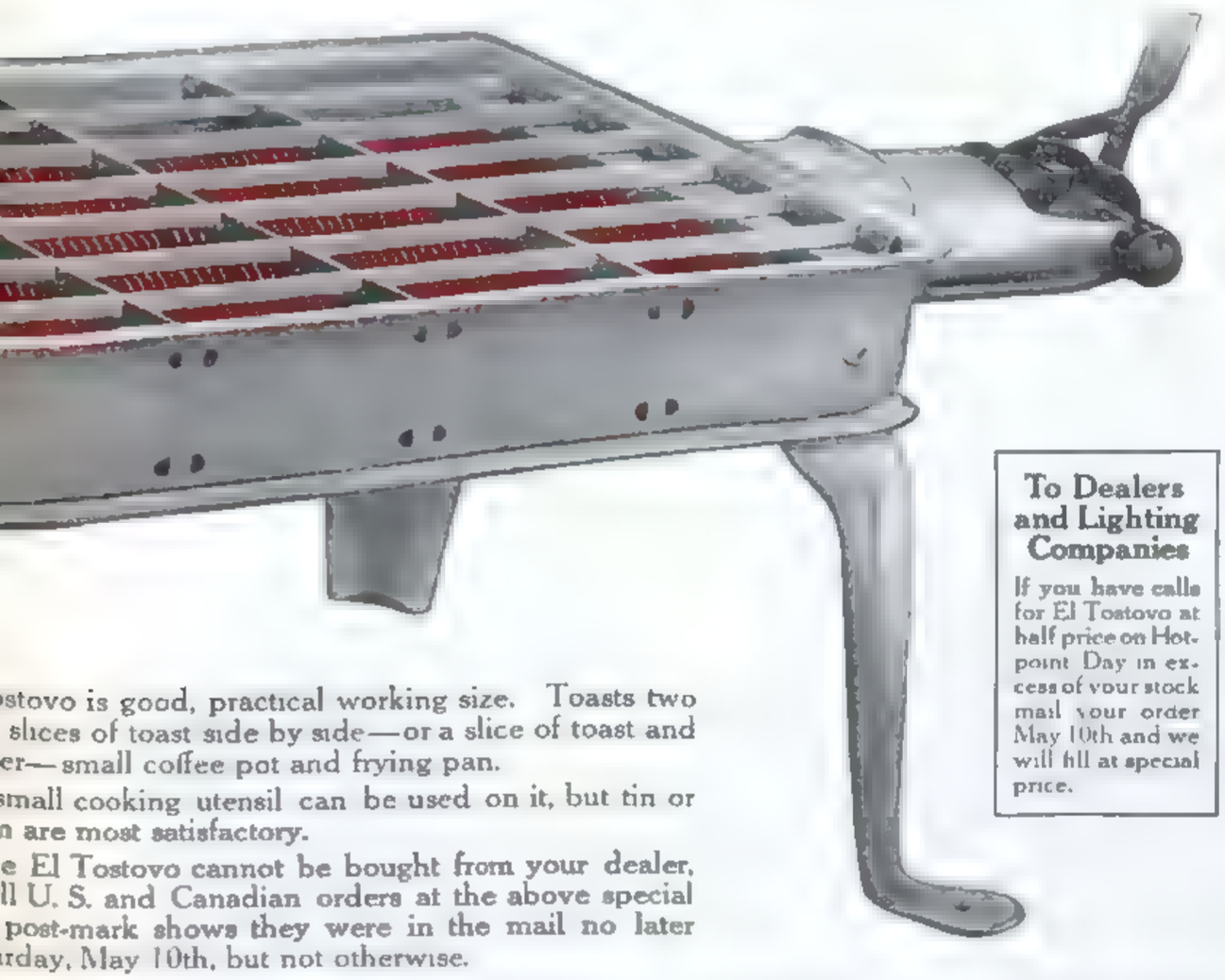
stovo clean. Top case in- off, leaving shelf with legs

table cooking. El Tostovo

The heating element in El Tostovo is guaranteed for five years. Under normal usage it should last indefinitely. In case element does burn out, mail it to our nearest office and a new one will be furnished without charge. It snaps easily into place. No tools needed.

Made entirely of pressed steel, nickel plated and highly polished, with ebonite handle. Price in the U. S., $4.00; in Canada, $5.25.

For one day only, distributors will deliver El Tostovo at half price. **(U. S. $2.00; Canada $2.60.)** Do not ask for this price except on Saturday, May 10.



stovo is good, practical working size. Toasts two slices of toast side by side—or a slice of toast and er—small coffee pot and frying pan.

small cooking utensil can be used on it, but tin or n are most satisfactory.

e El Tostovo cannot be bought from your dealer, ll U. S. and Canadian orders at the above special post-mark shows they were in the mail no later rday, May 10th, but not otherwise.

To Dealers and Lighting Companies

If you have calls for El Tostovo at half price on Hotpoint Day in excess of your stock mail your order May 10th and we will fill at special price.

'POINT ELECTRIC HEATING CO.

—46 West Street. 1001 Wash. Blvd. **ONTARIO, CALIF.** Toronto—73 Adelaide St. Vancouver—365 Water St.

Our Interchangeable Plug

Each of these appliances is furnished with an interchangeable switch plug. (Except El Boilo, El Comfo, and El Bako.) This switch plug is attached to eight feet of flexible cord, which connects to any light socket.

El Perco

An electric coffee maker with self-contained heating element which is guaranteed for five years. Begins to percolate in less than a minute. Both styles here shown are made on this principle.

Percolation begins with cold water. When water reaches boiling point, extraction is completed. Result—full flavor and aroma.

Pot style five cups U. S. $7.50, Canada $9.75; seven cup U. S. $8.50, Canada $10.50. Machine Style seven cups, U. S. $10.00, Canada $13.00; nine cup U. S. $11.00, Canada $14.50.

El Teballo

El Teballo does for tea brewing, what El Perco does for coffee extraction—produces a perfect infusion.

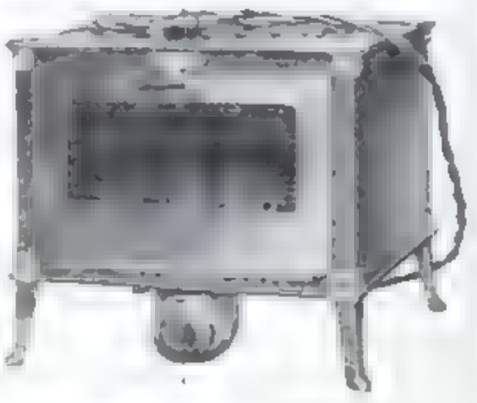
The water is quickly brought to boil and the tea ball dropped down over the element, which keeps the water at a bubbling temperature. When the infusion is strong enough the ball is drawn up out of the water.

Pot Style; seven cup, U. S. $6.00, Canada $10.50. Machine Style; seven cup U. S. $10.00, in Canada $13.00.

El Bako

An electric oven that operates on any lamp socket. Capacity for 2 large loaves of bread, 2 pies or a chicken. Current is controlled by a snap switch. This is the first efficient electric oven to be operated from a lamp socket. It utilizes the plan of heat conservation much as a fireless cooker does.

Made of planished steel with nickel legs and trim. Element guaranteed for five years. Price U. S. $12.00. Canada $15.50.

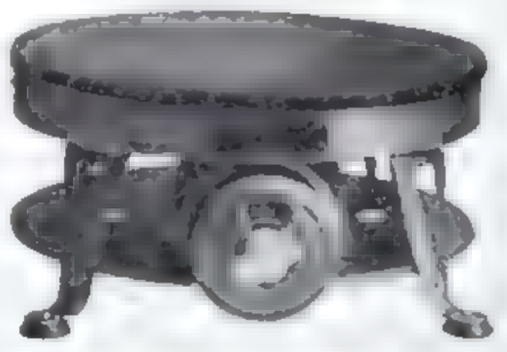


El Stovo

An electric disc stove which heats up very quickly and is practical and efficient for general household cooking. Made in two styles: **Single heat** in which temperature is controlled by removing the plug, and **triple heat** in which the temperature is controlled by a snap switch, giving high, medium or low heat. (Cut shows three heat.)

Highly polished nickel, throughout. Price of six inch single heat in U. S. is $5.00, in Canada $6.50. Six inch triple heat in U. S. $7.00, in Canada $9.25.

The three-heat is made in 7, 8 and 9 inch sizes which require special wiring and cannot be operated from a lamp socket.



El Boilo

An immersion heater that is plunged directly into the liquid to be heated. A highly polished nickel cylinder about one inch in diameter. Easily kept clean and sanitary. Special style of switch plug. Guaranteed against burn-outs.

Small size—straight—for toilet use; in U. S. $3.00, in Canada $4.00. Larger size—straight—for kitchen use; in U. S. $4.00, in Canada $5.25. Same size—crook-neck for sterilizing—in U. S. $5.00, in Canada $6.50.

El Comfo

Destined to supplant the hot water bottle. Connect to any electric light socket; it begins to heat instantly and stays hot as long as needed. **Single heat** style gives medium heat continuously. **Three heat style** can be adjusted high, medium or low heat as required. Each made in 3 sizes.

Price for middle size (12 by 15 inches—single heat, U. S. $5.00, Canada $6.50; three-heat, U. S. $6.50, Canada $8.50. Small Size $1.00 less; Large $1.00 more.

The Power of Silent Service

If the crowd on the stock exchange kept quiet and let one man talk, that man could be heard in every corner of the room. But the shouting members produce a composite of sound, so that no one trader is understood except by a small group around a particular trading post.

If everyone were able to shout twice as loud, the result would be only a greater noise, and less intelligible.

For communication to be universal there must be silent transmission. In a noisy stock exchange where the voice, unaided, cannot be understood across the room, there are hundreds of telephones which carry speech half way across the continent.

The telephone converts the spoken words into silent electrical impulses.

In a single Bell telephone cable, a hundred conversations can be carried side by side without interference, and then distributed to as many different cities and towns throughout the land. Each conversation is led through a system of wire pathways to its proper destination, and whispers its message into a waiting ear.

Silent transmission and the interconnecting lines of the Bell System are indispensable for universal telephone service.

Without such service, our cities would be slow of speech and the States would be less closely knit together.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System

SEALED ORDERS

(Continued from Page 13.)

companions poured down the front way to swell the rising alarm. There was, as he knew, a way to the roof—half stair, half ladder. He unhooked the scuttle and stepped out into the hot, still night.

The Tivoli was on a corner. In the starlight he turned northward across the uneven roofs, searching for a way of escape through another building. He climbed over copings, he tried scuttle after scuttle, always to find them fastened; and so, near the farther end of the block, he saw a mellow glow ahead. It came through a skylight. He knelt beside it and peeped down into a lighted hall.

There were antlers on the wall; a lion's skin was on the floor; a girl stood beyond, just putting the pins in her hat. Evans could see her face; it was fresh and smiling and happy. She took a step forward; a man came to meet her. A corner was broken from a pane—Evans heard their speech.

"Where you goin', missy?" said Ikey.

The girl drew herself up, startled.

"I don't know you, sir!"

She stepped aside to pass him; but Ikey kept beside her.

"Leaving? Oh, I guess not! You're going back to your room—that's what."

Her voice shook.

"I'll call for help!"

"Help?" He laughed cruelly. "Help? Take a good look!"

Her hand was at her throat. A sudden knot of men were in the hallway—four six—eight; still they came from opening doors, rat-faced, grinning, leering. Oh, Billy Boy! Father! On the roof, unseen, Crooknose rose, snarling—the clean and wholesome scoundrel! From a doorway a woman glanced into the hall and turned back, indifferent, shameless. Then Katie knew.

"Oh, God!" The word came in a dreadful shriek. Ikey's hand was on her mouth.

"God?" croaked Ikey. "If God has any affairs in this house He'd better represent!"

He said no more on earth. Crooknose crashed through the skylight, shooting as he came. He shot as he fell; sprawling, he shot again from hand and knee. Thrice dead, Ikey dragged the girl down as he fell.

The flash and roar of many guns—and Crooknose charged. Flame darted before him and men fell at the flame. Katie saw him, blazing, terrible, alone. He staggered through lances of intersecting fire; his heavy gun crushed out a shrieking face; he sprang aside, in, out and back; and smote and parried—and smote again. There was a rush of swift help—to aid the ten against one. Shouts, oaths, screaming, hideous faces, glitter of guns, downstriking—all rushed together as the mercy of blackness came to her.

And Crooknose fought on. His last cartridge was fired as he broke through the bullet zone. Pain tore him; arms clutched at him; they bore him down; he was up; he struck with gun and fist and foot and knee. They were too many; they could not shoot without killing each other; the blows of guns and arms crashed together in mid-air to save him; they slipped on blood; they trampled on living bodies; they crushed him; they were dragging him down! A helmet at the stairhead, a bluecoat—Gannon!

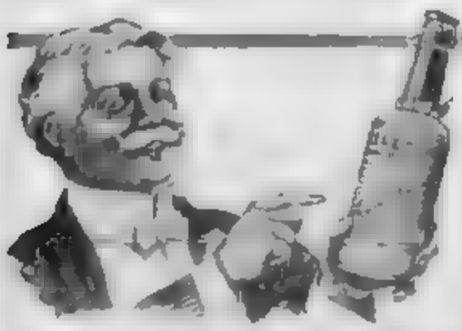
Evans heaved up; he broke his gun-arm loose and hammered; he shouted clear:

"A straight girl, Bullneck! Get her out!"

"Ho-o!" bellowed Gannon. His automatic pumped death into the shuddering tangle—three shots. Then from an alcove the *macque* men poured upon him; arms choked him from behind; hands twisted the gunbarrel aside. Gannon heaved and twisted and strained; his great arms crushed and lifted; the man clutching the automatic felt the stairrail at his hip, bent back and fell screaming down the stairwell to death; the gun went with him. The choking arms at Gannon's neck relaxed, a foe fled down the stair. Gannon rushed on, roaring, blood-mad. Forgotten was the nightstick in its sling; two Irish fists swung out—he plowed a way into that hell of hate. Bullneck and Crooknose—grafter and thief—they struck and swung and fought the shame and the men of shame—struck and staggered and came again.

The hammering gun rose slowly now; it fell feebly. Crooknose reeled and stumbled, his left arm hung helpless, his eye was glazing. He struck once more—wildly; hands caught his wrist and twisted; the gun dropped. The hands dived for it; but Crooknose took a neck in the choking crook

"A SNAPPY SEASONING!"



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Nearly all the courses in a dinner are delightfully flavored by using a Teaspoonful of Lea & Perrins' Sauce.

Sharpens the appetite for Roasts, Chops, Steaks, Game, Fish, Soups, Salads, Gravies, etc.

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HOLLAND-DUTCH ARTS & CRAFTS

LATEST STYLE BOOK—FREE
64 Pages. 300 Designs

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Write for one TODAY. Illustrated in colors—shows over 300 patterns of Artistic Holland Dutch Arts and Crafts, the ideal furniture for any room in the modern HOME—CLUB—or HOTEL

Made of Solid White Oak by expert Dutch Craftsmen. Call on our Associate Distributor nearest you and see our furniture you will know it by Our Trademark ——— into every piece—our guarantee of excellency

A pair of hand-made, decorated Dutch Wooden Shoes (small size) sent to you on receipt of 20 cents in stamps.

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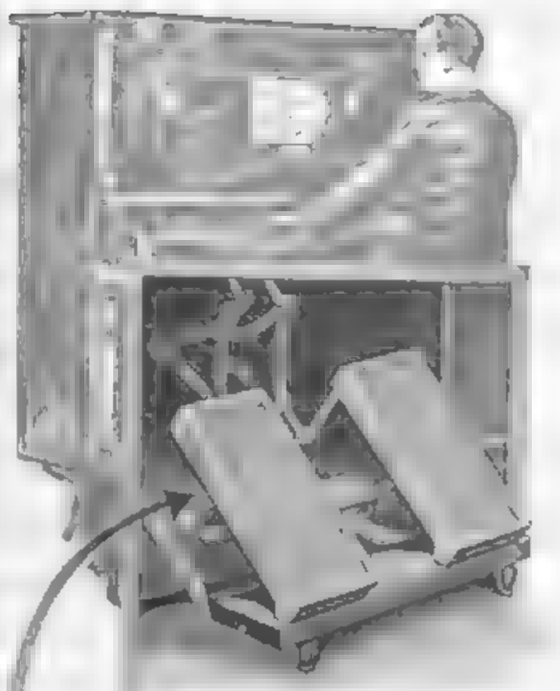

The Pulse

of a player-piano should be in its pedals

It is through the pedals that the performer is in constant contact with the instrument. It is through the pedaling that he naturally and instinctively tries to give expression to his musical feeling.

Therefore, just as the human pulse indicates the heart's action, so the feel of the pedals under the various strengths of pedaling should indicate with just what volume and accent the music will play.

This is absolutely true of the

Baldwin Manualo

The Player-Piano that is all but human

In playing it, the feel of the pedals guides the performer perfectly in securing the effects desired.

Every change in the force and accent of the pedaling instantly produces a corresponding change in the volume and accent of the music. The pedaling affects the working of the piano hammers so directly that it controls their action as completely as one playing upon the piano keys.

You soon come to know that a certain feel of the pedals will produce a certain volume and accent just as the feel of the keys guides you in securing the desired expression in hand-playing. Almost immediately you instinctively pedal in just the way to make the Manualo give just the effects your musical feeling demands. You have the same delightful sensation of playing a musical instrument as the artist who plays by hand because, through the Manualo pedals, you are in as intimate accord with the piano and it with you as you would be through the piano keys.

Our booklet explains the Manualo in detail. Send for a free copy to the nearest address.

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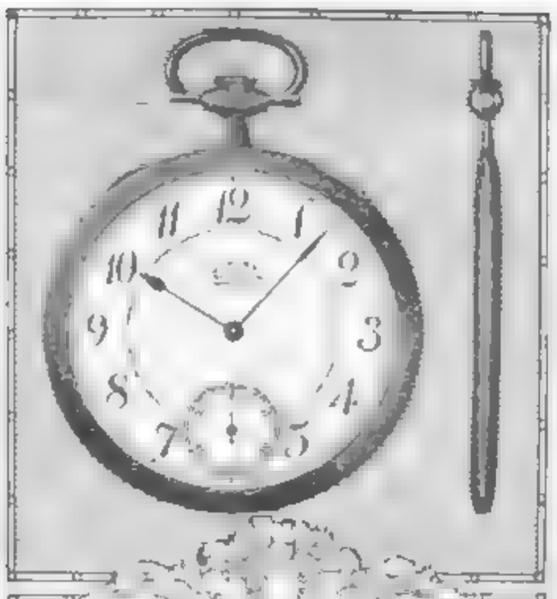


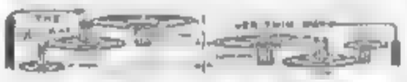
A graduation gift the graduate himself would choose

Young men, especially, are proud to own a Gruen Verithin Watch. They are proud of the [illegible] distinctive beauty always with [illegible] of the reputation it gives them for promptness and accuracy in the affairs of men. No other graduation gift could inspire a greater appreciation

GRU-EN
VERITHIN WATCH

The distinctive beauty of the Gruen Verithin [illegible] Only half as thick as the ordinary watch [illegible] that "style" [illegible] the young man of today so [illegible] values.

[illegible] beautiful thinness and strength [illegible] the illustration below.



With this new [illegible] Gruen Verithin as a genuine [illegible] watch combining [illegible] beauty and [illegible] which [illegible] Gruen Guild Co., [illegible] needs.

Write today for the interesting story of the Gruen Verithin. We will send you the names of those jewelers and watchmakers who are the Gruen agents in your locality

Prices: Men's and Ladies' Sizes $25 to $250.

GRUEN WATCH MANUFACTURING CO

[illegible] Since 1876

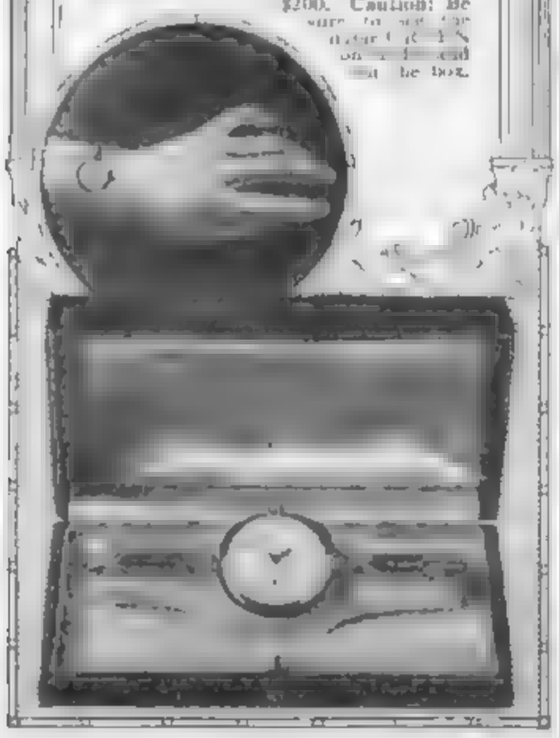
21-O E. Fifth Avenue Cincinnati, O

[illegible] Master Builders [illegible]

Duplicate parts always on hand at Gruen Dealers' everywhere, insuring prompt repairs in cases of accident

For the Girl Graduate
THE GRUEN WRISTLET WATCH

Because of its beauty, convenience, and practicability every woman wants one the moment she sees it. Have the Gruen dealer show it to you. Prices: $15 to $200. Caution: Be sure to [illegible] the [illegible] on [illegible] and [illegible] the box.



of his arm—a neck that went with the hands—and dropped to a huddle on the floor, dragging the neck with him in the locked arm. A thug bent over him with a pistol to his very ear—and fell, faceless, before Gannon's heavy boot. Loyal Bullneck bestrode his fallen ally. His hand fell to the forgotten billy; he swung out mightily; hell beat upon him! . . . Ages after, the snarling faces faded away.

Gannon looked down then at sprawling Crooknose and mused at him. The clothes were torn from Crooknose; he was bare to the waist, blood gushing along the white skin, blood on his tawny hair, a blackened face gripped under his arm. It was very curious, thought Gannon, only dimly aware that shouting men poured from the stairway—Captain Hughes, of the Rangers, roundsmen, citizens—or that such *macque* men as were not writhing on the floor or lying very still there stood hands up before a score of pistols.

"Gannon! Gannon! What's happened here?"

Gannon stood in drifting smoke and passed a hand stupidly across his face. This was McCabe, his sergeant, calling him. Now how did McCabe get here? Gannon looked beyond McCabe to Hughes, of the Rangers; he spoke jerkily, breathless, groping for words, swaying:

"Captain Hughes—straight girl here! He said so—Crooknose. You, captain—straight man yourself—you take care of her! Back there she is. Take her home yourself. Mustn't let nobody see!"

He looked down to Crooknose for further counsel.

Captain Hughes knelt by Katie. "Just fainted! I'll take care of her," he reported. "But this man here is most mighty dead! Three shots! Some shooting! Who did it, Gannon?"

Gannon pointed with his nightstick.

"Him—Crooknose. Dead, I guess. Never mind. Him and me—old Crooknose—we done it!" He smiled foolishly and sank to a place beside his friend.

"Lord!" said Hughes as he lifted Katie and crossed the shambles. "All this was while we were getting upstairs! I wasn't twenty yards from the door at the first shot!"

"Hurt? Who? Him—Crooknose?" said Gannon, propped and bandaged in a hospital bed. "Divil a bit! Arm and some ribs broke; shot a little round the edges; a few taps on the head; maybe a bruise here and there along the rest of him—nothing serious. He's all right! God certainly is good to the Irish!"

"Irish nothing! Evans is a good Welsh name, as all the world knows," said Captain Hughes hotly. "Do you stick to your shamrock and Saint Patrick and do not be robbing your neighbors!"

"If his name is really Evans!" said the chief of police sourly. "Evans or John Doe, it's a nice stone cell for his when he gets well!"

"For the looting of the Tivoli, is it? Him! And after that fight he made?" Gannon sat up in bed, his eyes feverbright, and shook a bandaged fist at his astounded chief. "Hear me now, ye black scut! You can put the rollers under me and damned to you—but touch one hair of the brindle head of him and I br-r-eak you, ye gr-rafter!"

Wilson's Way

FRANCIS WILSON, the actor, who is a collector of Napoleonic relics, had played at a town in Northern New York state, and on the morning following his performance, while on the way to his train, he passed an antique shop and saw in the show-window a cameo with the head of the great Corsican upon it. He went in to dicker for it.

The deal was about closed when the shopkeeper, a near-sighted, elderly man, squinted at Wilson and said:

"Look here, ain't you an actor?"

Wilson drew himself up.

"I am a clergyman," he said in an offended tone.

"I beg your pardon," said the dealer. "You see I thought you looked something like that fellow Francis Wilson."

"I hope," said Wilson with great dignity, "that you would not liken me to a mere comic-opera comedian."

"Well," said the shopkeeper with a superior air, "I seen him at the opera house last night, and to tell you the truth he wasn't so awful rotten."

This Guarantee Backs Up The Thousands Who Wear

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes

$20 to $45

Read how all-embracing is our Guarantee—how it spans *everything* and shirks *nothing*, not even lining and pockets. You are *chance-free* when *your* clothes are tailored to measure under the Kahn Guarantee. We and our Representative in your town assume *all risk* until, having worn the clothes and had them "picked to pieces" by your friends, you say voluntarily—"I'm satisfied!"

We Guarantee

—That *Kahn-Tailored-Clothes* are cut and tailored to your individual measurements.

—That *Kahn-Tailored-Clothes* interpret the most advanced custom fashion in color, cut and cloth.

—That every fabric in *Kahn-Tailored-Clothes* is 100 per cent pure wool.

—That *Kahn-Tailored-Clothes* are lined only with pure dye mohairs and to replace, without charge, any lining that fails to give perfect service.

—That the materials in *Kahn-Tailored-Clothes* are thoroughly cold-water shrunk.

—That the coat-fronts and pockets will never sag in *Kahn-Tailored-Clothes*.

—That *Kahn-Tailored-Clothes* will retain their shapeliness to the last day of use.

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Go to our Authorized Representative in your town and be measured for your Kahn Custom-Tailored Suit—guaranteed as though bond-backed. Look in his window for our seal, reproduced below. Watch your local newspaper for his advertising.

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Progressive merchants should write for our Tailoring Department Proposition.

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Emery means Custom Satisfaction without the extra cost and bother and delay of being measured.

Emery means correct fit, fast colors, dependable materials and making, and big money's-worth in wear.

Emery means PRE-SHRUNK NECKBANDS—no tightening; no discomfort, after washing.

Emery means sleeve lengths, in each size of shirt, for men of long, short and medium reach. And—

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Do you own a lawn mower that WON'T CUT?—

one that hacks off the grass in a way that makes your lawn look as though it had been mowed with a sickle?

Do you have to hunt and file and readjust your machine almost every time you use it?

There are many such poor lawn mowers being sold every day. To be sure you are getting a good mower, buy a "W. & B."

Under ordinary usage

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give satisfactory service year after year with little attention. This is due to the high grade steel in the cutting parts, to the care used in tempering the blades and to the careful adjustment.

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Established 1854
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CONTROLLING OUR FLOODS

(Continued from Page 9)

Another method of slowing down the run-off is through soil absorption. If the land is plowed in such a way as to make each furrow a drain instead of a reservoir, the run-off will be more rapid, and there will be the consequent loss by soil erosion, which results in sandbars and obstruction to navigation below.

Then there is the impounding of flood waters for irrigation and for waterpower. The waters of the lower Mississippi River are largely composed of snow waters which ought to be retained above for purposes of irrigating arid lands. They are also largely composed of rain water which ought to be impounded for intensive cultivation even in the humid region, and for the development of waterpower. These uses of water are compensatory for the expenditures made in their promotion, and yet at the same time they tend to the regulation of the stream below for navigation, mitigating the floods during the flood season and feeding the navigable waters during the period of drought.

Every consideration of national prosperity requires that every navigable river with its tributaries should be regarded as a unit from source to mouth, and should be treated as such by the scientific and constructive forces of the country.

It is to be regretted that the recent floods have also produced a flood of vindication of ancient methods. We are told that storage cannot be effective because it would require an enormous area to store the flood waters that have recently fallen; and the statement is made as if the only suggestion for relief was the impounding of flood waters. Then it is said that dams have proved weak and have broken, and that destruction has thus been increased. This criticism applies to very ancient dams which have been under criticism and condemnation for some time. We propose to build dams that will not break, and we propose a system under which the highest engineering skill and capacity will be employed, both in their location and in their construction.

How Plants Can Protect Us

No one contends that an epochal flood such as the recent one can be entirely prevented or entirely mitigated. All that is contended is that the destructive effects of such a flood can be partially diminished by scientific forethought, and that the average annual flood can be almost entirely mitigated. Such arguments, if operative, would have prevented the construction of the Gatun dam; and, carried to their logical conclusion, would have prevented the construction of the levees upon the Lower Mississippi. These levees are simply dams bounding the channel of the river and keeping its waters within the channel. These levees have broken frequently. Why should we not say, therefore, that levee-building should be abandoned?

The Forest Service is ridiculed. Shall we reduce the country to a condition of primeval forest? it is asked. Is not a cultivatable area more productive than a forest area? Yes. But we want both, and we want particularly the lands that are not suitable for cultivation to be reforested, so that they can serve a beneficent purpose, not only in increasing the timber supply, but in restraining the flow of the rain and snow waters.

Then it is said that the bulk of the water does not come from the headwaters. That is true; but the headwaters add to the volume of the water below, and to that extent raise the crest of the flood.

What has the Bureau of Plant Industry, included in my bill as one of the cooperative services, to do with flood mitigation? writes one of the opponents of the system which I propose. The answer is obvious. Plants absorb moisture. They are largely composed of water, and they give off quantities of water through evaporation. If we determine upon the storage of water for intensive irrigation in the humid region it would be wise for the Bureau of Plant Industry to create the plants which can be most profitably developed through intensive cultivation. And so also with the arid region; a constant study must be made of the adaptation of cultivation to irrigation.

Generally speaking, there are only five drainage areas in the country—that area

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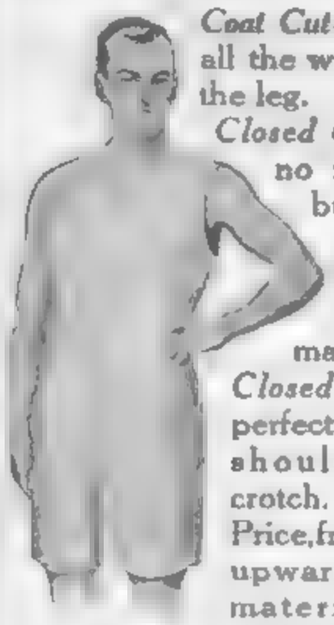

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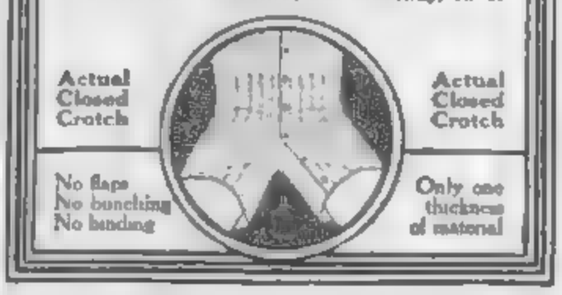

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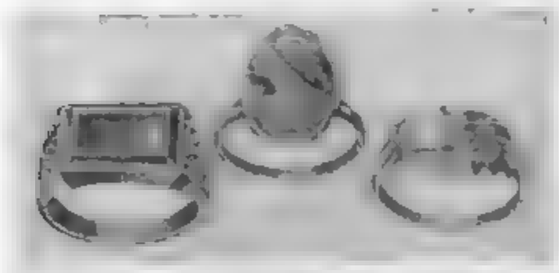

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which drains into the Atlantic and does not extend far inland; the Gulf drainage area, which includes the entire watershed of the Mississippi and its tributaries as well as other watersheds; the Pacific Coast drainage area; the Great Basin area, emptying into such internal seas as Salt Lake, Humboldt Lake and Walker Lake; and the Great Lakes drainage area.

All of these drainage areas have practically the same problems. They all require contemporaneous work. Various scientific services of the National Government are now employed in a detached way upon them, engaged in the study of all the problems that relate to water, and yet they are proceeding without any teamwork.

The nation has jurisdiction simply over the use of rivers for navigation. The states have jurisdiction over those rivers for every other purpose. Is it not then practicable to form a working union of the services that relate to water, and to form a working union of the nation with the states, and to frame comprehensive plans that will regard every river with all its sources and tributaries as a unit, and to provide ample funds by the coöperation of the nation and the states, so as to develop these rivers for every useful purpose and to prevent every destructive use of their waters? In this work we must necessarily take into consideration not only the improvement of interstate transportation through highly developed and perfectly constructed waterways but all the beneficial uses of water, and the control of all destructive powers of water in such a way that we may put our flood waters upon our arid lands, withdraw them from our swamplands, use them for water-power and intensive cultivation, and in every way conserve the most valuable national asset, outside of the land itself, that the nation has—its water.

State and Nation Must Coöperate

The national power to aid in all this rests upon the power to regulate commerce by the promotion of river navigation. It must be a real promotion of navigation—not a pretense. If it has this real purpose as its basis aid and coöperation can be given to these collateral works that assist in accomplishing this purpose. We can thus, by effective coöperation which will bring into union the powers and functions of all the sovereigns affected, both national and state, supplement our splendid railway system by a waterway system that will relieve the former of the burden of carrying cheap and bulky goods and products; and should we add to this later on an effective system of ocean transportation, we shall have the rail, the river and the ocean carriers all united in developing the commerce of the country. And accompanying this great coöperation in transportation we shall have the full development of our natural resources in forest and in water in such a way as to increase national production and wealth.

I propose amending in certain particulars the bill which I am urging. Hitherto this bill has provided for the union of the scientific services of the Government, in whatever department they may be, into a Board of River Regulation. I am inclined to think that it would be better to put the department chiefs, rather than the service chiefs, upon such a board. The numerous service chiefs belong now to the War, the Interior, the Agricultural, and the Commerce Departments. By organizing the chiefs of these departments, Cabinet officials, into a River Regulation Board and adding to this board two members of the Senate, two members of the House and an engineer of distinction, we can, through such a board, bring into coördination the various scientific services in the different departments, and thus we shall have a board that will be in touch with the President as well as with Congress.

The Appalachian Commission is now made up in this way. It consists of several Cabinet officials, two senators and two representatives. It has had no difficulty in bringing into coördination with it the Geological Survey and other subordinate services.

I trust that public sentiment, now so sympathetic with the general suffering and distress, will be equally earnest in demanding broad, comprehensive and continuous construction and administration of all questions that relate to water through legislative action. Public opinion alone can accomplish this by impressing Congress with its necessity.

How You in your daily washing can work complexion wonders

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually being rebuilt. Every day, in washing, you rub off dead skin, and new skin forms in its place. *This is your opportunity.* Follow the directions for using Woodbury's Facial Soap given below and make your washing a continual aid to nature's persistent efforts to make this new skin what you want it to be.

Five ways of washing

1st. For very tender skins. Wash with Woodbury's Facial Soap in the usual way, rinsing the lather off after a very short time.

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3rd. For very sluggish skins. Rub a thick lather of Woodbury's into the skin and leave it on all night.

4th. For hard, dry skins. Rub Woodbury's lather into the skin and then, while it is still damp, cover it with rubber tissue or other water-proof material.

5th. For users of cold creams. Apply a thick lather of Woodbury's and *massage* it into the skin, finally rubbing it off with a dry towel.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of an authority on the skin and its needs. Use *persistently* the treatment above best suited to your skin, and your complexion will gradually take on that finer texture and healthy color so much admired.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. As a matter of fact, it is not expensive, for it is solid soap—all soap. It wears from two to three times as long as the ordinary soap.

Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's and try this treatment tonight.

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Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 25c samples of ... and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Address ... to the Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. B-4, ... Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, ... Dept. B-4 ... Ontario.

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Having outlived one set of cars, these axles are starting on another 75,000-mile campaign

The twenty cars are gone—literally worn out in the hardest kind of service, that of the taxicab.

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The veteran Timken-Detroit Rear Axles, too, were mustered out—*but they have re-enlisted!*

In all those twenty times 75,000 miles there wasn't a broken gear or Timken Bearing! The axles are in perfect condition!

And now their owner, The Walden W. Shaw Livery Company of Chicago, is building twenty new cars, under which these Timken veterans will serve for years to come!

The Shaw Company have been in the taxicab business for five years. They keep accurate records. They *know* values of every part. The first three years Paul H. Geyser, Manager of the Mechanical Department, tried out cabs with various types of axles and bearings. Since then he has used only Timken.

There are big reasons—and mighty interesting stories—back of Timken records of service. You'll find them in our Timken Primers, A 9 "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles" and A 10 "On the Care and Character of Bearings." Sent free, postpaid, from either address below.

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"Style" in clothes is like "personality" in men—they both "wear well" if they reflect genuine qualities within. Styleplus Clothes $17 have *genuine* qualities.

Styleplus Clothes $17 have inward character. They offer you style *plus* the finest all-wool fabric, *plus* the most comfortable fit, *plus* the longest wear, *plus* the most finished workmanship you could ever purchase for less than $20 to $25 before. This makes an actual net saving of $3 to $8 on each suit.

We have reduced the manufacture of medium-priced clothes to an exact and economical science—and *you* can be the gainer. Fabrics all wool; canvas and tape all water-shrunk; coats hand-tailored; buttonholes all hand-worked; perfect workmanship throughout; and a style to attract you at once. Ask your clothier to show you his assortment of Styleplus in Norfolks, plain and fancy serges, cheviots, cassimeres, and worsteds.

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STYLEPLUS CLOTHES are sold by one leading clothier in each town and city. If there is a Styleplus dealer in your town, he will likely be listed in your local telephone book under "Styleplus Clothes." If there is no dealer in your town, write us for the name of the nearest dealer.

Look for this label in the coat.

Styleplus Clothes

THE MOLLYCODDLE

(Continued from Page 7)

gods alone know what the sailors smoke in the name of tobacco! Indeed it was less like gazing through fog and more like peering into an aquarium where, from out of strange nooks and corners, motionless fish evilly returned one's astonished gaze.

In one corner an oil lamp was smoking vilely, the chimney already black with soot. At the left was a bar presided over by a goggled Chinaman on a high stool. A white woman was working the beerpumps wearily and listlessly. A swart-visaged man—also listless—in a dirty apron, was filling empty gin bottles.

Listlessness seemed to be the epitome of expression here; sometimes it might give way to a flare of frenzy, deadly or innocuous, but the dull eye, the drooping mouth, the dank hair, these were representative. At the right were several tables set against the wall; and about these sat Charlie's patrons, a few bedraggled feathers—maybe a faded rosette—to relieve the monotony of rusty black felt. No trig man-o'-war's-men patronized the Hongkong Hotel; sailors from craft as shiftless and disreputable as themselves foregathered in this place.

"Hi! See oo's 'ere!" piped a cockney voice. "Mymie, it's th' juke!"

"Sure it's the juke! What will you chaps have to drink?"

"A real toff, Mymie!"

There are two individualities in every man. Thus the disembodied Arthur Wells Wilmot hovered in terror over the smiling physical Arthur Wells Wilmot who could not have told you, for the life of him, why he replied to the cockney in the phraseology of his order; why he brought forth a sovereign and spun it on the cherry bartop. Perhaps a nebulous recollection of some page in a novel suggested to Wilmot the attitude, which was sportsmanlike in the extreme.

Several of the men, including the cockney, pushed back their chairs and shuffled over. A tourist who had dined well and was out for a good time of his own—it was not an isolated case. Half a dozen rounds, as many jests and questions—and out of their orbit he would go.

For himself Arthur ordered a bottle of soda. He was holding up his glass in acknowledgment of the cockney's "'Ere's 'ow!" when the half-doors swung in violently and a woman pitched headlong to the floor. She was immediately followed by a hulking brute of a man with gin-bloated face, shoulders like a caryatid, and enormous hands covered with a mass of bristling, porcine red hair. He kicked the woman.

"'Old out on me, will yer? 'Oller aboht rent, will yer? I'll give yer wot's wot!" And he kicked her again.

The disembodied Arthur fled the scene and left the other to his fate. Arthur set down his glass. In Balzac and in Zola he had read of such things, but he did not dream they existed outside of books. He felt a hand on his arm.

"Don't mind 'im!" warned the cockney. "E's Big Bill Mullins, ex-'eavywyte. 'E's always beatin' 'er up w'en 'is skin's full. 'S all in th' gyme!"

"Do you stand for this?"—hotly.

"We has to! Bill 'as th' kick of a mule in 'is tootsies. Stick t' yer sody."

"I'm damned if I do!" And Arthur, for all the world like one of those impeccable heroes in Broadway melodrama, flung off the friendly hand and faced the bully. "Here, you big brute, leave the woman alone!"

"Oo 'n 'ell 'r' you?" roared Mullins. "She's my woman—kick 'er 's much 's I damn please!" He administered another kick to prove his authority.

Now Arthur was not athletic—very far from it. The only physical exercise he took was fencing, and that only because in Paris it was the fashion to play with buttoned foils. But deep down below there were wholesome red corpuscles, the gift of his paternal forbears, a race of fearless fighting men, bulldog in tenacity. He quickly shifted his cane to his left hand and struck with his right. Perhaps Mars, who referees all combats—even the lowliest—guided that blow. It struck the bully on the point of his chin. It was not a knock-out blow; it simply toppled the recipient to the floor and he rolled under the table.

Charlie slid off his stool; the swart-visaged bartender philosophically picked

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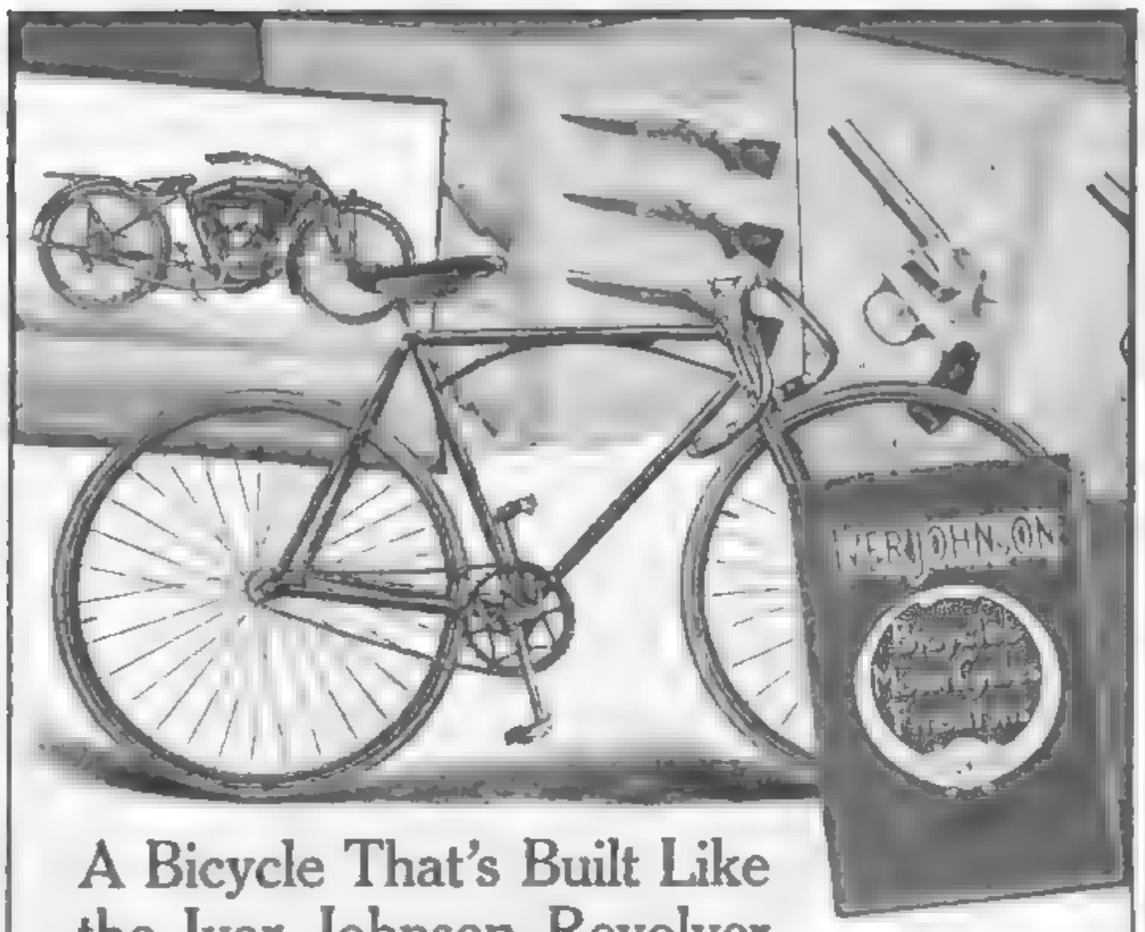
STAG



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up a mallet; while the barmaid leaned indifferently against the mirrored sideboard. It was all in a day's work.

"Hike!" hissed the cockney. "'E'll kill yer w'en 'e gits up!"

Instead Arthur picked up the poor outcast and seated her in a chair. She dropped her head upon her arms, sobbing.

"Mind yer block!"

Arthur turned just in time. The blow took the skin off his wrist. Instinctively he dropped his cane and hit back. What followed he never could relate with any coherency. For one thing—and of this he entertained no doubt—he was soundly walloped; but he gave almost as good as he got. All at once he found himself by the half-doors, the woman and the cockney propelling him outward. Back in the middle of the room he saw a confusion of forms. Charlie did not love the Japanese police; and Mullins, resenting interference, had gone berserker. The mêlée had become general.

"Run!" said the woman. "Bill'll kill you! You meant all right, but you've on'y got me another kickin'. 'E hain't bad w'en 'e's sober."

She urged him along. Stubbornly he held back. The cockney pushed.

"F" Gawd's syke, don't be a bloomin' ijut! Yer put up a tidy little mill, but 'e'll break yer this time. Rickshaw! Rickshaw!" he bawled, giving an extra heave which sent Arthur to the sidewalk. "'S a wonder yer alive! W'y, a byby knows more aboht 'oldin' up 'is jukes. Pure luck, blyme me! Run 'ome t' mommy! There's a good toff. Soak yer 'ead an' drink polly f'r breakus."

Arthur dug his hand into his pocket and brought out a fistful of coin, and there was a glint of gold among the silver pieces. "Here, take this!" he said to the woman and climbed into the rickshaw. "That'll carry you out of his reach."

He turned to the friendly cockney. "I left a cane back there. Keep it. The head is worth a couple of quid." He said this over his shoulder, for the coolie had witnessed enough. He legged it up the street with the speed of a pony and never stopped till he reached the side entrance of the Oriental Palace Hotel.

"Give the boy a sovereign," said Arthur to the distracted porter, who gave the coolie five yen and mentally wrote down, "To one sovereign," and so on.

Arthur walked groggily over to the mirror above the porter's washstand. Ye gods, if mama and aunty and the good grandmother could see precious now! Hatless, collar torn open, the bosom of his shirt a butcher's apron, his left eye tightly closed, his nose prominent enough to satisfy the most exacting physiognomist, his lips negroid in thickness, aching from his shins to his cranial bones, Arthur hugged his potted tree and called the porter:

"Got a hat and coat that I can put on?" The porter surrendered his own mufti. "Thanks! What time is it?"

"A quarter to ten, sir."

And all this had happened since eight-thirty! Arthur squinted at his knuckles, split and throbbing. Strange, but he did not feel at all like going to bed. There was pain everywhere—save in his back, which he had not voluntarily presented to Mullins; but, for all of that, he experienced a giddy exhilaration unlike anything he had ever known before. He had punched and been punched, savagely, primordially, in a tavern brawl!

She had said something about pain and obstacle, but he was quite certain this was not what she had meant. He laughed and marched down the corridor. As he passed the billiard room he dimly saw Chadwick in his shirtsleeves, executing a difficult shot. Arthur went on—out into the lobby. The guests still idling about looked at him in amazement—and sadly misjudged him. Arthur had been cheated out of his soda even.

As a matter of fact, however, he was drunk; but it was on a spiritual kind of wine—a rare old vintage out of which the cork of repression and dawdling and dilettantism had been yanked with a violent pop! He was wondering not how mama would take it when she heard, but what the good old *pater* would have said!

He had some difficulty in finding the steps, for his right eye was beginning to bother him. Bath—hot water and a good, long soak. He saw the light over the transom of Kate's door, and then suddenly she opened her door into the hall.

"Good Heavens!" breathed Kate slowly, but with a certain grimness.

"No, no!" he pleaded. "I have not been drinking."

"Then what have you been doing? What is the matter? Where have you been?"

"Well, you told me to go out and break something. So I did." The Wilmot, not the Wells, spoke then; for the Wells rarely condescended to joke.

"Arthur Wilmot!"—horrified.

"Arthur Wilmot it is. Won't you be a good Samaritan and patch me up?"

"But what has happened?"

He told her lightly, with a twist of humor of which she had not supposed him capable.

"And you did that?"

"I, Arthur W. Wilmot! You'd better hurry. The curtain is falling on the second act"—indicating his one available eye, out of which whimsically gleamed Old Man Wilmot. "Perhaps you'd better call your aunt."

She looked at him strangely. Another woman could have told him what that look meant.

"No. I'm not my brothers' sister for nothing. Patching up is an old story to me. Stand there for just a moment. I'll bring the things out into the hall. And you went out and did this ——"

"Well, perhaps," he interrupted tactfully, setting down the potted tree.

She brought out a chair; then went back into the room again and returned with bottles and cotton and cambric elusively fragrant with garden lavender. After his money! Middle-class!

The hall light was directly above. And from the skilled and delicate touch of her fingers the most delicious currents of electricity seemed to flow, causing his heart to beat so furiously that he grew faint. And she on her part did what she had always been longing to do—surreptitiously ran her fingers through his hair! Swiftly she set the chair and the bottles inside the room.

"You poor, foolish boy! That will take care of you till morning. Good night!"

"Kate!" Blindly he caught at her hands. "Could —— Would it be possible for you ever to love a poor, useless mollycoddle like me?"

She withdrew her hands quickly. Like the wings of a bird they flew to his cheeks and fluttered there. And swifter still she drew his head toward her and kissed him on the tip of his bruised nose—and was gone!

Sign Language

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, maker of plays, was presiding at the sheriff's panel jury dinner, a sumptuous feast in the city of New York, and told how the orchestra at the dinner of the Southern Society had played Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes! without receiving any applause. Thomas said he had called the attention of the society's president to the lack of enthusiasm for the touching English ballad, and that the Southerner had replied that the members of the society did not approve of the sentiment.

Some caught the joke—men from the South probably—but not the sheriff and a pal of his. Now the sheriff, Julius Harburger, has been described as the only living man—not an Irishman—who can get lost in a periodic sentence and yet find his way out. And Harburger and his friend did not laugh.

"Don't you see the joke?—Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes!" asked the juror seated on the friend's left.

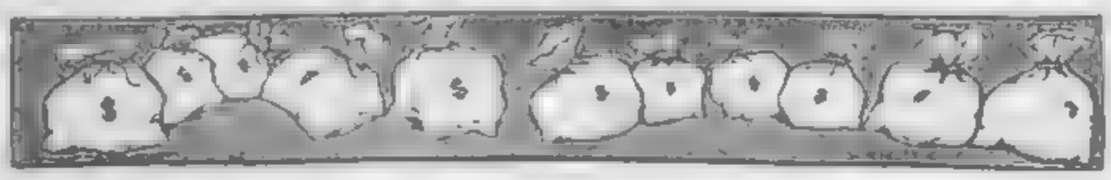
"No; I don't understand it," said Harburger's friend frankly.

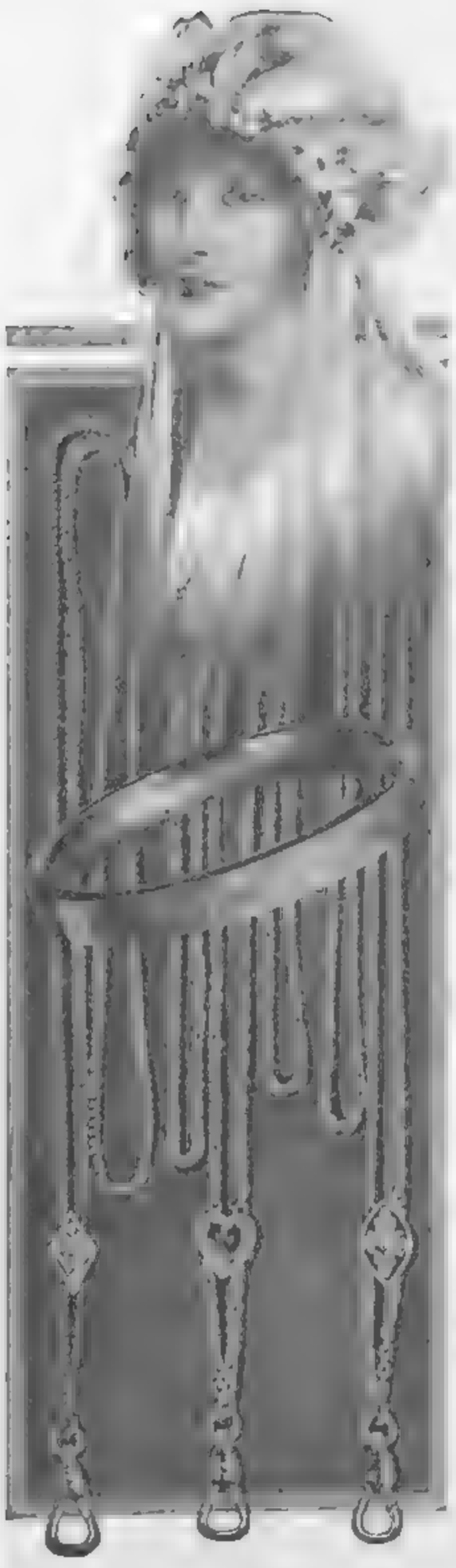
"But you see the joke, Julius?" said the juror.

"Certainly I see it!" insisted Harburger.

"Well, then, explain it to your friend here," said the juror.

"Vell—vell—Drink t' Me Only Mit Thine Eyes! Vell, it means you kin read the wine card, but you mustn't order nodding!"





Wedding Presents a Bride loves most

are the personal gifts, the pieces of jewelry she can treasure always, and wear in remembrance of her wedding day.

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Ask your jeweler to show you his Simmons stock. If he hasn't just what you want he can get it for you quickly. Write for free style book. R. F. SIMMONS CO., 191 N. Main Street, Attleboro, Mass. Established 1873.

A TRAVELER FOR THE FIRM

(Continued from Page 17)

"They have given me no time!" said Jones to himself irritably. Some one yelled. Voices sounded in French quite beyond Mr. Jones' comprehension, but he knew the language was bad and regretted his being the cause. He crouched close against the wall of the house, so that to find him heads must be put out of the window.

"He is gone! He can only be just outside. Hey, you Jones!" snarled the false captain.

"*Ici*," said Mr. Jones gently. "*Je suis ici, vilains!*"

"Come back, fool, and we will treat with you! Stay there and without fail shall we kill you!" cried his betrayer. "There is no way off that roof. You are in a trap, helpless!"

Mr. Jones loaded his bulldog and crouched closer.

"Give us the stones and you shall go ——"

"*Certainemong nong!*" said Jones crisply. "And I am armed."

"Oh, kill him, and have it over!" said a voice in French.

Mr. Jones' spine crisped. He waited. So he was to die!

"A most awkward affair!" he said aloud. "And due to my own carelessness. Still, as I am here ——" He waited quietly.

The voices came close to the window. Jones knew that a hand must appear before he could be killed; he watched for it. It came—a powerful, dirty hand, cuddled round a revolver. Snap! Snap! the bulldog spoke twice, and the larger weapon clattered on to the roof to the accompaniment of a roar of anguish.

"I am really a very excellent shot," murmured Jones to himself. And he wanted to wake up—badly. "I am obliged to do my employers' work," he said.

Two voices thundered threats, raging. Archibald Jones understood little of the rapid French they spoke.

"The little rat can shoot!" said one in English.

"Imbecile! *Scélérat* Jo-anes!" said the other.

Mr. Jones could not understand the words, but he knew the voices meant death. He crouched close, his finger on the trigger.

A hand appeared again, shooting out; and simultaneously a face, grim and set. A revolver coughed. Something whizzed past Mr. Jones' arm and he felt a sear as of hot iron—then the damp warmth of blood.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Jones. "It is in earnest!" And the cheap bulldog barked. He heard a cry from the room—veiled curses—threats.

The head swayed forward slowly into view, the mouth growing slack, the eyes staring in curious surprise at nothing—a thin crimson stream oozing from behind one ear.

"I have killed a man! Oh, Heaven! I have killed a man!" whimpered Mr. Jones. "Sir, are you very much hurt? You brought it on yourself—*vraiment!* I am merely the firm's traveler." Two voices snarled mad, incoherent answers. "Don't blame me, sir!" said Jones to his quiet entrapper, the man who had called himself Staunton. "You must recognize that, in my position of trust——" The face recognized nothing. It was silent on the roof and cold. Jones heard scrabbling sounds away to his right. "Be careful!" said Jones clearly. "*Avez* care, French robbers, for *je suis un* dead shot! *J'ai* hit the eye of a *vache*, an *homme vache* in a *fusil* shop—plumb! So be careful, *je vous impresse!*"

Then in the silence he began to crawl toward the gutter; thinking he might find some one to call to down below; he was working a laborious way when a trapdoor shot up and two faces peered into the gloom. One he had seen before; the other was merciless, bestial—framed by a week's growth of stubble. Somehow the puny little Londoner knew that this was the face of the man who would have first tortured and then killed him. A blood-stained bandage was wrapped round one hand; the other gripped a revolver.

"Softly!" said this man. "We will cripple him, but leave him alive."

"English dog, give up the stones and we will give you your life!" said the man who had been called Hill.

"*Nong!*" jerked out Mr. Jones. "*Nong!* Apaches!" Inwardly another voice said resignedly: "Now I shall certainly be

Don't spoil good tobacco by using a poor pipe

YOU wouldn't think of putting a lot of costly, hand-rubbed furniture into a barn! Then why pack some expensive brand of high-grade tobacco into a poorly constructed pipe? This is just what numbers of pipe-smokers *do* every day—and then they wonder why the tobacco burns hot and bites their tongue—or smokes strong and bitter.

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It illustrates photographically how Michaels-Stern Clothes look on live models.

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Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing

ROCHESTER N.Y.

killed. And the sweet-pea seeds were for exhibition!"

The eyes in the evil face saw him. With an oath, the man sprang—agile, sure-footed; and his revolver spat twice.

"I have really no desire to hurt you if you will go quietly," said Jones. "But — " The cheap pistol coughed out the remaining bullets; it could do no more.

The evil, hideous face came on. Mr. Jones dropped his weapon and caught frantically at the Frenchman's sleeve.

"It is over!" he said to himself.

But even as the hot breath fell on him and he saw closely the cruelty of the stubble-framed mouth, with its broken, blackened teeth, the fierce eyes fixed, the triumphant grin widened. Slowly, very slowly, the man crumpled to his knees; he coughed quite gently but persistently—one hand tearing at his side. Then the cough grew fainter, softer; he pitched out and lay still.

"The lungs!" said Jones. "Man! I warned you of the *vache's* eye ——"

"You devil!" yelped a voice behind the trapdoor.

"Oh, yes; but as I explained ——" began Jones.

"Oh, you devil!" said the voice again, and hurried steps sounded descending.

"It is very awkward, but this person also appears to be dead!" murmured Jones, touching the still form. "He would interfere! And I think I had better leave."

Like a man in a dream he approached the trapdoor; and, with a last apologetic look at the two quiet people lying in the dusk, he went down a dirty ladder to find a door leading on to a flight of stairs. Indescribable odors drifted up them; those of charcoal, cabbage soup, of humanity penned in close places; but Jones met no one. In two minutes he was padding bootless along narrow ways, where houses jostled, blotting out the sky. The gleam of the river brought hope. Small and shabby, he escaped the notice of birds of prey, though at first he dreaded meeting the man called Hill, with new friends.

He was saved by the value of the booty—indiscriminate aid would have meant too great a sharing of plunder; and his would-be robber had to go to find friends.

The streets widened; he made timid inquiries for the way. Little Jones was very tired; he felt spasms of nausea. He hailed a taxi nervously, concealing his feet. The wide streets of golden Paris fled by him, and somewhere—two men lay dead!

"I shall wake!" murmured Archibald Jones.

The great jeweler, growing uneasy, still awaited the messenger. A disheveled, hatless, bootless little man was ushered into the private office of Monsieur Jules Leroux.

"From Mr. Mosenthal," said Jones precisely. "I have been waylaid by Apaches—by foolish men who did not understand the danger."

"*Mais!*" said Leroux, open-eyed—"*Mais!* They have robbed you! Ah! the police!"

"Robbed me!" said Jones contemptuously. "Here, *mossoo*, are your stones!" He drew from his pocket five large pears, carefully hollowed out, cunningly glued together where they had been opened, and varnished over. "If you will sign the receipt ——" said little Jones unevenly as he broke open the fruit. "I am not—very—well."

The warm room spun and darkened. He woke to the raw taste of brandy and the horror of sickness. Recovering, he told his story simply, taking all blame.

"And it was so distressing, but necessary," he said. "They would not take advice. Two — and now if there is a trial—a scandal —"

"*Au nom de Dieu!*" roared Leroux. "Do you say you—you have shot a man to save your jewels?"

"Two," corrected Mr. Jones. "Both were quite dead; their eyes were open. And if they make it murder ——" Leroux got some brandy hurriedly. He listened to fresh details. "I could not help it; as you have heard, they would interfere," pleaded Jones.

Leroux drew little figures on his blotting pad; he coughed softly. Then he suggested to Jones that the affair might never reach the ears of the world. The two quiet people might not be missed much in Paris.

"In a nest of rats, rats die and are thrown out," said Leroux. "As you shot no one came. But—*au nom de Dieu!*—you—you do not wish for publicity," he went on, still studying his mild-visaged visitor. "And you are sure of it all?"

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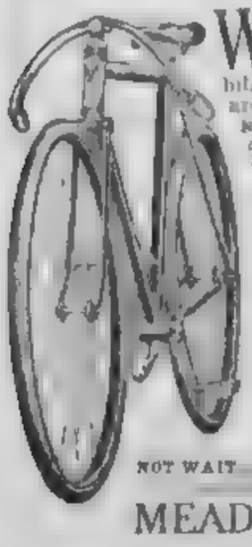

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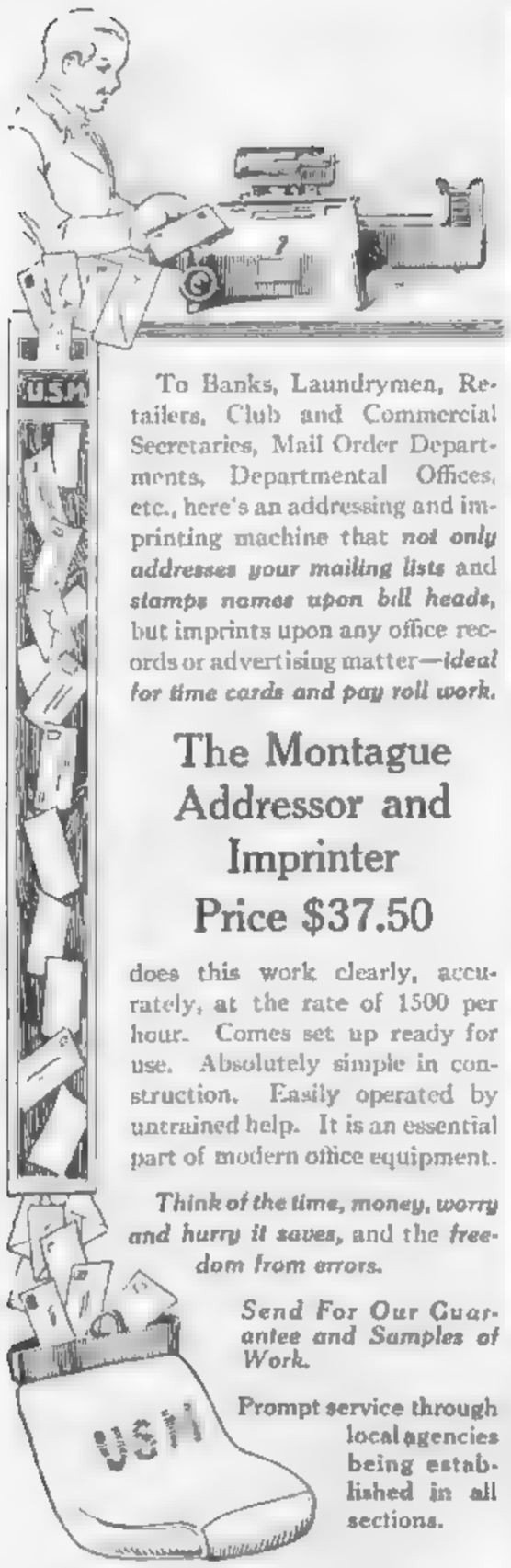

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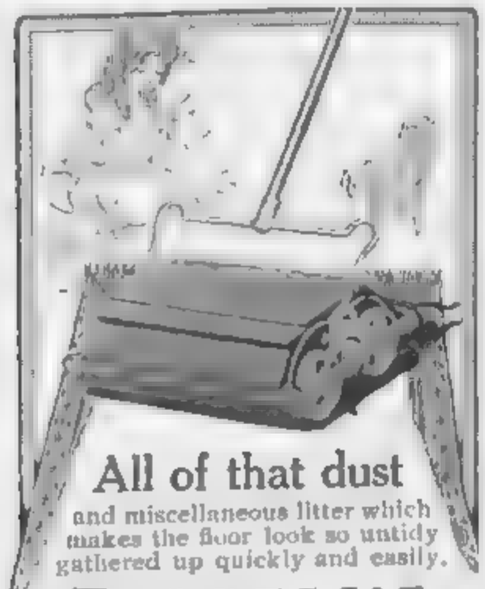

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cleans, brightens and preserves carpets and rugs and is the most convenient and practical everyday sweeping device for the home. It is entirely self-adjusting and automatic. Sold by the best [illegible] here. Prices $2.75 to $5.75.

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Mr. Jones unclasped his right hand; it held a small, cheap button. Very slowly he touched his left shoulder, where his coat was singed and damp.

"It is blood!" said Leroux. "It is astonishing! And you would not wish for publicity, monsieur?"

"Oh, *nong! Nong!*" breathed little Jones. "The skill of the English shooter needs no advertisement. I," he looked wistful—"I was beginning to hope I had dreamt it; but——" He moved his shoulder painfully.

"Get back from Paris!" said Leroux. "It is unhealthy for too brave a man. Get back now! My man shall give you boots and see you off."

The jeweler was not sure whether he had heard the story of a fool or a lunatic until, strolling into the Morgue, he saw two quiet men there—one shot through the forehead and one missing two fingers. Yet there was no word of murder in the French papers.

A weary, travel-stained little man presented himself to Amos Mosenthal next morning and delivered his receipt.

"And all fair sailing? No thieves? It was all right, even for you, Jones?"

"It was right, but a little distressing," said Jones mildly—"the shooting."

"The what?" flashed Amos.

"With the diamonds upon me, sir, it was necessary," apologized Mr. Jones. "And they would die, sir. I warned them!"

Mr. Amos Mosenthal gasped, and then laughed as he heard a sketch of the affair.

"You dreamt it! Go home and sleep it off, Jones," he said contemptuously. "You dreamt it!"

"That," said Mr. Jones, "is what I am trying to believe; but"—he touched his shoulder—"but there is a bloodstain, and all my bullets are gone, sir."

"You!" said Amos Mosenthal. "You shot sparrows with them!"

He rang up Paris, however; and when later on Paris rang him up he wrote a check payable to Archibald Jones, and said several words that were not prayers.

Archibald Jones went home to Anna. He hid the revolver—he called his wound a scratch; and he tried to make it a dream.

"The sweet peas should be good, my dear," he said that evening.

"But what I want to know," said Anna Jones, "is who tore your coat and why you bought silly French, long-toed boots!"

"It was all part of a—er—misunderstanding, my dear," said Jones mildly. "My boots were stolen when I was ——"

"Asleep?" snapped Mrs. Jones.

"Yes—asleep!" said little Jones firmly.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of four stories by Dorothea Conyers. The second will appear in an early issue.

Power by the Cam

CAREFREE touring across the continent in electrics, when the car can run into a garage and fill up with fresh power as quickly as other automobiles fill up with gasoline, is a possibility of the near future; but it may require a canned electricity trust to bring this condition about.

Enough power can now be stored in the batteries of an electric for trips of fifty and even one hundred miles, but to recharge carefully takes hours, and when touring it is sometimes difficult to find charging stations. The best way to meet this difficulty is to have standard sizes of batteries and equipment, so that batteries in a car may easily be taken out and replaced. There seems good reason to believe that such standardization will soon prevail, for it has already been achieved in many mechanical devices that seemed to offer greater difficulties. Canned light for automobiles is sold now all over the country.

The real nut to crack is the question of who shall own the batteries. People would not wish to exchange empty good batteries for filled poor ones. Possibly a canned electricity trust might own them all, and electrics be sold without batteries. The owner of an electric would then run into a garage with his rented batteries, have the empties replaced by charged ones, and pay a fee for the electricity and the use of the batteries. Those he left behind would be recharged for the next customer.

The idea of getting a can of electricity for home use is an old one, which failed because a storage battery holding much power could not be delivered by the grocer boy or carried home by a commuter. This objection, however, does not apply to electric automobiles, which would call for their own power.

The Best of Summer Pleasures.

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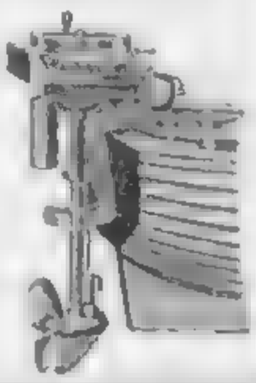

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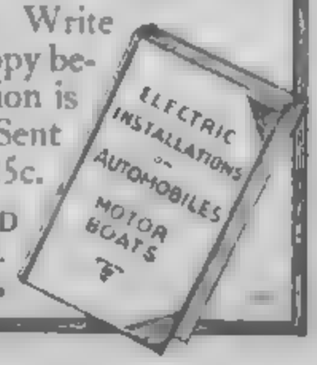

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THE WHISTLING MAN

(Continued from Page 25.

"You were only five, weren't you, when you left?" she asked, or rather she remarked; and Craig smiled, inwardly grim. His first surmise had been right, he saw. She did know his history. Sufficient to say it did not make him feel the easier.

"Yes, five, Miss Gawtry," he answered, his tone short. Then bluntly, so abruptly as almost to be brusk, Craig wrenched the talk away from the imminently personal channel. "Delightful country this, isn't it?" he said voluminously. "In France we seldom see such smashing trees!" And instantly, having uttered this, he cursed himself for its utter inanity.

Miss Gawtry, besides, shot a quick look at him.

"Smashing? Oh, decidedly!" she replied, in her tone a hint of dry mockery that did not escape him. "Decidedly smashing!" However, she was too well-bred to pursue the topic he had so clumsily shown was distasteful to him; and leaning forward she made a pretense of watching the cob's hock-and-knee action as he scampered along the road.

An arid pause followed. Craig was in no mood to make small talk, nor did she seem more inclined. He was quite certain now that she felt restrained and awkward, not merely shy. Her eyes were cold and her mouth was set fixedly. Craig's opinion was that, having heard all about him, she didn't thank her father for having thrust him upon her to entertain. Presently he was filled with relief when they turned a bend in the road and beheld a huge gateway with a lodge beside it.

"Here we are, Mr. Craig!" she announced negligently; and Craig, mumbling an unintelligible reply, nodded briefly. Just then there whirled round the turn behind them a huge racing car, with a long gray snout of a hood set preposterously upon a squat wheelbase and a tiny baby tonneau. Its horn blared once, a blatant, rasping snarl; and at that the bay cob, shrinking sideways into the ditch, snatched at his bit and bolted.

But he did not bolt for far. Imperturbably self-possessed, the girl caught him, it seemed, in midair, and with a turn of her wrist and a quiet word of caution almost at once brought him down to earth again. It was a slight but masterly piece of driving; and Craig, his fit of self-conscious sulkiness vanishing, smiled in open admiration. Then with a roar and a shrill treble whoop from the driving seat the racing car flashed past.

Angie drove, one hand on the steering wheel, the other waving a salute. Her father sat beside her, scolding apprehensively as the mudguards shaved by; while in the tonneau the chauffeur, a Frenchman, braced himself and tried his best to look unconcerned. Then, as Angie pressed her slippered foot to the pedal, the car leaped like a missile through the gateway and vanished in a roaring cloud of dust.

The cob now was parading on his hind legs; and again Craig smiled as he watched the girl beside him straighten out the spirited animal.

"You have hands, Miss Gawtry," he said quietly; "you have good nerves, too, I'd say."

A little to his surprise she looked suddenly at him with a quick, friendly smile. It sprang like sunshine through a cloud. "Thank you, Mr. Craig!" Then she added quickly: "Are you, too, fond of horses?" When he said yes, for an instant she bit her lip reflectively, then glanced at the tiny watch set in her wriststrap. "If you'd like to see the bay really work," she suggested, "we could try the back road. There are no motors there to bother."

Craig was delighted. Swinging the cob at the gate, Miss Gawtry turned down a quiet byway arched overhead by the trees; and there for half an hour Champion Irvin's Irvin was put through his best showring paces. Then flushed and bright-eyed, the girl, glancing at her watch, gave a little cry of dismay.

"Why, look at the time!" she exclaimed; "nearly one! You haven't had a bite, I suppose," she asked, "since daylight?" With a light laugh she added then: "For that matter, neither have I, you know. Father and I breakfasted just after the Kaiser left quarantine!"

"Were you abroad with your father?" Craig asked idly, more to make conversation than for any real curiosity.

She shook her head, curiously again coloring. "I ran down on the Onontio to meet him, Mr. Craig. He'd been away only three weeks, but I wanted to see him. Then as he wished to find you and talk to you, I came home in our town motor. It's only a short run, you know."

Craig smiled. "It'll take me some time, Miss Gawtry," he remarked, "to get used to America's casual way of doing things. Think of running abroad for just three weeks!"

She nodded indifferently.

"I suppose so. Father, though, wanted the trip. He loves the sea."

Again after that the conversation languished. Flicking with her whip at the roadside dandelions and daisies, she let the cob drift along as he liked, her eyes dropped in thought. Craig did not offer to press the talk. He, too, sat back silent. Then as they emerged out of the tunneled green depths of the byroad, and the lodge gate loomed up before them, she gave an abrupt little exclamation. A motor, a landaulet with the back-top dropped, was just stopping at the lodge. "Why, it's Mary Adair!" she murmured faintly; and then a tide of color surged furiously into her face.

Craig, conscious of her confusion, glanced at her swiftly, then as quickly looked away. He could not have told why though. It merely happened so. He did wonder, however, at the girl's embarrassment. With the angry self-consciousness of what he'd learned, what had hurt him, he was disposed to grow grim again. Instantly he decided better. Mary Adair was looking over the landaulet's low door and she was smiling at him.

"Hello, Hilda! how are you?" she called cheerfully; then she glanced at Craig, her air slyly amused. "Well, Mr. Craig; I didn't expect to see you so soon!"

Craig flashed back a smile at her.

"Neither did I!" he admitted frankly. "It's all as sudden to me as to you!"

Miss Gawtry, after a "Good morning, Mary!" a greeting as quiet as it was brief, had turned her attention to the cob. After dancing a little on his toes he had settled down into an ecstasy of half-terrified curiosity and was now sniffing tentatively at the front tires and the hood. Mary Adair addressed her again: "Hilda, as we're dining with you tonight I stopped to say your Cousin Will is staying with us. Shall you have room for him?"

"For Willie? Willie Hemingway?"

Craig could have sworn she started. When he glanced at her, though, her face was blank, quite devoid of expression. Almost instantly she spoke again. "I'd forgotten he was home. Let me ask father, Mary, if there's a place at the table."

To himself Craig prayed devoutly there wouldn't be room.

"Thank you, Hilda!" returned Mary Adair, and with a smile for Hilda, then another for Craig, she had told the chauffeur to go on, when she leaned over the side, calling: "And, Hilda, if you can won't you bring Mr. Craig over to see me? Telephone to make sure I'm at home!"

Then landaulet and wagon parted; but as the motor whisked out of view up the road, Craig looked back at it just in time to see Mary Adair turn and look back too. With another smile she waved a friendly hand at him. Somehow, perhaps not curiously, it cheered, encouraged him. He was reflecting on it when Hilda Gawtry's quiet voice broke in on him.

The flush had again faded from her cheek, leaving again only its frail translucent pink. "I'd forgotten that you knew Mary Adair," she murmured—"that you are a friend of hers."

"I met her nine years ago, Miss Gawtry. I can't say, though, that I'm lucky enough to be called her friend."

Hilda Gawtry nodded thoughtfully.

"You are right, Mr. Craig," she said simply; "any one would find it fortunate to become her friend. I wish I were!"

Craig exclaimed in surprise. "Why, aren't you?" and the girl's lips parted wistfully. "I've known her all my life, of course, but I've never known her intimately. She is older than I am—a little anyway; then her tastes must differ from mine, I think." Looking round at Craig, she added unaffectedly: "If you don't know her life, Mr. Craig, all her daily occupations, you can't understand how much she is to be admired. I'm told her father

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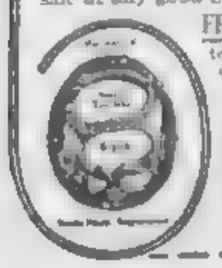

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There was an inflection in the last speech that instantly struck his attention. "You say Adair trusts no one?" he repeated. "Is that the case really?"

Once more she flicked at the daisies and dandelions with her whip, her eyes thoughtful. "Mr. Craig," she answered with a distinctness so deliberate as to be marked, "few trust others, I'm afraid, downtown in New York." Then before he could speak she added quietly: "You are going into the Street, the business there, father tells me. He has offered you a place, I think?" When Craig said yes, that he had been told so, she smiled vaguely. "Do you know, Mr. Craig, if I were a man, a young man especially, like you, I question whether I'd choose that career. Just to get money, nothing else, seems so futile, so little to the purpose of life. Then to get it in such a way besides!" she added; "not to build, to create, to construct—not that—instead just to take it from others. Mr. Craig, I wonder whether you know just what you are going into; what this Wall Street is that seems to draw, to captivate so many young men?"

There was no haste, no emotion whatever in what she said; she did not even raise her voice as she spoke. Craig, however, sat back startled, awake to what she was saying. He was deeply curious now to know what else she might have to tell him. "The Street?" he answered absorbedly. "No, I know nothing about it. Why?"

"I was sure you didn't," she returned. "Few like you ever do. If they did I'm afraid not many would go into the Street!" Then she looked up at him, the vague smile still twisting the corner of her mouth. "You want friends, don't you, Mr. Craig? You want to have about you men that you are fond of and that are fond of you? Let me tell you, then, that in Wall Street men have no friends, they have only acquaintances. To have a man for your friend means that you trust him. In Wall Street no man trusts any one. They dare not. The stakes are too great; the greed, the risk, too vast! Down there it is a merciless scramble for money, Mr. Craig, nothing else; and to get it they'll stick at little. I myself know of a man—men rather!" she hastily corrected, "good men, honest, upright, gentle, that have been corrupted by its greed till they sacrificed all that must have been dear to them—their friends, their honor, the last rags and tatters of their integrity. If I were a man, a young man especially, Mr. Craig," she said, smiling at him frankly, "I'd think it over twice before I chose just that sort of life."

He had listened intently. All of it frankly had been to him a good deal of a revelation. It was not that her statement of Wall Street rapacity, its greed and corruption, had astonished him, it was instead that a girl of her age, her place and position in life, should be equipped mentally to talk like that. No English girl he'd ever met, much less any girl in France, could have displayed such information. But then this was Craig's introduction to America.

However, when he spoke he did not dwell on this. Smiling dryly he said: "Isn't this rather curious, coming from you, Miss Gawtry? Your father is in Wall Street."

She stared at him swiftly, her face sharp. "You do not know my father," she returned bluntly. "Whatever any one may believe of him, I know him to be kindly and generous!" In the way she said it there was a quiet dignity that did not escape Craig, and he admired her for it. However, he had no dispute with the daughter on this point, and he hurried to say so. For a moment she reflected. "The fact is, Mr. Craig," she added, "I think that my father, had he been able, would have left the Street long ago! I don't know, of course, but somehow I feel he would."

"Why, how so?" inquired Craig, mystified. "Do you mean he can't?"

"He doesn't dare, Mr. Craig—not just now, at any rate. He dare not let go. There are many like him in Wall Street, Mr. Craig; your friend, Mr. Adair, for example," she added.

Adair was hardly a friend of his, though he refrained from saying so. "I don't understand, Miss Gawtry," he returned. "Do you mean that if they let go they might lose a part of their money?"

"They'd surely do that!" she answered; "though it isn't really the point. What would happen is that many that trusted

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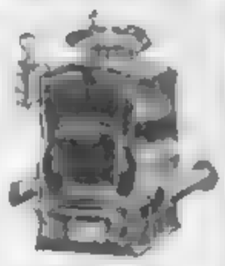

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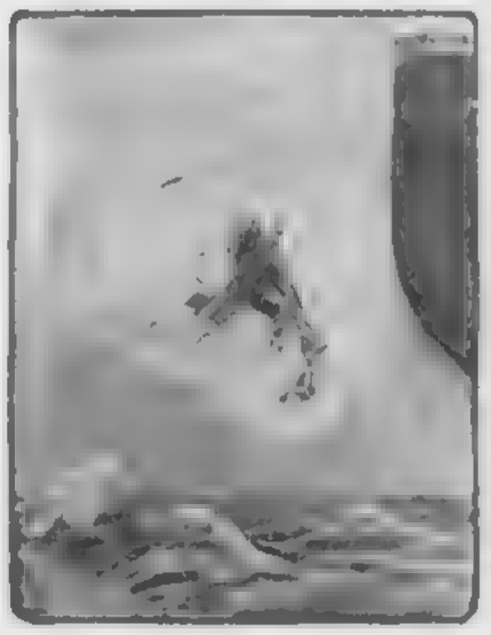

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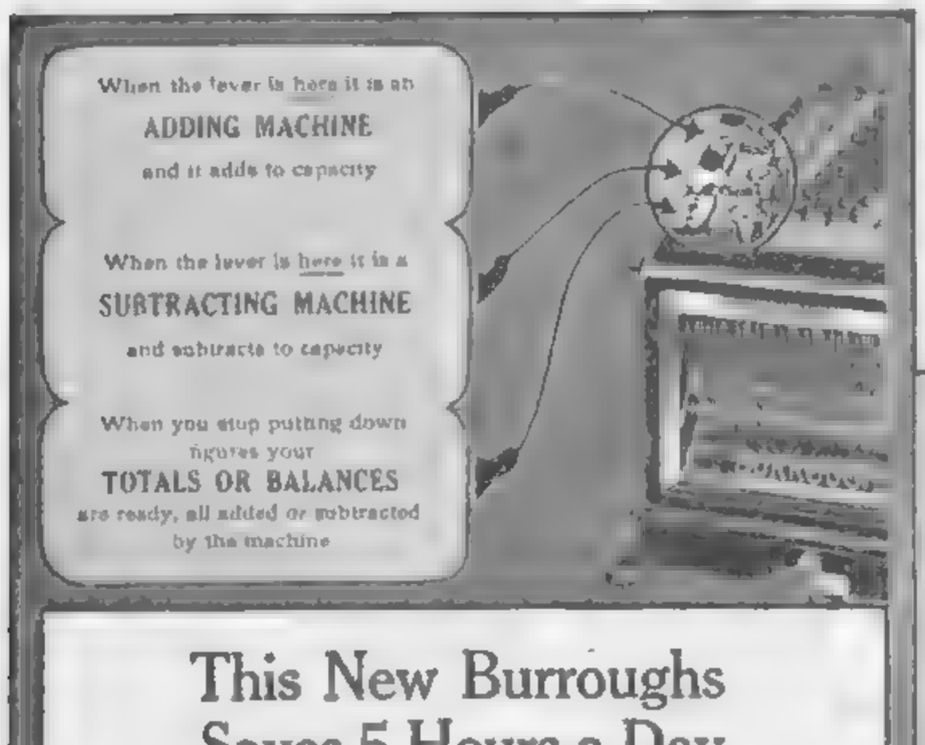
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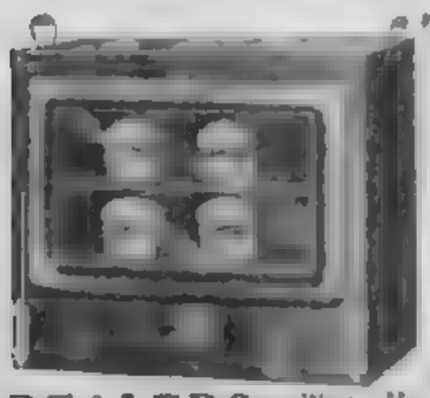

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them, believed in them, might suffer. You don't know of the countless outsiders that are hurt when Wall Street gets to fighting."

"Yes," answered Craig whimsically, "but I thought you said no one trusted any one down there!"

"They trust my father!" she said proudly. "I can tell you that!"

And Craig said no more.

"See!" murmured the girl, pointing with her whip; "there's the house now. We are coming in by the back way. In a moment you'll see it all through the trees."

Craig looked round him, his face curious. "Jove, Miss Gawtry!" he exclaimed; "we haven't been driving all the time, have we, in your father's place? Really?"

She smiled, a little demurely, he thought.

"Yes, Mr. Craig; but I'll be honest," she answered; "we've been driving about in circles. I thought perhaps it would help kill the time."

But though she said it idly, inconsequently, there was a little note of effort in her tone that was evident to his quick eyes. She looked tired, wan, as if in fact that idle, time-killing little jaunt had proved a good deal of an effort for her. He wondered whether she was strong, physically active and alert, like Mary Adair. He wondered, too, whether she had not prolonged that drive in order that she might prolong her talk. As they whirled along up the hedged driveway that led from the rear gardens to the house, she spoke again suddenly:

"You mean to take father's offer, then, I suppose?"

Again the whimsical, playful mood fell lightly upon Craig.

"Miss Gawtry," he said quietly, so that the groom in the rumble might not hear him, "this is the situation: I have in the world just sixteen dollars, and your father offers me a position—a position in Wall Street! If you were I, what would you do?"

She turned and looked him in the eyes, her face transfigured by a sudden harsh and startling hardness. Her voice, too, when she spoke, thrilled with repressed emotion.

"If I were a man," she answered, "I would not ask you to make up my mind for me. I'd have the courage, the honesty, rather, to make up my mind for myself."

And with this observation, bluntly given and completely and utterly inexplicable, Miss Gawtry pulled up the cob under the vine-covered *porte cochère*, and rising, as the groom took the bay by the head, leaped lightly to the ground. But slipping, as her foot touched the ground, she gave a subdued cry and stood tottering, biting her lip in pain. Craig in an instant was over the wheel and at her side. Miss Gawtry gave him a sudden sign. "Hush! Careful!" she warned. "Here's father!"

"But you are hurt!" he protested as again he saw her bite her lip.

"It's nothing! I only turned my foot a little!" Then she made him again a swift signal of silence. "Don't let father know, Mr. Craig. He will worry."

It occurred to Craig that Hilda Gawtry did not require to become a man to have courage, decision of any kind.

Gawtry emerged buoyantly to welcome them. He had already changed into thin flannels, and looked cool, freshly tubbed and tended. "Well, well!" he exclaimed with loud heartiness; "you young people seem to have had quite a drive! How did the bay work, Hilda? Up to the mark?"

She nodded, and as she moved forward Craig saw her two small front teeth sink a little deeper into her lip. But she gave no sign, releasing her lip only to smile at her father. "Yes, indeed, he comes on better all the time, dad!" Then the smile she had forced on her lip vanished. "I saw Mary Adair a while ago. Will Hemingway is visiting them." At this Gawtry flashed a look at her, a gleam of surprise, Craig saw. "And, father," she finished, "I told her I'd telephone if there was room for him at dinner."

Gawtry did not respond. He was still gazing at the girl, when the screen door flew open and Angie burst upon their presence, entirely filling it, one might say, with her cool, assured personality and long, lanky limbs. Behind her there came also into view, moving with stately indolence and disdain, a pale, tall woman with dull, bovine eyes, dark hair just graying, and the most selfish and weak, slack, ineffectual mouth Craig had ever beheld upon a woman. He guessed her at once as Mrs. Gawtry, and he guessed too, before long, why Gawtry, in place of leaning on her for wisdom and advice, relied in his household almost entirely on his elder daughter.

"Lettie," said Gawtry almost appealingly, "this is Leonard! Tell him, won't you, how glad we are to have my old friend's son stopping with us?"

But Mrs. Gawtry did not tell him. Instead, she satisfied herself by giving him in turn a look, a rabbitlike smile, two slim fingers, then oblivion. Angie, however, as her mother wandered away on some triviality, fully supplied any diversion needed. "Ah, how goes it, Mr. Craig? Did sis show you bisons, grizzly bears or redmen on your drive?"

"No," grinned Craig, "no bisons, no grizzlies, no redmen!"

"What a bore!" deplored Angie, clucking her tongue. "And didn't sis show the distinguished stranger even a lynching? No? Why, how very peculiar! Usually in darkest America we have one every morning!"

"Angie!" said her sister, her face queer, "you are rude and you are ill-bred!"

"Oh, yes," retorted Angie, a darkling gleam in her eye, "but don't forget, sis, that some day I shall blossom wondrously into a perfectly perfect gentlewoman!" Then, with the gleam of deviltry growing in her cool, green orbs, Angie turned to Craig, her small face a study of elfin *insouciance*. "Mr. Craig," she murmured indolently, with a perfect burlesque of her mother's voice and bovine air, "I trust that my sister repaired her omission as a hostess by being personally agreeable? She did, I trust?"

"She did—perfectly!" said Craig, grinning in spite of himself. "She was most agreeable!"

And there Angie's mockery instantly ceased. She flung a look first at Craig, and next at her sister, then back at Craig again.

"She'd better be—agreeable!" she snapped at him, her tone vixenish. "She'd better be—to you! She has to! She had her orders! I heard her get them!"

Then Angie fled.

But Craig did not notice her going. He was gazing at the sister. She stood with her hand upon her breast, her face fiercely mantled with a flush. Then her color died, and as suddenly she turned a ghastly, leprous white.

He was still gazing at her, still wondering, when with a shamed and frightened glance at him she dropped her head and fled, limping painfully through the doorway.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Wire Tappers

A TELEGRAPH message sent completely round the world, by one telegraph operator, with no relaying by operators anywhere on the circuit, is within sight as one of the side possibilities of the new method of submarine cable signaling now being installed by one of the cable companies.

Messages have been sent round the world often, but it has taken much time for the message to go, no matter how perfect the arrangements were, for it has always been necessary to have the message taken by an operator at the end of a cable line, who gives it to another operator to send over a land line. Many of such relays were included in the circuit.

Under the Gott system it will be possible, once all the cables on the circuit are properly equipped, for an operator in New York to send the message out, have it pass round the world, instantly and automatically relayed from cable to land line and from land line to cable, and finally sound again at the operator's elbow—a fraction of a second behind the sending.

The accepted method of cabling has been to use a strong current on the cable and send dots that could be detected at the other end by a very delicate instrument. The faintness of the current received prevented the use of ordinary telegraph instruments or the relay instruments used on land lines. The Gott system makes it possible to receive dots or impulses strong enough to operate an automatic relay, which will then send the dots and dashes over a land wire.

Its principle is simple. Instead of sending a series of impulses, the operator sends one impulse and then reverses the current to the other direction for the next impulse. This reversal is readily detected by an instrument that, in turn, operates the relay to the land line.

How 15,000 Merchants And Manufacturers Make An Extra $22,000,000 Per Year

They All Thank the Fire Insurance Companies for Adding This to Their Net Profits

FIFTEEN thousand men make $22,160,000 a year without assuming any risk whatever; virtually, as you will learn, without investing a dollar. This money, this extra profit, comes to them because the fire insurance companies exempt them from paying for insurance at the rate others must pay.

This extra profit, in individual cases, frequently amounts to ten and even twenty-five per cent. of their net earnings from regular business operations. This obvious advantage over their fellow business men is a fact so serious to those outside this group of 15,000 that

It Challenges Closest Scrutiny

These 15,000 men are protected from fire by Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers. Somewhere, every few hours, a Grinnell puts out a dangerous fire. Every fire thus nipped in the bud saves the insurance companies thousands of dollars. The total saving to the companies is so great that they can make a big enough exemption in premium to the owner of a Grinnell equipment to soon pay for the system and thereafter pay him a big additional sum each year merely for protecting himself. This seems impossible. Yet thoughtful consideration of the facts will make it perfectly clear.

The Facts in the Case

First: The *amount of business property being destroyed by fire is enormous.* The business world would realize how great this loss is if the insurance companies rendered a bill for it every morning, rubber stamped, "Premium due—$500,000—for yesterday's business burned up." They don't, but nevertheless the business world in the course of a year pays in premiums $182,500,000—pays this sum into a joint contribution fund to help the victims of fire. The fire insurance companies are in business to collect and distribute the fund.

Second: *The amount of property saved from destruction by the Grinnell method is enormous.* Owners of Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers are not called on to contribute to this fire victim fund as others are, because they don't burn up; and therefore don't make drafts on the fire insurance companies as others do. If they burned up as others do it would cost the insurance companies about thirty-one millions yearly.

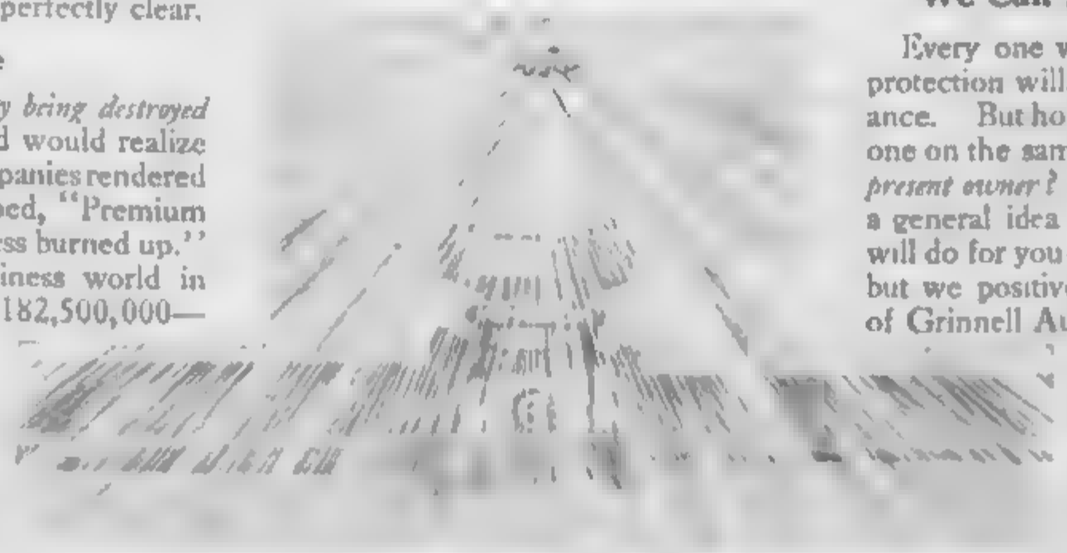
A mechanical invention keeps them from burning.

Their buildings are equipped with a system of ceiling piping on which Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler "heads" are placed at intervals. The heads are set to operate at 155° of heat, and at that heat they automatically open and release a drenching spray of water under high pressure. Instantly an alarm of fire rings out at various points in the building and on the street.

Why Insurance Companies Pay For Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers

Third: *The fire insurance companies pay for Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers through reduced premiums.* This clear gain continues long after the system is fully paid for—as long as the owner is in business and wants insurance.

They do this because they know that in a building so protected every fire attracts to itself the water which puts it out; that "every fire commits suicide"; that building, contents and life are thereby saved.



Their records show that this very thing has happened in 16,349 fires, with an average loss by both fire and water of only $265. Whereas without automatic sprinklers the average loss by fire and water, according to the best published records for 1912, is $33,425. Such an astounding record of success has caused the insurance companies to use the greatest lever within their power—low insurance rates—to induce business men to safeguard their property in this way.

A Twofold Result

1. Billions of insured business wealth of the nation is today safeguarded against fire by over eighteen million automatic sprinkler heads installed by the General Fire Extinguisher Company.

2. 15,000 men have gained altogether $425,700,000. Insurance statisticians estimate that these men have saved another $400,000,000 because their businesses have not been interrupted and disrupted by fire and their trade *invaded by competitors* as a result of fires. They are rather the invaders of burned competitors.

We Can Tell You If You Can Be Exempt

Every one who gets Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler protection will, of course, make a big saving in insurance. But how can each man *know* whether he will get one on the same terms and reap the same profits as the *present owner?* Your own insurance agent may have a general idea of what Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers will do for you—may even strongly recommend them; but we positively know. We have classified records of Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers for thirty-five years; complete tabulations of burning business and fire hazards in all lines of business. That is how we are best able to tell you just where you stand, rightfully *inside* or *outside the exempted class.* If you belong inside, and want to get inside, we will see that you get inside without paying a fee for expert advice.

Without any obligation on your part we will send you the Grinnell Exemption Blank. It makes the road for you clear, easy and certain. It is the key to our Statistical Records.

It is the key which has exempted many business men from paying the heavy premiums they once paid, and safeguarded from fire the lives of their employees as well as their property. Write today.

GRINNELL
AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS

General Fire Extinguisher Company

277 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

Branches throughout the United States and Canada

We make no other type of fire extinguishers except automatic sprinklers.

Saved by a Drop o' Glue

Look for this Counter Display at the Store

Glance about the room. How many things can you count that need a drop of glue *right now?* A rickety chair, broken toy, doll's wig, loose screw, detached handle—actually in a year you can permanently mend hundreds of valuables if LePage's glue—10 cents' worth—is always at hand.

You should also never be without LePage's Photo Paste and Mucilage.

Now, to change the subject sharply, let us tell you about our wonderful new product—Signet Oil; lubricant, furniture polish and cleanser. Signet Oil is the finest lubricant ever invented for fine machinery, such as sewing machines, clocks, electric motors, etc., and for the actions of guns and pistols. It is non-drying, does not gum up, not only protects from rust but removes rust.

It is the most astonishingly effective polish for furniture and for auto bodies you ever used. It renews the elasticity and lustre of varnish finish. Varnish, as you know, is a gum which hardens with age, becomes brittle and cracks. The oil slightly softens the surface, so that vigorous rubbing fills up the microscopic cracks and restores the original glass-like surface.

Signet Ink is another product of unusual merit. It is unsurpassed for permanency of color and flowing properties. Put up in quart, pint and half-pint bottles for office use, and in 5c and 10c sizes. All colors.

Generous Free Sample Offer

We want you to try Signet Oil at our expense; so we will send you a trial bottle if you will send us the front of the pasteboard carton which contained a bottle or tube of LePage's Glue. You can buy the glue at any drug, hardware, stationery or grocery store.

Now, with the best of intentions, you may forget this generous offer in half an hour unless you act at once. You will never be without either the Glue or Signet Oil, once you have them in the house.

LEPAGE'S — SIGNET

Glue and Paste — Oil and Inks

A MESSAGE TO RETAILERS:

The attractive counter displays shown above can be obtained from your jobber or will be supplied by us in connection with an attractive combination offer. Write for particulars, mentioning the name of your jobber. What is your most valuable asset? It is the confidence of your customers. That confidence has been won by giving to them merchandise of absolutely standard quality, backed by the reputation of well-known, reliable manufacturers. You know, and they know, that the household necessities listed above are unsurpassed in quality. It increases your prestige when you prominently display such goods. Send at once for these counter displays and for our combination offer.

RUSSIA CEMENT COMPANY, 122 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.

LePage's Tin Paste
Something new—a cheap paste which will stick a label on tin, even greasy tin, even varnished labels; unnecessary to lacquer tin or have the label go entirely around.

LePage's Belting Cement
Repair your own belts and save money and time. Your foreman or master mechanic can do it with LePage's Belting Cement, packed in 1-lb. and 2-lb. packages. Have it in your mill for emergency.

Tempering Oils
If you are using a Whale Oil, you should write us regarding our Tempering Oil, which is a product as good as Whale Oil, but more economical.

Animal and Fish Glue Blends
Absolutely the right kind of glue for every purpose. Give us your glue problems; we will work out exactly the most effective glue for you. We have the most efficient glue laboratory in the world.

Write to our manufacturers' department for information about any of these products

Bases full! Nobody out!

Just see that pitcher boy "wind up"! No bunched-up, sagging drawers to bother *him*. Every motion of the body is free and easy in a Superior Union Suit, and its *reinforced crotch* gives double strength where the leg seams get the strain. What's more,

Superior
THE PERFECT UNION SUIT

—can't gap in the seat
—can't bind in the crotch

An exclusive Superior feature, "the lap without the gap," has banished forever these ordinary union suit discomforts. The seat can't gap because it overlocks like a close-fitting coat. It can't bind at the crotch because it has no buttons to prevent free movement. It adjusts itself *instantly* to every position, and *always* sets snug and smooth.

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All sizes and styles, Cotton $1.50 to $5. In Canada $1.75 to $5. Write for free booklet showing latest styles. Mail Orders direct to us accepted. Superior Underwear Cheerfully Exchanged if not satisfactory. Send dealer's name if you cannot buy Superior Underwear conveniently.

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Dept. U, PIQUA, OHIO

to pay for work or semi-dress shirts. When it buys a Signal $1.00 Coat Shirt it buys double wear in every inch because of average shirts besides the greatest combination of comfort and convenience ever found in any shirt at any price.

Even expensive dress shirts don't have *all* the comfort features of

SIGNAL $1 Coat Shirts

Union Made Two detachable collars

Coat Style—easy on, easy off.
Extra Button across front of breast plait for smooth fit.
Three Inch Overlap to Flap.
Extra Full Skirts. Reinforced rip-and-gap-proof Sleeve-slit. Attached collar or two detached.
Two Pockets—one plain and one a combination watch, pencil and handkerchief pocket. Buttonholes for white cuffs. Big variety of pleasing patterns. Wear and comfort guaranteed.
ASK YOUR DEALER. If he hasn't Signal Coat shirts, write us for sample swatches free or tell us dealer's name and size you wear and we will express you a coat shirt C.O.D. If not satisfactory on examination, return at our expense.

SIGNAL SHIRT

Hilker-Wiechers Mfg. Co.
Mfrs. of SIGNAL Work Clothes
1260 Mound Ave., Racine, Wis.

MURDOCK, M.C.

(Continued from Page 11)

"Guess I was always something of an insurgent, but I bided my time. When I came to Congress, at the age of thirty-two, I had been a writer for seventeen years. I wrote what I saw. The fever was in my fingers—is yet, for that matter. I watched the House like a hawk. I didn't waste time on the rules—not just then. I studied men. As a reporter I had been trained to analyze human nature. I was familiar with the mighty men of the past, and looking round I saw what seemed to me to be an assembly of disappointing men. So I wrote an article bemoaning the decadence of the House. I took it to Chester I. Long, then Senator from Kansas.

"'Don't use it,' he advised me. 'You're probably wrong in your contrasts between the present and the past. Anyway, you may remain in Congress for some time, and the article, if printed, would rise up some day and cause you unexpected annoyance and embarrassment.'

"Acting on this advice, I consigned the article to the fire. For three years I was regular. I kept on the reservation like a good Indian, upheld the rules and worked with the organization. At the same time I was busy for the folks back home. I got an irrigation project through, to the joy and profit of my district, and because of my regularity I got my share of public buildings. Then I found something.

"The railroads, as most people know, are paid for transporting the mails on the basis of a daily average of weights covering a given period. In 1873, when the Government began the present system of computing railway mail pay, there were virtually no Sunday trains in this country, and no Sunday mails; consequently the Government weighed the mails on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, computed the gross weight and divided by six, to ascertain the average daily weight. But after 1873, when all the railroads were running Sunday trains and carrying Sunday mails, the Government weighed the mail on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, computed the gross weight, and to find the average daily weight divided by six as before. This was my discovery."

A Fight Over Figure Seven

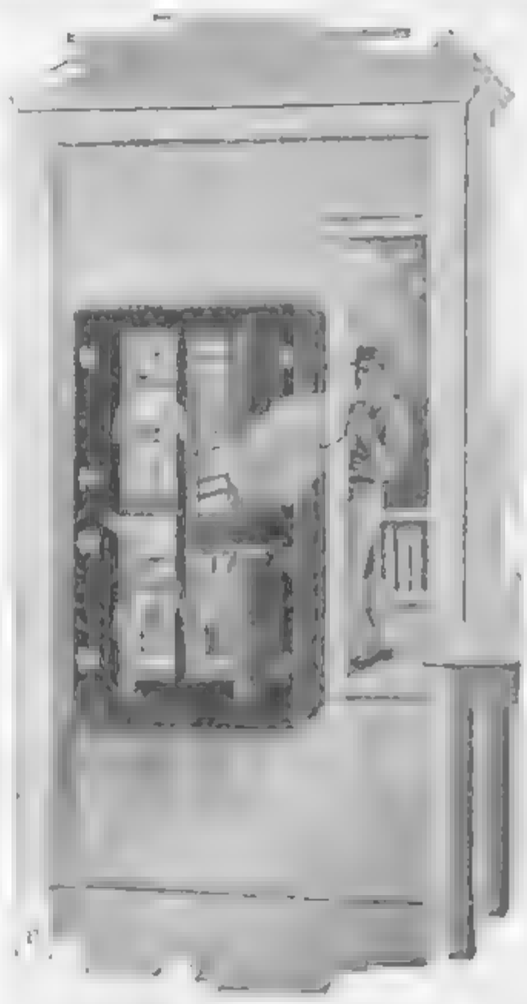
"Now I was born with a strange failing—was born poor in arithmetic. As a little boy I seriously doubted whether two and two made four. So the day that I found the error in the divisor—dividing by six instead of by seven to get the average daily weight by mail—I went to my room at the hotel, impressed with my mathematical failing. What followed was the hardest kind of work for me. But before I concluded my figuring that night I found—or thought I had found—that the Government, through using the wrong divisor, was overpaying the railroads the enormous yearly sum of $5,000,000!

"When I awoke next morning I didn't believe a figure of it! However, I was curious enough to go to the man in the Post-Office Department who had this matter in charge, and I said to him: 'Does this Government weigh the mails for seven days and then divide by six to get an average?' He said, 'Yes.'

"Then I hustled back to my room and to my arithmetical labors. Before I went to bed the second night I had found, to my own satisfaction, that already the use of the erroneous divisor had cost the Government $70,000,000.

"I took the divisor case to the Committee on Post-Office and Post-Roads, of which I was a member. After a battle in committee and a close vote, the postal appropriation bill was so changed as to correct the divisor and provide for an honest weighing of the mails in future. I fancied I had won my fight. But when my amendment got before the House, by the use of devious parliamentary practices—one of which was never attempted in any legislative body before or since—the little correct divisor was put down and out. Before I knew it I was a raging revolutionist; no longer a regular, I was an Insurgent! Fortunately for the Government, President Roosevelt, who had been watching my fight, changed the divisor by executive order and stopped the fraud that I had discovered."

"Did the House organization take it out on you?"



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by an outside icing feature supply all the conveniences and none of the defects of a built in refrigerator. We can equip any stock size with Extra End or Rear Ice door for outside icing.

They insure the vigorous circulation of constantly purified air between the ice and provision chambers and maintain a temperature 10° lower than by any other method.

The fact that the Pullman Co. and all American Railroads equip their dining cars with the BOHN SYPHON SYSTEM, is evidence of the economy and efficiency of the method.

Send for "Cold Storage in the Home" free. Shows how milk can be kept with onions without contamination.

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Our Engineers have built up and torn down thousands of experimental tires to give you a road-resisting More Mileage Tire—a tire in which each thread of fabric and every ounce of rubber would be combined to give you the greatest strength and resistance—and the result is Perfect 3-Point Rim Contact.

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Our Chemists discovered how to get a flint-like rubber that retains all the young, lusty vigor of the pure gum, with no loss of elasticity—Vitalized Rubber.

Add to these advantages the No-Pinch Safety Flap for inner tube protection, and, if you wish, the now famous Diamond Safety (Squeegee) Tread, and you have the ideal More Mileage Tire you have demanded.

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So this time buy Diamond Vitalized Rubber Tires—you can get them to fit your rims at any of the

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Clever Pliers for Clever People

You're clever, so send for a Plier [illegible]

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And make them hard to change. You can prevent rust and rim cutting, silence squeaky springs—save time, temper and tires with

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A new, scientific compound of pure Para rubber and graphite. Makes tire changing easier and tire bills smaller. Applied in a minute and dries in five. $1.00 buys a can from your dealer or direct from us by Parcel Post enough to coat eight rims. You need it now—order today.

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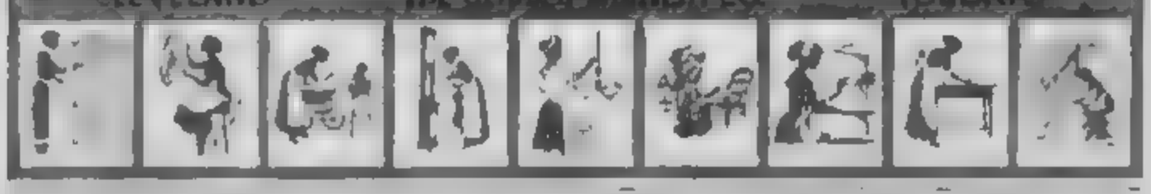

What is Vacation to You

If lack of ready money is going to keep you at home? Hundreds of young men and women will earn their vacation money by soliciting subscriptions for

The Saturday Evening Post *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Country Gentleman*

We allow a regular commission and monthly salary on all subscriptions sent. We coach you in the work and make it not only profitable but interesting. Last year several Curtis representatives spent the summer abroad. Hundreds enjoyed vacations at the mountains and seashore, defraying all expenses through their Curtis work. We will tell you more about how you can assure for yourself a vacation just such as you wish, if you will write at once

Agency Division THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Philadelphia, Pa.

"You bet! Early in my service I was put on the Post-Office Committee. As members failed to be returned to the House I got farther along toward the head of the committee and the chairmanship, moving upward, of course, as others dropped out. But following my fight on the railway-mail-pay graft, at the very next Congress I found my name at the tail-end of the list.

"Then came the rules fight. The thing that impelled me to fight the rules was the thought that some day I should be back in Kansas, no longer a congressman but a citizen, and pestered with the everlasting nightmare that the man we had sent to Washington to represent us was unable to do so because of the practices in the House which denied the people representative government. Cannon didn't speak to me for four years. I believe I was the only man in Congress that the Speaker hated. But of course you—and everybody else by this time—are entirely familiar with the Cannon fight."

During all that difficult time Victor Murdock was never discouraged; never at a loss as to what move to make; never too busy to see reporters—and to give them a good story. It was he who galvanized certain protesting Republicans into active Insurgents—but he never posed as leader.

Murdock a Bull Moose

Politically Victor Murdock has been born again. You remember that in Kansas last fall the Progressive Republicans, by and with the consent of the voters, ran away with a party column. There was no Bull-Moose ticket, but every true Progressive Republican was a Bull-Mooser at heart. Mr. Murdock was reelected to the Sixty-third Congress as a Republican, although he openly and vigorously supported the candidates and the platform of the Progressive party. In the new Congress he could have remained nominally a Republican and, by following the independent course he had always taken, have retained the hold on his district. But he wasn't troubled much about his constituents; he was troubled about himself. So he went off by himself and fought it out alone. This is the way he explains his awakening:

"I was in Grand Central Station, New York, one morning about the middle of March. There was an incessant stream of people pouring out from the trains. They were well-dressed, self-satisfied for the most part, and without exception every man and woman seemed to be intent on his or her particular job. Nothing else appeared to matter. Then it came to me like a flash of lightning:

"'The trouble with you,' I said to myself, 'is the trouble with these scurrying, self-centered folks. As they have delegated their government to others, so you have delegated your interest in humanity to others. Evil, injustice, you may see, and they may see, but in common you and they regard that evil or injustice as a challenge to some one else. The one important thing for you to understand is that every problem is a challenge to you!'"

"Where did that land you?"

"I turned first to the Republican party," said Mr. Murdock; "the party of my boyhood; the party to which I was tied by every tradition, by political affection, and I had to confess that the men who were in control had perverted its purposes; were in league with my enemy, special privilege; and in their hearts were distrustful of all majorities. I turned to the Democratic party, to which I had been traditionally opposed, and I found that its fundamental principle, the doctrine of state's rights, offered to my mind no possible relief through that party. I knew that special privilege had reached many of its present intrenchments through state's rights, and that it could not be driven out by an army hobbled with the state's rights doctrine. There was no hope, I decided, in either of the old parties; there was one way out in the crisis. It was not the Republican way, it was not the Democratic way; it was the Progressive way—national well-being before sectional advantage—and lo, 'I was a Progressive'"

"What of your former associates, the congressmen who are trying to hang on to a dead past by means of a hyphen—the Progressive-Republicans?"

"No man can serve this day's cause who spends three-fourths of his time repairing the bridges behind him'"

The Insurgent from Kansas is impatient to be of service. That's Victor Murdock.

"BEACONS"

Stand The Light

Because they are made of high grade materials, by the highest paid union workingmen. That's one reason why they are *good* shoes.

BEACON SHOES
—a step—
In advance

Made *right* to fit any foot.

Fashionable appearance, real comfort and long wear are what you buy with *every* pair of Beacons.

We have 3500 Beacon dealers in every part of this country. If one is not in your town, write us for catalogue. We send shoes by parcel post with privilege of returning if not satisfactory.

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Manchester,
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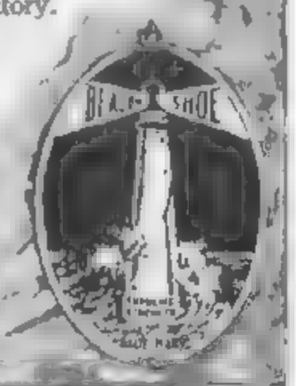


UNION MADE $3 $3.50 $4 FOR MEN

Let the Kiddies Eat Them

The youthful craving for "sweets" is agreeably satisfied by Necco and Hub Wafers. Let your children eat them. A whole package of these dainty disks won't hurt you. Being made in the cleanest candy kitchens in the country,

Necco and Hub Wafers

are pure wholesome and [illegible]. The good old-fashioned flavors—Peppermint, Wintergreen, Chocolate, Sassafras, Clove, Cinnamon, Licorice, Lime and Lemon—are just the kind to suit every youngster's taste.

Look for the seal of "Necco Sweets" A guarantee of Quality

THE NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Boston, Mass.

"READY" WOMEN'S-WEAR AND THE LIVE STORE IN YOUR TOWN

A. T. STEWART was the first big merchant in this country to establish the one-price system and mark his goods in plain figures.

Women were incredulous, but when they found that he meant it they made him the Merchant Prince of America.

A store offered to exchange goods that were unsatisfactory. The next step was the announcement of money back for the asking. Later some genius added "cheerfully," and did it cheerfully.

Then came the great achievement of displaying goods; making them accessible; bringing them out where they could be seen, compared and handled.

These things look simple today.

New conditions bring new opportunities. But whenever a big new condition presents itself the rank and file of established merchants are blind to it, allowing the wideawake people to jump in and reap the rewards.

Your Dealer's Ready-to-Wear Department Will Tell You What Kind of a Merchant He Is

THE biggest single fact in store-keeping today is the revolution in the sale of *ready* women's-wear. It is so fundamental that it strikes at the very life and leadership of the dry-goods store.

The dry-goods or department store that does not meet it will shrivel up into a white-goods or fancy-goods emporium.

Yet thousands of good stores in good towns are letting this women's-wear trade slip away from them—driving it out of the door into other hands in that town—to the small specialty shop—to the nearest large city—or to the catalogue house.

Women recognize the prestige of the ready costume. They can appreciate line and form and color and style. They know these goods are designed by artists and have the indefinable something about them that is somehow different.

But the merchant in many cases, judging by his conservative stock and secretive methods, still thinks that he is competing with the country dressmaker.

Women sense these facts.

No woman can compare a merchant's show window with the cold, forbidding atmosphere of his ready-wear department without wondering where he keeps the goods he invited her in to see—and whether, after all, his assortment is everything he would like her to believe.

"Women Everywhere are Looking for the Live Dealer Who is Carrying the Smart Ready-to-Wear Creations and Displaying Them in the New Way—Opening Up His Stock to His Customers and Giving Service."

A Merchant's New Way Methods Are the Sign of His Confidence in His Goods and His Customers

IT takes courage and breadth and enterprise to meet this situation. It takes a man that will do the broad-gauged thing and tell the truth about it: have the goods and show them.

That is why an equipment of New Way Crystal Wardrobes has come to be almost the symbol and test of a store's progress and success in women's-wear.

As far as the women of this country are concerned, for a merchant to show his goods in New Way Crystal Wardrobes has come to be the equivalent of laying all the cards on the table.

The secretive, back-number merchant says, "O, but what about my duplicates? If I keep my goods in a stock-room I can hide my duplicates." As though women didn't know that!

Women know everything nowadays, and this silly attempt to fool them is one of the very things that makes them suspicious of all back-door stock-room methods—methods that have always lost three sales for every one they ever made.

After all, what has he got in duplicates if he is a good merchant? Just a line of sizes—each hanging in a separate size compartment behind glass, where a woman can buy with her eyes open.

Is Your Dealer One of These Alert New Way Merchants?

NO need to tell you, Madam! Women everywhere are watching the stores in their town to see who has the right goods and carries the stock in New Way Crystal Wardrobes: every garment in plain view—

To see who is worthy of the greatest measure of confidence, because he has everything to show and nothing to hide.

The kind of a store that displays its goods is the store that has the goods it is proud to display.

Every woman's department that has adopted New Way methods has increased its business thirty to fifty per cent. Women know why.

Grand Rapids Show Case Company

The Largest Show Case and Store Equipment Plant in the World

(Licensed under the Smith Patents).

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Show Rooms and Factories: New York, Grand Rapids, Chicago, Boston, Portland

WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF SIX CYLINDER CARS

Have You Been Offered a Discount Motor Car?

You Invite a Loss If You Accept It

Since you do not place much confidence in other articles of merchandise that are peddled first at one price and then at another, do you think it wise to make an exception when you buy a motor car?

No, not unless you are of that type who think an article is necessarily first class just because the price is high, and you are one of those persons vain enough to think that you are an exception and that a shrewd automobile dealer is just itching to give you his profit to have you own his car.

You Are Too Successful to Think That

Any man with $2,000 or more to pay for an automobile, which money he obtained in a legitimate way, is too careful to buy a car that way.

He is not so vain as to think a careful, successful automobile dealer is going to forfeit his necessary profit to have him drive one of his cars.

You know business, and know it is made possible solely through profit and good will.

An automobile dealer, no matter what car he sells, who does not make a profit, cannot hold the good will of his trade. His very act in cutting the price excites suspicion, and there being no profit in the sale he does not give the service necessary to retain good will.

This part of this advertisement is intended to help every automobile dealer without regard to what car he sells, who demands and gets his legitimate profit. We'll take our chance against any competition, so long as it is conducted honestly with the consumer.

But we emphatically object to anyone leading you to expect a value that is indicated principally by the price, and by tricking you into thinking that because you are you that you can obtain a favor others do not get.

Man alive, don't you grow suspicious at the very suggestion of price cutting?

Either the dealer is deceiving you, or he is a poor excuse of a business man. Neither type can be trusted.

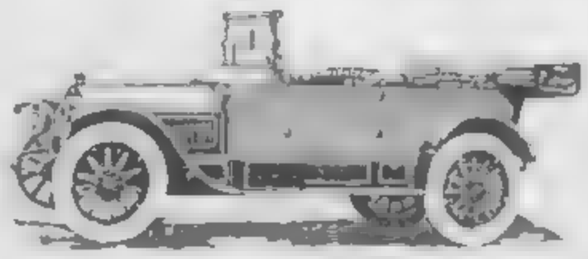
A man who can't make a profit out of his business is neither a business man nor reliable.

You want to deal with successful men. They are content with reasonable profit. They don't ask too much and they don't accept too little.

They are in business year after year and they do more than any other local influence to make the car you buy worth the price you pay for it.

There are some dealers besides those who sell the HUDSON whom you can trust.

If you would hesitate to buy a diamond of a jeweler who has a different price for every buyer, then shun the automobile dealer who offers you a discount.



NEW HUDSON SIX PHAETON

As comfortable as any chair in your house. As beautiful in line and finish as it is possible to make it.

We court comparison for richness, distinction, performance, design and mechanical excellence with any automobile at any price, anywhere on any road, at any time. We are anxious to show what this car designed by 48 of the industry's chief engineers will do.

The New HUDSON Phaeton is self-cranking electrically, and electrically lighted. The Delco system, patented, used on twice as many cars as any other two electric devices, is used.

Its equipment is complete with demountable rims, clock, speedometer, top, wind shield and everything necessary to your motor car satisfaction.

The Phaeton is a large, beautiful and comfortable car. The price is $2,450 f. o. b. Detroit.

New HUDSON Six has Hardly Any Depreciation

Look over the advertisement of used automobiles for sale in the newspapers.

You seldom find a HUDSON in the list.

Yet there are thousands in use. Every section knows this. Every dealer who buys second-hand cars knows their value. Contrast that value with the second-hand value of a discount car. What can you expect of the car that depreciates before you buy it, as it does whenever a dealer offers to cut its list price to you?

Any $2,000 Car You Buy Should be a Six

We know what other makers are planning. All are interested in six cylinder cars.

Many who now build only fours have their six cylinder experimental cars under way and some are on the road. Sixes are the cars of the future, above $2,000 or a certain piston displacement. You should ride in the *New* HUDSON Six Phaeton that you may realize the reason for this interest in the six.

Then you won't be content to own a large four. Then you will hesitate at paying $2,000 or more for any car other than a six.

But, be sure you ride in the *New* HUDSON Six Phaeton.

You never will realize the FULL of motoring until you have ridden in the Six. A six is capable of many things that no four can do.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7670 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT

249

BREAKING INTO NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 4)

and pressed some coins into my hand. I could hardly wait to get outside to count them. He had given me a dollar and seventy-five cents. Up until then I had felt a haunting uncertainty regarding my real status as a member of the staff, but now all doubt was gone. The proof lay glittering in the palm of my hand. I was a regular newspaper reporter on a regular salary. It is my present recollection that I outgrew a suit of comparatively new clothes over Sunday—the vest especially becoming too tight across the chest.

In two months my pay was four dollars a week and I was writing my share of the paper and more. The writing game suited me, and I throve on it and was greedy for more. Seeing how willing to work I was, the principal reporter began letting me cover part of his territory for him. I was glad of the chance, and it gave him more time for sitting in the city marshal's office, and so the arrangement proved highly satisfactory all round. I wrote all sorts of items—court proceedings, trials, crimes, accidents, deaths, notices of the shows that came to the opera house, business changes—even editorial paragraphs of a supposedly humorous nature. I covered the county fair, a big annual event; and I did weddings and political rallies, revival meetings and the openings of new saloons. These last went in as news items, but were paid for as advertisements. I was actually allowed to report a meeting of the city council—which was a thing of such importance that frequently the managing editor himself covered it. I could draw a little and sometimes I illustrated my own yarns with crude chalk-plate pictures.

None of my stuff was ever edited except for spelling; I have never been what you would call a fancy speller, and as I grow older it seems to me my spelling is marked by a more striking individuality all the time. The editor would correct a few of my more conspicuous outbursts of originality in the matter of spelling, but that was as far as he went. Neither for style nor for syntax was my copy revised. It went in just as it was written. In one way this was good for me and in another way it was decidedly bad. The freedom of it bred in me the joy of creation and encouraged me to keep constantly enlarging the scope of my writings; but the absence of any editorial discipline made me careless of results and freakish and fresh. I was entirely too fresh for my own good and what I wrote reflected my freshness.

My Sporting Column

Also, I had the delusion, so common among beginners at the writing trade, that it was bad form to use the same noun twice in the same sentence or the same paragraph; so, if I were writing a story about a cow, I would call her a cow first, and then a female bovine, and then a ruminative quadruped—and so on.

As I went along I began to manifest a natural knack for headlining. Pretty soon I was putting heads not only on my own stuff but on most of the stuff the other reporter wrote. My taste in headlining ran strongly to the startling, and this proved a novelty. I remember one headline of mine that attracted considerable attention.

There was a rather pompous, self-sufficient lawyer in town, one of the old silver-tongued school of orators. With him the paper was at outs politically. Even I, a seventeen-year-old boy, could see through his pretensions and appreciate that he was mostly a large bluff inhabiting a Prince Albert coat. We were taking a slender little wire service then and padding it out in the office to make a front-page column of telegraph. One day there came along a dispatch from the state capitol giving a list of delegates who had been appointed by the governor for an irrigation congress out West somewhere. The last name on the list was the name of our champion silver-tongue. I ran the special just as it stood, with this headline over it:

A GOOD JOKE

Will be Found at the Extreme Southern End of This Dispatch

The town saw the point, and the whole town laughed at it—all except the silver-tongued one. He made statements in public places touching on his intention of taking my young life with his bare hands. I managed to dodge him for a day or two; and then one afternoon just after we had gone to press he walked into the office and started for me, cursing as he came. He had been drinking, I think. One of the old-soldier members of the staff—he had been a captain in the Confederacy—stepped between us. He pulled out a spring-back knife and opened it with a flirt of his thumb. The blade was stained black by much paring of apples and slicing of plug tobacco, but it was plenty long, and plenty sharp, too, I guess. He was a small, quiet, grizzled man.

"If you lay a hand on this boy," he said calmly, "I'll cut your heart out!"

He may not have meant it, but he said it as if he did; and the lawyer changed his mind about licking me and departed somewhat hastily. Then my defender put up his knife and, turning on me, gave me a lecture on the ethics of good taste in newspaper work. I was in a frame of mind to appreciate what he said, too, for I was scared limber.

That was the summer of the World's Fair. I spent two weeks there. I liked Chicago better than I did the fair, and I spent most of my two weeks rambling about the streets; but, strange to say, I did not hanker for a job on a big-city paper—that was to come later. Nearly everybody in our town went to Chicago that summer, and nearly every adult in the lot wrote at least one letter back to the home paper describing the wonders of the fair. I alone refrained—and I was a writer by profession too! I have been proud ever since of my forbearance and self-restraint.

When Ignorance Was Bliss

Two years went by, during which I was steadily doing more and more of the local work on the paper. Some days practically I did it all. The older reporter quit and I formally succeeded to his job on a salary of ten dollars a week. Regularly I wrote four or five columns of stuff a day, and often more. That may sound like a good deal of writing, but plenty of small-town reporters turn out as much copy, day in and day out. It has been my subsequent observation that a small-town reporter is customarily expected to write about four times as much stuff as a big-city reporter, but the big-city man usually writes his about four times as well—bulk against quality.

At the end of the third year a wave of mortality swept the shop. Several of the old-timers died, all in a few months' time. One of the proprietors died, and the survivor, who was Boss Jim, sold out his interest and retired. His brother quit as editor to go into another line of business, and overnight I was promoted to his place and had my name stuck up at the top of the editorial column as editor. I still did plenty of reporting—all country editors do—but I was the editor just the same, and I was only twenty years old. I was probably the youngest managing editor of a daily paper in the country; undoubtedly I was the worst. I did not have the judgment or the balance or the experience to fit me for the place; I had only ambition and energy and an ability to throw copy together quickly. And I was as careless and nearly as dangerous as a two-year-old child playing with a box of matches in an oil warehouse.

It was not facts I was after; I only hankered for the details. In a big city I should have been called a faker and yellow. I marvel yet how I got away with it in a small town. But somehow I did! I managed to involve the paper in several good-sized libel suits—one of these suits being based not on the story we printed but on the headline I put over it and I had one or two narrow escapes from being shot by indignant citizens. Down in that country aggrieved persons were not much given to asking damages of a paper that had misrepresented them; they preferred taking it out of the editor's hide. I guess my youth saved me—that and a good stiff bluff on my part. Once or twice I was frightened blue, but I packed a pistol on my hip and talked big, and nobody winged me.

It was while I was editor of the paper that I covered my first hanging. And this hanging linked together my first job with my present one, for the victim was a negro

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

Dentists agree that to save your teeth you must save their enamel from mouth-acids.

How this is done by Pebeco Tooth Paste is an interesting story. For Pebeco not only has all the cleansing and beautifying effect of the best of the ordinary dentifrices, but it is also the dentifrice scientifically formulated to overcome the acids formed in the mouth by fermenting food particles.

Left undisturbed, these acids gradually weaken the enamel in the case of 9 out of 10 people. The use of Pebeco renders the acids harmless; and by thus preserving the tooth's protecting shield of enamel, decay-organisms are prevented from penetrating the soft interior of the tooth and making its destruction merely a matter of time.

In other words, Pebeco saves your teeth by scientifically overcoming the admitted cause of their decay. And while doing so, it is also cleaning and whitening them perfectly, purifying your breath and delighting you with its sensation of revitalization and refreshment. Its use is a distinct pleasure.

Send for FREE Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

By an interesting little test see for yourself whether you have "Acid-Mouth" and how it is overcome by Pebeco Tooth Paste. Pebeco originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold everywhere in extra-large tubes. As only a little is needed at a time it is very economical. It saves money and saves teeth.

LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemists, 106 William Street, New York

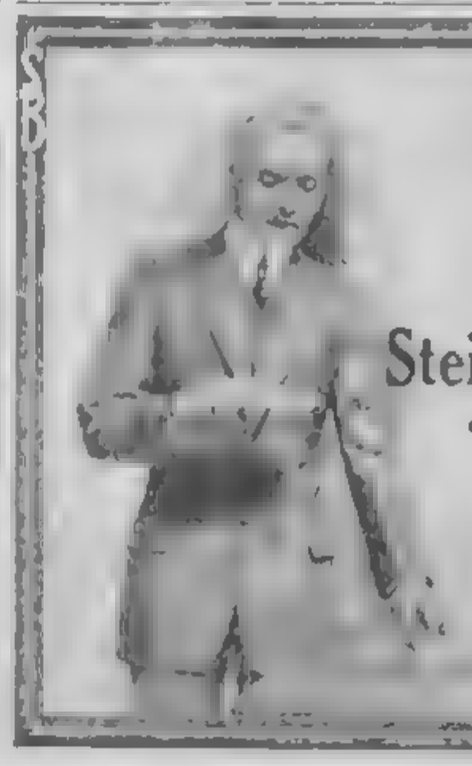
Producers of Lehn & Fink's Rivoria Talcum

SAVES THE TEETH

Magnificent Steel Launch $96

Complete with Engine, Ready to Run

15 20 22 and 27 ft. boats at proportionate prices. All launches tested ... reversible engines with ... made - starts without crank ... The Safe Launch ... Row boats $30 ... Free Catalog ... MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT COMPANY, 1304 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit Mich. U.S.A.



Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

"Why not learn Why?"

For part... ear men
The Stein-Bloch dealer in your city

Standard Equipment on the Easiest-Riding Cars

White-Stearns-Peerless

GABRIEL

REBOUND SNUBBERS

Because Gabriel Snubbers are the *one* device that meets the demand of modern high-set, flexible springs, they are naturally the choice of car builders who demand the utmost in riding-ease and freedom from mechanical repairs.

If you want all the riding-comfort your springs can give, without the side-swaying, the tossing-up and the banging-down on uneven roads, the *only* device to use is Gabriel Snubbers.

You will never know how easy your car can ride until you use them. Write for name of our nearest Agent and arrange a trial.

QUICK and easy to put on. Simply clamp coil to frame and pass belting around axle. No drilling or other wise marring the car. Requires no further adjustment and will outlast the car.

As springs compress and frame approaches the axle, the compression spring within the coil takes up the slack in the belting. When springs begin to expand [illegible] the coil pays out slowly, steadying the springs and checking their abnormal excursive motion of car body stopping jolts and jars, cutting down repair bills and adding many thousands of miles to the car's life.

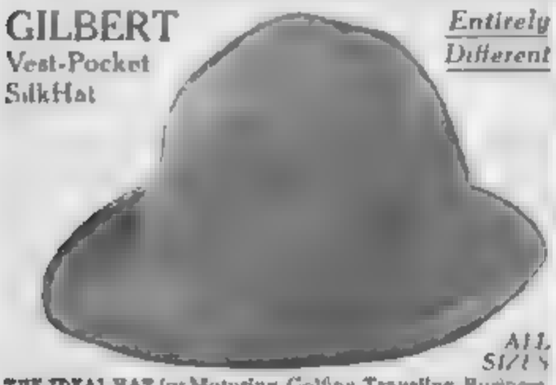
GABRIEL HORN MFG. CO., 1408 E. 40th St., Cleveland, O.

Makers of the famous GABRIEL Musical Horns and Auto Accessories.

GILBERT

Vest-Pocket Silk Hat

Entirely Different



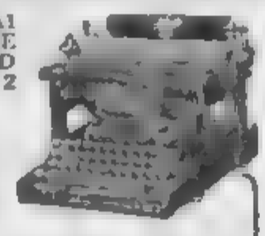
ALL SIZES

THE IDEAL HAT for Motoring, Golfing, Traveling, Business, Dress. Heavy silk. Weight one ounce. Made of best PURE SILK, strictly hand tailored. Oiled silk sweat band. [illegible] Black, Navy, Brown, Light Gray, White. Price $3.00. State size. Sent anywhere on receipt of $3.50. Extra smooth hats, four-in-hand [illegible] $4. Light weight [illegible] white brim and fullers [illegible] Satisfaction Guaranteed.

GILBERT & COMPANY Decatur, Illinois

$54 FOR THIS A1 HIGH GRADE STANDARD MODEL No. 2

L. C. Smith Typewriter



Visible writing, front stroke, universal keyboard, 84 characters, single shift, ball bearings. Guaranteed 1 year. With late improvements built right in the machine. Why pay more when you get the best at our low "direct to user price"

1 WEEK FREE TRIAL

If satisfied send us $54 and keep the machine or arrange for monthly payments at $57. Only a limited supply at this price, so order now. We employ no salesmen.

Garden City Selling & Distributing Co.

Plymouth Building CHICAGO

PARIS GARTERS

It's something you need

No metal can touch you

Look for the name PARIS on the back of the shield

A. Stein & Co., Makers

Chicago and New York

25c - 50c

who had worked for my father. When I drove that ice wagon he rode on the back end and handled the ice. He was a broad, stocky darky, always polite and respectful in dealing with white people, but a black terror among his own race. Now he was about to be hanged for killing a negro woman and I was to write the story of it for my paper. By our standards it would be about the biggest story we could print, and from my personal standpoint it was invested with a high dramatic quality.

With the editor of the rival paper and two other witnesses I spent the night before the hanging at the jailer's house. We played nickel-limit poker until three o'clock in the morning; then we had a fried-fish breakfast, and about an hour before daylight we went to the jail. The condemned man was already up and dressed in a new suit of black clothes. He wore a stiff white collar and a black tie probably the first collar and the first tie he had ever worn in his life—and his hands were incased in white cotton gloves, and his brand-new shoes had been given an extra polish by one of the jail trusties. The suit and the shoes were a gift from the sheriff; the white gloves were George's own idea. His name was George, but his own people had a name for him—a tribute to his record. They called him Devil!

This minute I can shut my eyes and see the picture of him as he paced up and down the narrow jail corridor in the half light of the flickery gas-jets. I can see his eight dollar suit bunching in the back; see his huge gloved hands fluttering like two white pigeons as he chanted snatches of hymns and broken prayers—working himself up to the state of exaltation that sends so many of his race to the gallows shouting-happy. Plastered against the barred cell-doors beyond, like bats, hung ten or a dozen negroes, their eyeballs standing out from the shadowy background like so many pairs of shiny china marbles. In time to the cadences of Devil they crooned and groaned in a wholly sympathetic, half-hysterical chorus.

Suddenly the condemned man paused and began a moving exhortation to all sinners within the sound of his voice to take warning before it was too late, and repent of their sins. And those others promised him they would—promised him with sobs and shouts and amens and camp-meeting hallelujahs! He warmed to his theme.

First Aid to the Injured

"Dis time tonight I'll be in glory!" he told them, his voice rising in a long swing and then sinking low again. "I'll hab a shimmerin' robe upon me an' golden slippahs on mah feet. An' I's comin' back to dis yere sinful world to hant de wicked an' de lost!"

From the cells came a long, shivering groan, and through the bars we could see his scared audience shaking in their terror.

"Yas, suh," he went on, "I's comin' back to dis world tonight. An' dat ain't all—I's comin' back to dis yere jail!"

A howl of piteous entreaty arose, so loud that it reached the ears of the negroes gathering in the gloom outside; and they took it up and the whole air everywhere seemed filled with the sound of their wailings. A voice from one of the cells cut through this:

"Devil," pleaded a little negro prisoner, "please don't do dat! Come back to dis world ef you wants to, but don't come back to dis jail! Ef you does, Devil, I warns you right now I'a gwine tear down dis yere w'ite folks' jail gittin' outen it."

The time came to read the death warrant—a needless cruelty imposed by the statutes of our state. There was a hitch here. The sheriff had been made ill by the thought of the task ahead of him and was violently nauseated in the jail office. One of his deputies was outside testing the rope and the trap. The other deputy was so nearsighted that in the bad light he could not make out to read fine print; but the death warrant must be read aloud in the presence of the condemned—the law so provided. Somebody shoved a paper into my hands and I found myself stumbling through the awesome document, while Devil stood facing me with his hands crossed and spread flat upon his breast. He was drinking in the big, impressive words and glorying—visibly glorying—in the importance of his position. And when I was through he thanked me.

"Young Cap'n," he said, giving me my old ice-wagon title, "I always knowed dat ef ever you could do pore ole George a favor you suttinly would. Thanky, suh, kindly."

It was after they had tied his hands behind him and had started the march to the scaffold that, for the first time, he showed signs of his distress. His scalp suddenly contorted until a deep V of ridged flesh appeared between his eyes—it was still there when they cut him down.

Hundreds of negro women outside, seeing his head rise above the high fence, set up a dismal quavering song of lamentation; and, as though in defiance of them, a group of reckless young negroes began singing the Devil Song—one of those weird chants that guitar-picking minstrel bards among the Southern negroes write to commemorate a notable crime or a great tragedy. This one dealt with Devil's life and his crime and his trial; and now there were added verses, made up on the spot, to describe his hanging. Just as the drop fell a negro stretched on the limb of a tree overhanging the inclosure fainted and tumbled off right at our feet. And either the rope was too long—as it so often is—or it stretched under the weight; and poor Devil's feet touched, and he made a long, sickening job of dying.

A city paper would have played up that story; it had in it all the elements to make a great story—the tragic and the serio-comic, the grotesque, the picturesque, abundant gruesomeness, and a grisly, grim humor. A big-city reporter would have reproduced the whole scene—would have written the color into it and the contrasts; but I was no big-city reporter. I had the training of the country office, and my methods of approaching a subject and of treating it were entirely different.

Chances of a Lifetime

I handled that story as such stories had always been handled in our country—for home consumption. I wrote four columns of commonplace. I slurred over or left out altogether the things that made Devil's hanging one hanging in a thousand; but in detail I described the last breakfast he ate and the costume he wore. I gave the names of all the witnesses. In my best style I reviewed the crime for which he died, putting in just as many adjectives as the narrative would stand without becoming all adjectives; and I finished off with a condensed account of the trial and short sketches of the jailer's life and the sheriff's life, and a final half column under the subheading: Other Hangings in This County.

I've thought a thousand times since what an opportunity I missed then; but perhaps it was just as well that I missed it. Had I handled the tale differently from the way I did handle it our subscribers probably would not have cared for it; whereas my story appeared to give general satisfaction. A number of people complimented me on it.

Up to this time no longing for the city had come to me. Even after I lost my brief job as managing editor—through a reorganization that brought the old editor back—and had been reduced to the ranks, I was satisfied to go on being a small-town reporter. I first felt the call of the big town after something had happened that I am going to describe later. All my life before that and since then, right on up to the present day, I have been reading fiction stories of newspaper offices, in which the hero is invariably a despised cub reporter, who, unaided, lands the story of the year, thereby plastering the star reporters over with envy and the cruel city editor with shame.

I call them fiction stories advisedly, because reporting is a trade that must be learned—the same as any other trade is learned; and, no matter how great the natural aptitude of the beginner may be, he must sharpen his abilities on the rough whetstone of actual, laborious experience before he is able to cope with older and better-trained men.

In real life I never but once knew it to happen that the green cub reporter beat out the trained veterans against whom he was pitted. What is still stranger, it happened to me! And it was not because of my skill or my native shrewdness either, for I was shy on both those commodities. It happened just because it happened—it was pure chance; raw, crude luck from the beginning to the end.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles relating the experiences of a newspaper man. The second will appear in an early issue.

SEE that name **Rubberset** on the ferrule—see that it is on the shaving brush you buy. It's the mark of genuineness- it's your protection. Don't allow "rubbery" names to fool you. Every genuine **Rubberset** brush is stamped **Rubberset.** An indestructible vulcanized hard rubber base holds all the bristles, and nothing can loosen a single bristle.
Price range 25c upwards to $7.00.
Sold by Hardware, Cutlery, Drug and General stores everywhere.

RUBBERSET SAFETY TOOTH BRUSHES are made by the [illegible] process. Sold by druggists and department stores everywhere.

Rubberset Company (R.C.H. Inc.) Factories NEWARK, N. J.

RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
Shaving Brushes

Concrete Homes
BEAUTIFUL AND ENDURING

A house built of concrete assures beauty and comfort. It will last for generations—a monument to your good judgment and success.

In building a concrete house, remember that *the* Cement used is the vital element. Select the cement that will give strength, permanence and beauty to your home.

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT
FOR STRENGTH
35% ABOVE STANDARD

The superior value of Lehigh Cement is proven by the fact that in 1912 it was [illegible] for [illegible] brought to the U. S. Government [illegible] Specifications call for tests and a Normal Standard [illegible]. Lehigh passes all these tests by a wide margin and is the only cement that has been uniformly [illegible] rain and snow. Always uniform in its unimitable, pearl-gray [illegible] for all concrete construction on city and country estates. [illegible] architectural possibilities.

You can secure Lehigh Cement from the Lehigh dealer in your city. If you tell us your building plans our engineering department will tell you how Lehigh will meet your requirements.

Lehigh Portland Cement Company
511 Young Bldg., Allentown, Pa., 115 Consumers Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
11 Mills, Over 12,000,000 Barrels Capacity
Lehigh—For Strength—35% Above Standard

COMPELLING REASONS

The manager of a department store in Joliet, which does a $500,000 business, was speaking before an advertising club in Chicago.

He told how he decided to take on a certain nationally advertised line of high-quality silverware, replacing an unadvertised brand.

"And," he said, "we did 30 per cent more business last fall in the silverware section, *with one less salesperson.*

"Best of all, every purchaser was a satisfied customer, which will mean more business and more profits in the future."

Three compelling reasons why retailers should carry advertised goods of quality:

1. *More sales*
2. *Lower selling cost*
3. *Customers that come back*

Which means that customers find three compelling reasons for *buying* advertised goods of quality, namely:

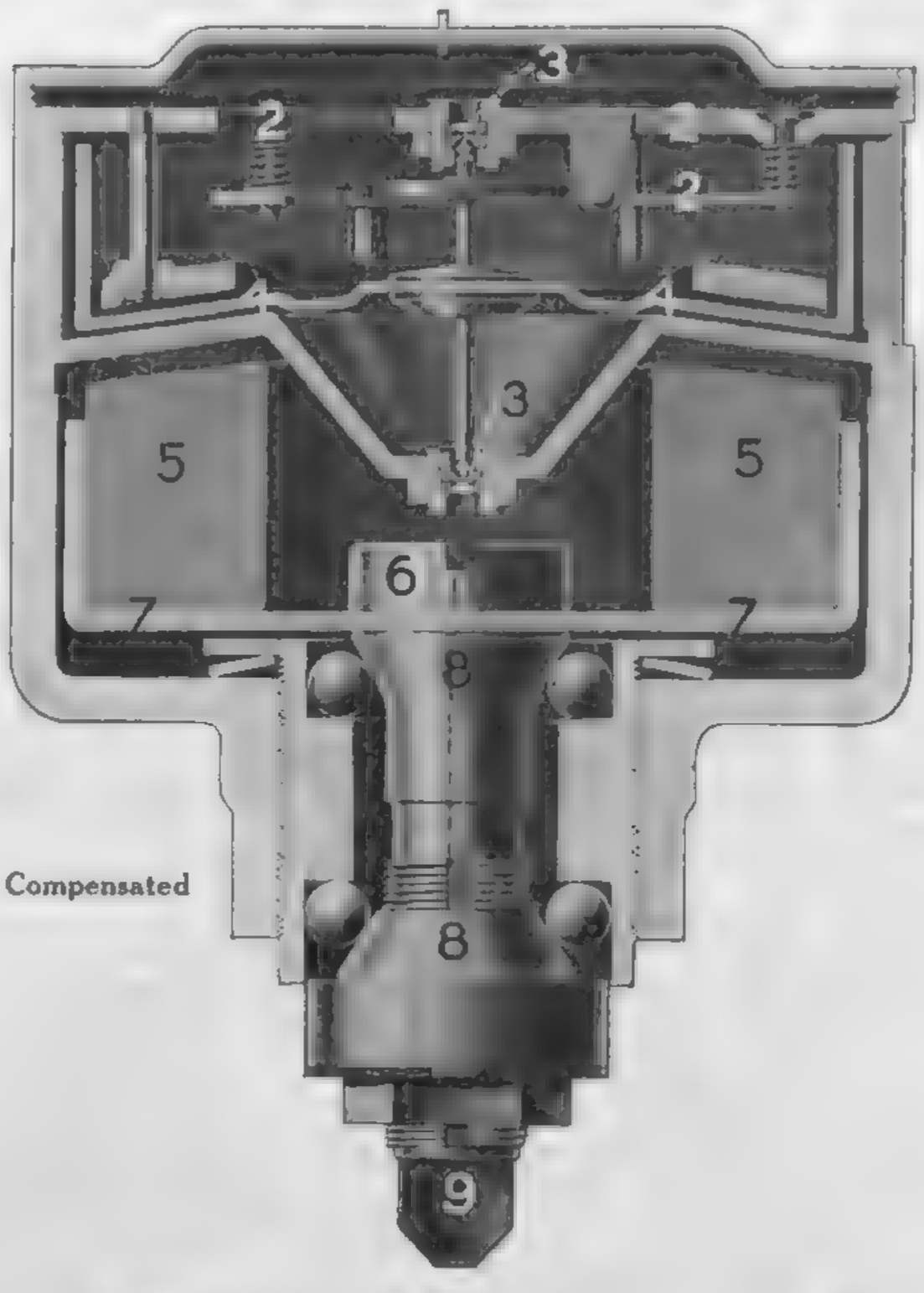
1. *They know what they are getting*
2. *They save time in buying*
3. *They receive a guarantee of permanent quality.*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

WARNER

QUALITY AUTO-METER

The First and Foremost Magnetic Speedometer



Compensated

This is the Speed Indicating Element in the Warner Auto-Meter.

Correct in principle, in design and workmanship.

The very ultimate for the purpose.

Pivots are ground and polished under a microscope and stepped in jeweled bearings.

This construction insures that absence of friction that guarantees its wonderful accuracy.

Many such features as the above, together with the *extremely slow shaft* speed of the Warner drive, have made the

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The Florsheim Shoe will convince you that *real* comfort and *lasting service* can be had in attractive styles. Two hundred "Natural Shape" lasts to select from.

Look for the Florsheim Sign—You'll find a live dealer ready to show you correct styles to fit your feet.

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The new poison in the tube

Kills Rats, Mice and Roaches Instantly

A New Formula Guaranteed to kill every ... Just press the tube, the paste will spread itself. ... simple and sure. Use on any kind of bait. Keeps indefinitely. Price 25c and $1.00 a tube at all druggists, or direct from us, prepaid

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Wonderful $18 Bennett Portable Typewriter does all work of $100 machines. All important improvements. ... visible 84 character standard keyboard. Ships ... Write for ... Weighs 7 lbs. Sent on trial, at home, office, anywhere. Ship ... 50 cents ... $2.00 a week. Write today for ... and Special Offer. New ... Many ... Big ... Profits. Exclusive territory ... Experience ... unnecessary. Salary ... by special ... $1 ... $100 ... send parcel post. ... agents wanted.

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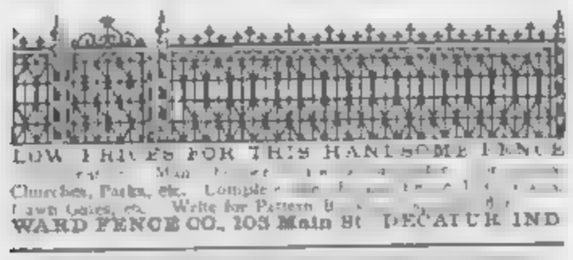

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THE CLENDENING, 190 W. 103 St., New York
Select, Home-like, Economical. Suites of Parlor, ... Private Bath for two persons $2.00 daily. Write for descriptive booklet to-with fine map of ... by

THE HEALTH QUEST IN THE WEST

Continued from Page 19

dollars left with which to go West. His doctor took him West on a stretcher, bought a tent, a pony, a grub-box of food, and left him in the desert, within reach of renewing supplies. That New York boy is one of the foremost politicians in the Southwest now.

Yet over against the case of the editor, of the law student, should be set hundreds of cases of people who have gone West without sufficient funds to sustain them, and—shall I be brutally frank?—committed suicide. Why? Simply because they lost their nerve and did not know how to fall on their feet!

From British Columbia to New Mexico there is every variety of sanatorium. Should you go North or South? That depends wholly on yourself. Can you stand cold weather? When it is cold will you go out ten or twelve hours a day in spite of your own disinclination? If you will not go out in cold weather, then go South, where you can be out twenty-four hours out of twenty-four, sleeping and working. Yet I have known of several cases where people have gone from the Northwest to the Southwest and lost in the letdown of languor what they gained as to positive healing; and I have known people from the Southwest, hearing of the tonic quality of the cold, going North and driving themselves so hard in a determination to be well that they went suddenly to pieces, purely from keying their energies too high. If I had to choose for myself I should go to an altitude of from four thousand to eight thousand feet, in a climate fairly even all the year round, permitting outdoor life at all seasons of the day and night.

Finding the Right Altitude

There is a danger, though, in altitude. Get your heart examined on the spot when you go out! Only last summer, crossing the northern Rockies, I saw a health-seeker come into the dining car. She evidently did not know she had a weak heart—thought it was grippe, indigestion, or something else. We were then climbing from the four-thousand-foot to the five-thousand-foot level. She died a few days after crossing the Pass. Nosebleeding—even when violent—does not mean you cannot stand the altitude. Many old residents in the desert have violent attacks of nosebleed every time there is a bad dust storm. A little glycerin inhaled on sterilized cotton will stop that; but if you have any suspicion of a weak heart go carefully at altitudes above four thousand feet.

Should you go on the advice of your physician or not? Ordinarily one would say yes—but wait! If you are with a physician who says "Don't go!" and you are not mending under him, it is a fairly good time to change your medical advice. Once out in the West, shun hotels; shun boarding houses; shun quacks; shun assembly halls, public meeting-places, people and dust. Get in touch with a local lung specialist, then go into a sanatorium, or a house of your own, or a tent of your own.

These sanatoriums literally dot the Rocky Mountain country. They usually consist of a separate dispensary, a general dining hall, an amusement hall, a central ward hospital for emergency cases; then a whole colony of tenthouses, or neat little matchbox shacks boarded halfway up, with canvas windows all round the top, stoves or steam heat, bed and most perfect ventilation, and one patient—one only—to each house.

Do not picture to yourself something dolorous—choruses of coughs, and that sort of thing! A happier-looking lot of people you never saw; and the chorus of coughs has been left back East. The Western sunlight will attend to that cough. These tent cities will not even tolerate being called sanatoriums. They call themselves Sun Mount Colony, or Sunlight Cañon, or Cloudtop, or Skyland; and they hold concerts and skylarks in their assembly halls every night of the week.

You can eat in your own camp or you can eat in the general dining-room. Every dish is sterilized and the kitchens are the last word in laboratories for nourishing food. The cold-storage rooms and kitchens are impossible of infection. The charges of these sanatoriums run from twelve to twenty-five dollars a week, including board, nursing and medical attendance. People of

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YOU can meet no man whose shirtwear you will envy after you have selected your Hallmark Shirts.

And you will have paid less than you have ever paid for equal value.

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SLIDEWELL HALL-HARTWELL COLLARS

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15c; 2 for 25c

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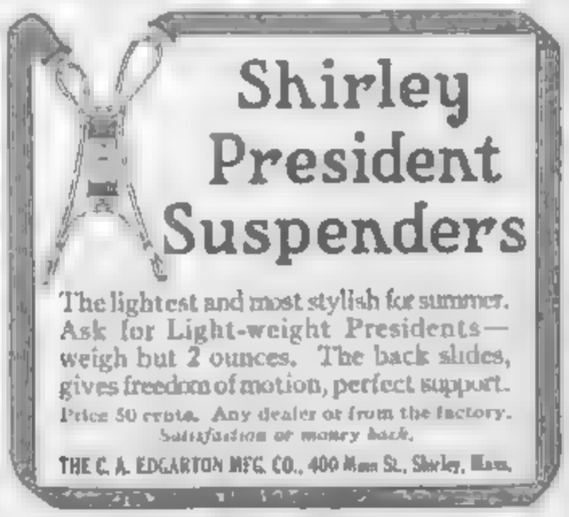

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Price 50 cents. Any dealer or from the factory. *Satisfaction or money back.*

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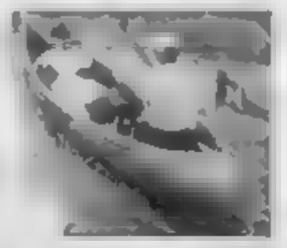
UNLESS your canoe is that kind you don't know what a real joy a thoroughbred canoe is. There are hundreds of canoes as cranky as a balky horse. A genuine

"Old Town Canoe"

built by the master workmen of this trade, sets the pace for canoe designers and builders the world over.



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Poor motor oils could not exist if all owners knew the difference

More motor cars go to the shops every year through poor lubrication than any other cause.

$3 to $4 a year more buys the best oil and prevents these troubles.

That's why the leading motor manufacturers are rapidly adopting and advising the use of Wolf's Head Oil.

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Insist Upon Wolf's Head Oil— Just As the Motor Manufacturers Do

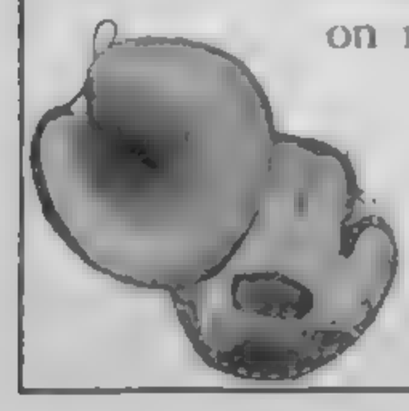
The Shortstop who makes good

plays with the right kind of a glove. So must you, if you are out for an errorless season

Any boy can secure his baseball glove absolutely free of charge—yes, and his

uniform, shoes, mask and other articles which make up his playing equipment.

By selling *The Saturday Evening Post* on Thursday and Friday afternoons he can win—in addition to his substantial cash profits—Rebate Vouchers, which he may exchange for any of the splendid prizes offered in our Book of Rebates. A copy of this interesting booklet will be sent you on request. Send a postal card to



The Sales Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

means, who can afford more, often pitch camp near enough to these hospitals to get medical treatment, but far enough away to be by themselves. People who cannot afford the charge of even twelve dollars a week can pitch their own tents near and pay for extra medical attendance.

The time will soon come when you will not need any medical attendance except sunlight. Then you can move your tent into the wilderness or wilds, or the upper forests, and live as independently as a Robinson Crusoe. You can get the tent for from eight to twelve dollars. All the accessories but the campstove you can bring from home; but the fewer accessories you have the less you will have to look after.

Firewood you can take for the asking from any of the national forests. Then you can either cook your own meals, which will give you something to do and fuss over and fluster over besides yourself, or you can get your meals at some ranchhouse for fifty cents each. If you cook your own meals the cost of food will average about ten dollars a month for each one in camp. For a burro, or small sure-footed donkey, you will have to pay from five to ten dollars; for a bronco, from twenty-five to forty dollars.

It is at this stage many an Easterner looks round for something to do to defray expenses. I know of health-seekers successfully engaged in fruit ranching; running a chicken farm; raising horses; keeping store at some little back-of-beyond; teaching school. For the rest the way will open if it is in you.

It is not necessary to say that a lunger can reinfect himself. Lack of cleanliness round a camp as to running streams, campscraps, and so on, is not a fault. It is a crime! If the lunger has taken his family along, then the big portable tent is the thing. Here all can live and eat. Outside, in another tent, the lunger should sleep by himself. If you rent a house—especially an adobe house with small windows and not much light—in the "lung" country, be careful about your predecessor; and arrange sleeping quarters in outdoor screened porches. A portable tent is much safer for the health-seeker and much cheaper.

The Road to Health

There are two or three things about life at high altitudes that health-seekers ought to know. It is always cold at night. Wear flannels and moccasins or slumber socks; and a hot-water bottle will often not be amiss. Do not lose by a chill for even five minutes at night what you have gained by sunlight during the day. Better light the camp lamp or candle and get up and warm your feet at its flame. Even in the daytime at high altitudes it is often cold. Keep a warm coat always by you!

"Suppose," you say, "I don't know anything more about the West than Timbuctoo! Suppose I find I am ordered West in quest of health? Now exactly what would you do? And how would you go about it?"

First, I should figure up the very most and the very least I could afford, even if I had to sell all earthly possessions.

"Suppose I hadn't any earthly possessions but weak lungs or broken nerves!" you say.

I should try to get a friend to grubstake me for, say, five or seven dollars a week.

Next I should decide upon the best place to go. Then I should write to the railroad agent and nearest doctor and forest supervisor and clergyman at that point. Then I should go out by myself in the sunlight someday and take hold of courage with both hands, lift myself up by my own bootstraps if I had to, and swear—willy-nilly, helly-welly, wealy-woey—that I would fight joyously for health to the last ditch—fight, determined not to whine but to die grinning! Then—Pullman, tourist, colonist—whichever I could afford; no back thoughts, no weeps; no slush; no whimper-pimpers—I would go!

Think it is all going to be an open, easy way after that? Don't you fool yourself! There will be knocks and bumps and stumps every inch of the way back to health. But knocks are great things to stiffen up what is soft and shake the punk or sawdust out; and bumps are great things to teach you to keep on the trail in the dark. And when you stump your toes learn to lift your feet and mind your goings! If you go West in that spirit I do not fancy the shadow will follow you far. When the sunlight is at the meridian, you know, there is no shadow. Keep the sunlight at the meridian!

MENTOR

Comfort Union-Suits

Adjust Themselves to Every Body-Movement

IT'S easy enough to get underwear that will feel right and fit right while you're standing still, but the real test comes during the constant movement of the day's work or play.

[illegible] secret that has made Mentor Comfort Union Suits the [illegible] of discriminating men everywhere.

Mentor Union Suits can't gap—the patented exclusive gap proof crotch insures that. And they're tailor-made by experts, so that they won't wrinkle, sag, bulge or pull up under bodily stress.

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Look for the Mentor Label.

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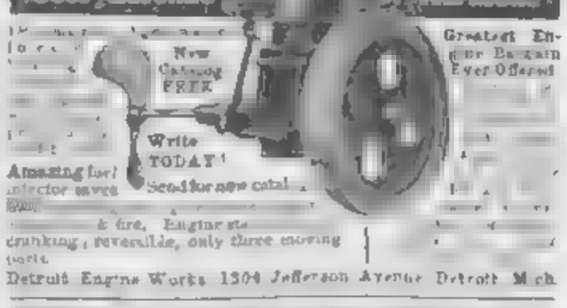
Detroit Marine Engine



Amazing fuel [illegible] saves [illegible] & fire. Engine starts [illegible] cranking; reversible, only three moving parts.

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Good memory is absolutely essential to success, for memory is power. Be successful—Stop Forgetting!

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Standard of the World

Twenty-five millions of dollars

To this extent the American people have set the seal of approval upon the 1913 Cadillac

This evinces such an overwhelming preference in favor of a single high type of motor car as against any one of more than two hundred other makes that it practically obviates the opportunity for comparison.

It means that more than twelve thousand motor car buyers after a critical analysis have recognized that the elements vitally essential to a real motor car are the dominant characteristics of the Cadillac.

It means that more than twelve thousand motor car buyers after a critical analysis have recognized in the Cadillac:—

A car that is *manufactured* and not merely an assembly of components.
A car whose maker is one of reputation and of stability.
A car whose parts are thoroughly standardized and thoroughly interchangeable.
A car of unsurpassed mechanical accuracy.
A car of dependability and of durability.
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A car of minimum depreciation and of maximum value as a used product.
A car with which there is obtainable a real "service," both from the maker and from the dealer.
A car which offers the maximum of efficient service for the maximum time at the minimum cost.
A car which is "different" and which by reason of the "differences" commands a position uniquely its own.
A car whose merit is not confined to one or a limited few "talking points," but rather a car of super-excellence in its entirety.
A car which will uphold in abundant measure the wisdom of those who have honored it with their seals of approval.
A car whose distinctive characteristics are obtainable only in the Cadillac itself.

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Standard Touring Car, five passenger				$1875.00	
Six passenger car	$2075.00	Torpedo, four passenger	$1975.00	Coupé, four passenger	$2500.00
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All prices are F. O. B. Detroit, including top, windshield, demountable rims and full equipment.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

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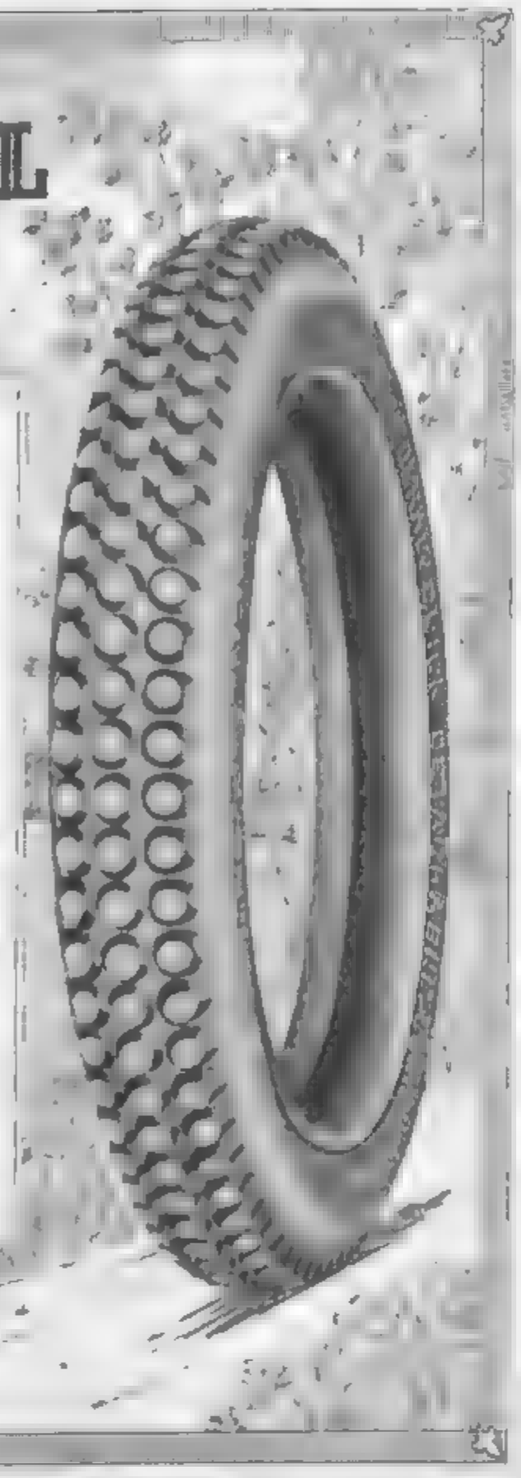

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Safety depends on roadworthy non-skid tires—such as the Rugged Tread.

Federal Rugged Tread Tires can be relied upon under any condition of the roads.

The heavy studs give the car a tight grip on the road, perfect traction and effective brake action. *Try them on your car.*

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Federal Tires prove their superiority by giving extra service—more tire mileage—decreased tire expense. All types (including popular Straight-Wall) for all standard rims.

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The Girard is so fragrant that it pleases a woman—so mild that it agrees with the most sensitive nerves—so full-flavored that it satisfies the veteran smoker. There was never a cigar which more finely summed up all the charms of "My Lady Nicotine."

The cigar here pictured is the "Broker" shape, actual size, 10 cents. Other shapes and sizes up to 15 cents. Ask your dealer for a Girard. He knows it's good.

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We Want Some of

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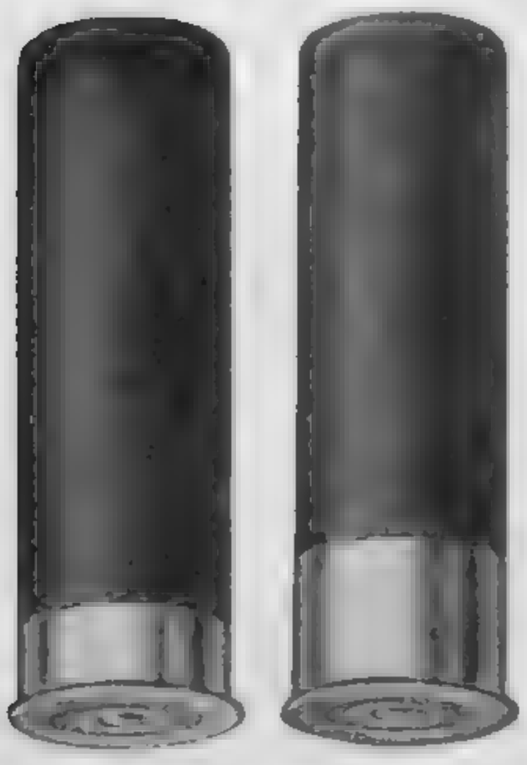

THE surprising results at the Olympic Games shotgun matches occasioned the independent tests conducted later by the "London Field." THE BLACK SHELLS placed an average of 74% of shot in their pattern, against only 63% for the other American shells, and 61% for the best-known English shells. This means that the risk of your bird escaping through holes in the spread of shot is over *10% less* with THE BLACK SHELLS.

All of the shells were loaded alike. Then why did THE BLACK SHELLS show up so much better?

These results are due to the basic superiority of our Primer, which is the only primer containing neither mercury nor glass. You simply can't mix heavy mercury and light powdered glass uniformly—the law of gravitation forbids. Mercuric shells may be quick and fairly uniform—BUT you must use the *quickest* and *most uniform* if you want to put holes in a flying duck or a teetering snipe.

Again, our flash passage (conveying primer-flame to the charge) is double size—letting *all* of the primer-flame rush directly into the charge. This causes instantaneous, even, complete combustion. Hence, you need take less "lead" on the bird than with any other shell. THE BLACK SHELLS mean a 5% better score at the traps and 10% better bag in the field.

A Word About (US) Cartridges

Why prefer one cartridge to another? The brass case, the projectile, the powder are practically the same in all. How can one be better than the others? Natural queries. What is the answer? In all official tests since the Civil War, under U. S. Army supervision, our Cartridges have won more often than all other makes combined.

The difference is chiefly in our non-mercuric primer—the most even, the quickest, the hottest primer known. Give just one trial to U. S. Cartridges—after each shot, stop, look, listen—and you'll wonder why you didn't use them before.

Send for Beautiful Picture and Free Book and learn of the wonderful waterproofing, hard, bevel crimping, solid brass head and other modernisms of THE BLACK SHELLS. Enclose 10 cents for your copy of thrilling 14-color lithograph of a near-tragedy in sky life, "A Narrow Escape." Handsome enough to frame for your den or office. Address

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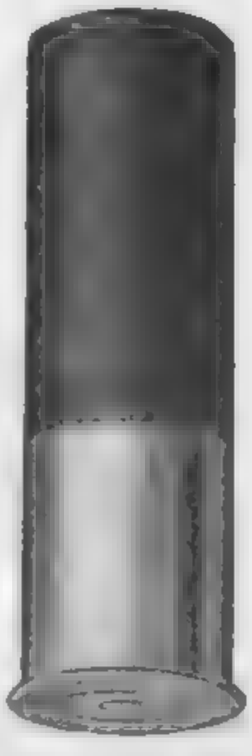

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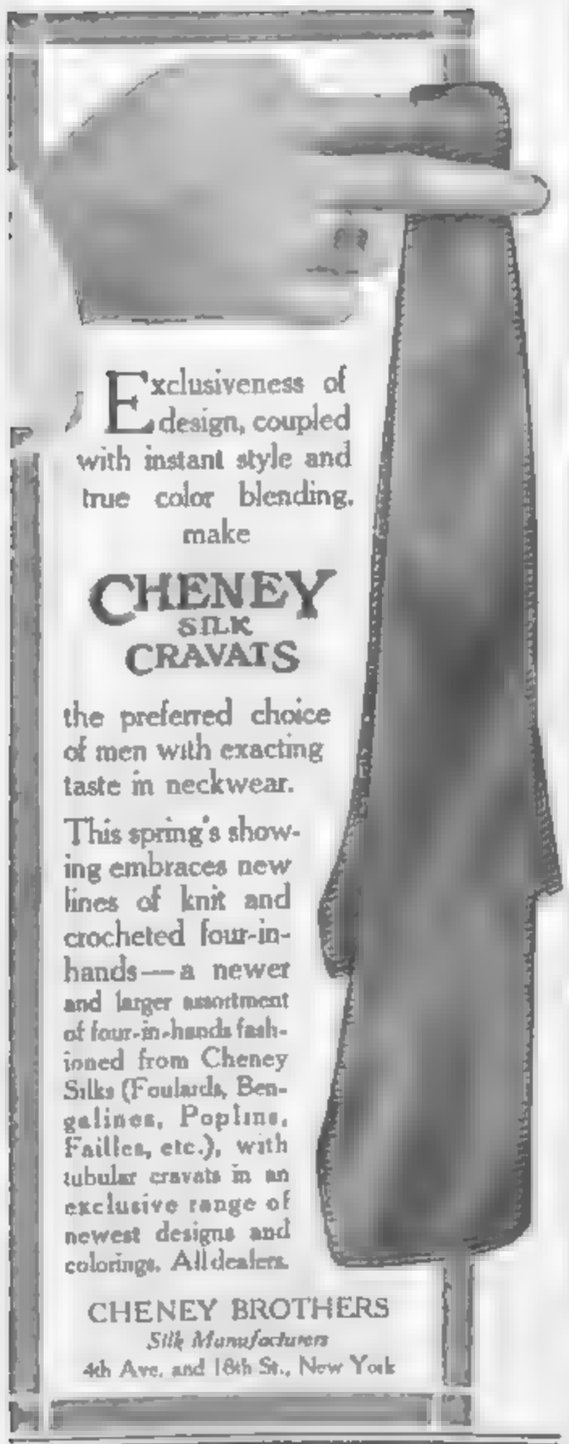

Exclusiveness of design, coupled with instant style and true color blending, make

CHENEY SILK CRAVATS

the preferred choice of men with exacting taste in neckwear.

This spring's showing embraces new lines of knit and crocheted four-in-hands—a newer and larger assortment of four-in-hands fashioned from Cheney Silks (Foulards, Bengalines, Poplins, Failles, etc.), with tubular cravats in an exclusive range of newest designs and colorings. All dealers.

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4th Ave. and 18th St., New York

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Electricity is the same everywhere, but lamps differ. Carbon lamps waste two-thirds of the current you pay for—National Mazda lamps, made entirely different inside, give you three times as much light at the same cost—better, whiter, more abundant, more pleasant light.

Put a National Mazda Lamp in every socket. Easy to buy in the Blue Convenience Carton containing five lamps. National Mazda lamps are the most efficient for homes, offices, stores, factories. Any of these labels opens the path to better light—each label a guaranty of National Quality—the mark of the best lamp that science can produce. With Holophane reflectors, light can be diffused and distributed to the best advantage.

NATIONAL MAZDA
THE QUALITY LAMP

NATIONAL QUALITY LAMP DIVISION
of General Electric Co.
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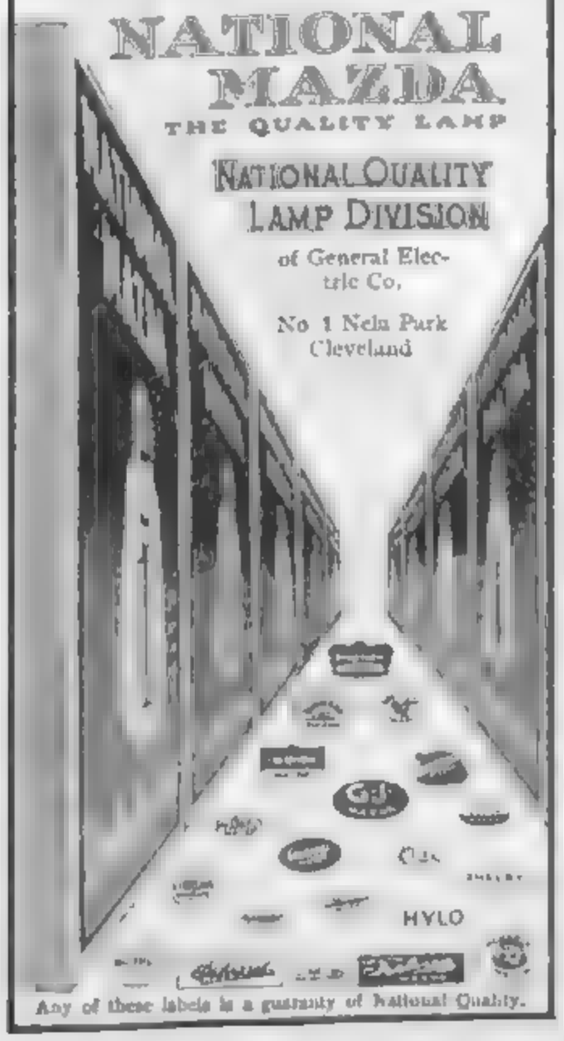

Any of these labels is a guaranty of National Quality.

THE FIGHTING SIX

(Continued from Page 15)

Beaumont, and contracted for all the strings of tools we could get. Our concern was in full swing—and one of our first patrons was the long-lost Weatherhead Twitchell!

"I've got five hundred dollars," said he, "to split among five oil companies. I'm putting my last dollar into oil and I expect to leave Texas a millionaire!"

Since his days on the Board of Trade in Chicago, Twitchell had built a railroad on paper through Bolivia, projected a large phantom steamship line for the trade of Argentina, made himself quite familiar in Throgmorton Street, and so on. More recently he had been touring Alabama, selling brass jewelry with a prizewinning number attached to every tenth piece. As a street orator under a gasoline torch he had developed very fair powers.

Customers came by thousands. Through our fiscal agents in other cities—the people liked the title—checks poured in by every mail. Nor did we swindle anybody. The people were willing to take the chance with us, and if we had won they would have won too. We had fifty acres of land near the great Spindletop gushers—that was enough. And we really bored for oil and poured all our money into dry holes, then into more land, and then into more holes that refused to gush for us. We took in and spent more than three-quarters of a million dollars in cash. Then we went broke.

Out in Houston a few months later I got a telegram one day from my mother, with whom I had maintained during recent years a desultory correspondence. I had never been home since my flight.

Father very low. He forgives; come home quick!

How could I get home without a dollar? And Fletch deadbroke too! I did not answer the telegram until I got another saying father was dead.

A few months afterward my mother suddenly followed my father. I was still broke; but now I wired to Hen Hogan—poor old Hen Hogan, who had been plugging along all those years in the Stony Bend Exchange Bank—asking him to loan me a hundred dollars and wire me the money.

Easy Money in Stony Bend

Somewhat to my surprise I got the cash within a few hours. I did not realize then that Hen had grown rich right there in that little town, without any apparent opportunity. It seemed incredible that any easy money should exist in Stony Bend! Yet how could a man get rich without easy money of some sort?

I found out that Hen's easy money was of a different brand; it had brains behind it—not chance. In his own Fighting Six narrative he has told you just how he did it.

After my mother's funeral the will was read. As the only heir I received property worth eight thousand dollars. It had taken my father a lifetime to accumulate this sum in his little hotel business. I was anxious to turn this inheritance into cash, and as soon as the legal requirements were complied with I offered it in bulk to Hen Hogan at a sacrifice of nearly two thousand dollars.

"You're doing a foolish thing!" said he. "I'd advise you to hold it until you can get fair value. It's all good property, but not the sort that sells quickly. If you wait you'll be wise."

"Hen," I returned, "wisdom has never been part of my creed. There's another oil boom on down in Texas. With six thousand dollars in cash I stand a chance to win a cool million!"

Hen shook his head.

"I might buy your birthright with much advantage to myself," he said. "I've made a good deal of money out of folly-hunters like yourself—people who insisted on selling even after I advised them against it. But your case is especially flagrant, and because of our boyhood days together I refuse to have a hand in it. But I'll tell you what I will do: If you'll stay here in Stony Bend and open a modern little hotel I'll help you all I can consistently. I'll finance the building. This town needs a good hotel—it's your opportunity, Fred!"

I went out of Hen's bank that day with a firm determination to accept his proposition, abandon my old life, and avail myself of this unexpected opportunity to get into legitimate business. I even dreamed of

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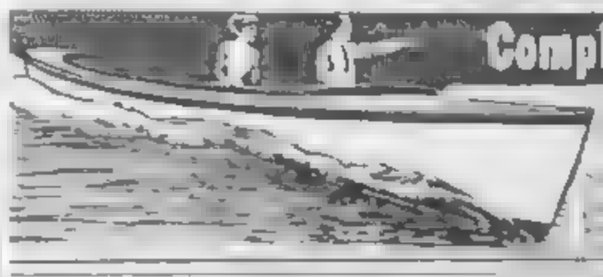

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getting my wife and children back! That night a telegram came from my vampire. It was dated at Sourlake, Texas, and ran something like this:

Get your money and come down here quick! Big doings! Take a sacrifice if necessary to get cash.

FLETCHER BURR.

I did not have the nerve to go back to Hen Hogan and force my property on him. Instead, I took a night train up to Farm Center, where early next day I closed a deal with a local capitalist who was quite familiar with Stony Bend realty. For fifty-eight hundred and seventy-five dollars I sold out my inheritance.

While I was waiting at Farm Center for the lawyers to settle the details of the sale I met Hen himself on the street. Thus I was forced to confess what I had done. But I rallied my nerve.

"Hen," said I, "why don't you run down to Texas with me and see for yourself what an oil boom is like? You've got plenty of money and you can afford to risk a few thousand dollars on a chance of making something big. Why, you might strike a well that would flow fifty thousand barrels or more a day! Think of it, Hen ——"

"Fred," he interrupted, "I still stand ready to finance the Stony Bend hotel proposition. Call off this sale—it's not too late to do it! Cut loose from the cursed game that has ruined you and be a man!"

"Hen," I said, and I had trouble in speaking, "I can't do it! I'm going back to Texas!"

When I reached Sourlake the scenes there were almost maudlin. I shall not detail them, however. The tragedy is a story by itself. From a settlement of a hundred people the town sprang in a few weeks to a tent-and-shack city of perhaps fifteen thousand—all crazed like myself with the hope of wealth without work or brains! Then came the collapse, after several hundred million dollars had vanished from the pockets of men and women who had earned it—most of them—in laborious toil.

My One Remaining Chance

My own folly had cleaned me out again, with Fletch Burr and Weatherhead Twitchell in the same boat. However, we got together on a big scheme to colonize the vast lowlands between Houston and Galveston. By getting the owners of the land into a corporation we believed we could boost each other into a barrel of promoters' cash.

"Texas is a land of opportunity," observed Fletch with fine humor, "for men with brains, push and grit! We'll put something like that into our literature, Fred."

"The greatest opportunity in the nation today," added Twitchell, "for men who are not afraid of real work!"

Our plan required time, however; and while my two associates were brewing the thing it was up to me to get some cash for our living expenses. I did this by organizing some pools in Houston, Dallas and Fort Worth to speculate in cotton. I was still within the pale of the law!

While thus engaged in teaching my protégés the bearish vocation of selling cotton futures I got a wire from Fletch, asking me to meet him in the lobby of a hotel on Capitol Avenue, Houston. He had been down in Galveston for a week. When he appeared at the appointed place there was a strange light in his eyes.

"Fred," said he with a quaver, "the colony scheme is off! It's too big a thing for me to swing—I've gone to pieces and I'm ready to quit. I'm going to take just one more flyer."

Without warning, he drew a revolver and put the muzzle to his temple. My own nerve was gone and I stood like a frozen fool! The flash blinded me for a moment—and when I could see again Fletch Burr was dead on the floor! Two days later his divorced wife came down from Chicago and got what was left of him.

There is not much left of me either. At forty-seven I am a derelict, drifting, abandoned by my own blood—and at the present moment dead broke!

And yet I can't get that hotel proposition of Hen Hogan's out of my mind! Somehow, I believe Hen would finance me, even now, if I could convince him that I had the power to put the past behind me!

I wonder if I really have that power. With me the answer to the question means home, wife, children—everything!

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of six articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The third will appear in an early issue.

Notice the "V" at the Wrist

We wanted all our gloves to fit as though tailor-made and wrist, smooth, comfortable, no sagging or slipping, so the invention of the famous Grinnell "Rist-Fit" feature, a V of soft leather with a strap to pull it close (illustrated below), removes V gives you this perfect comfort and improved appearance

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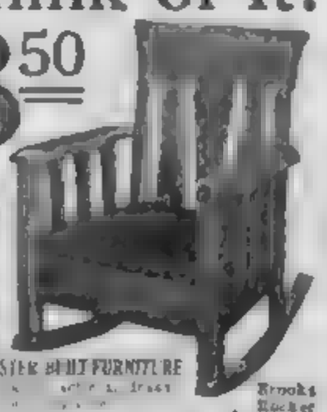

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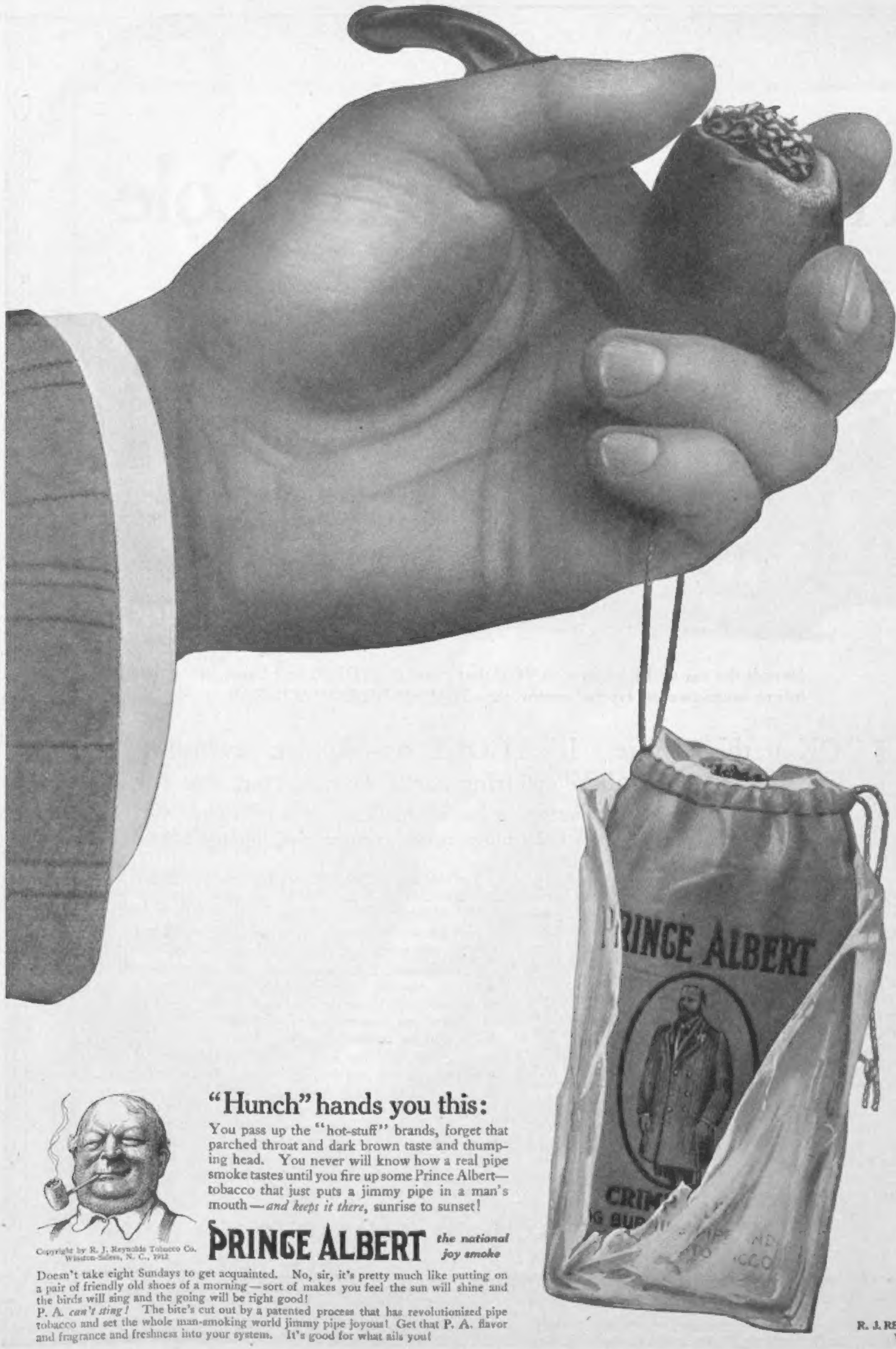

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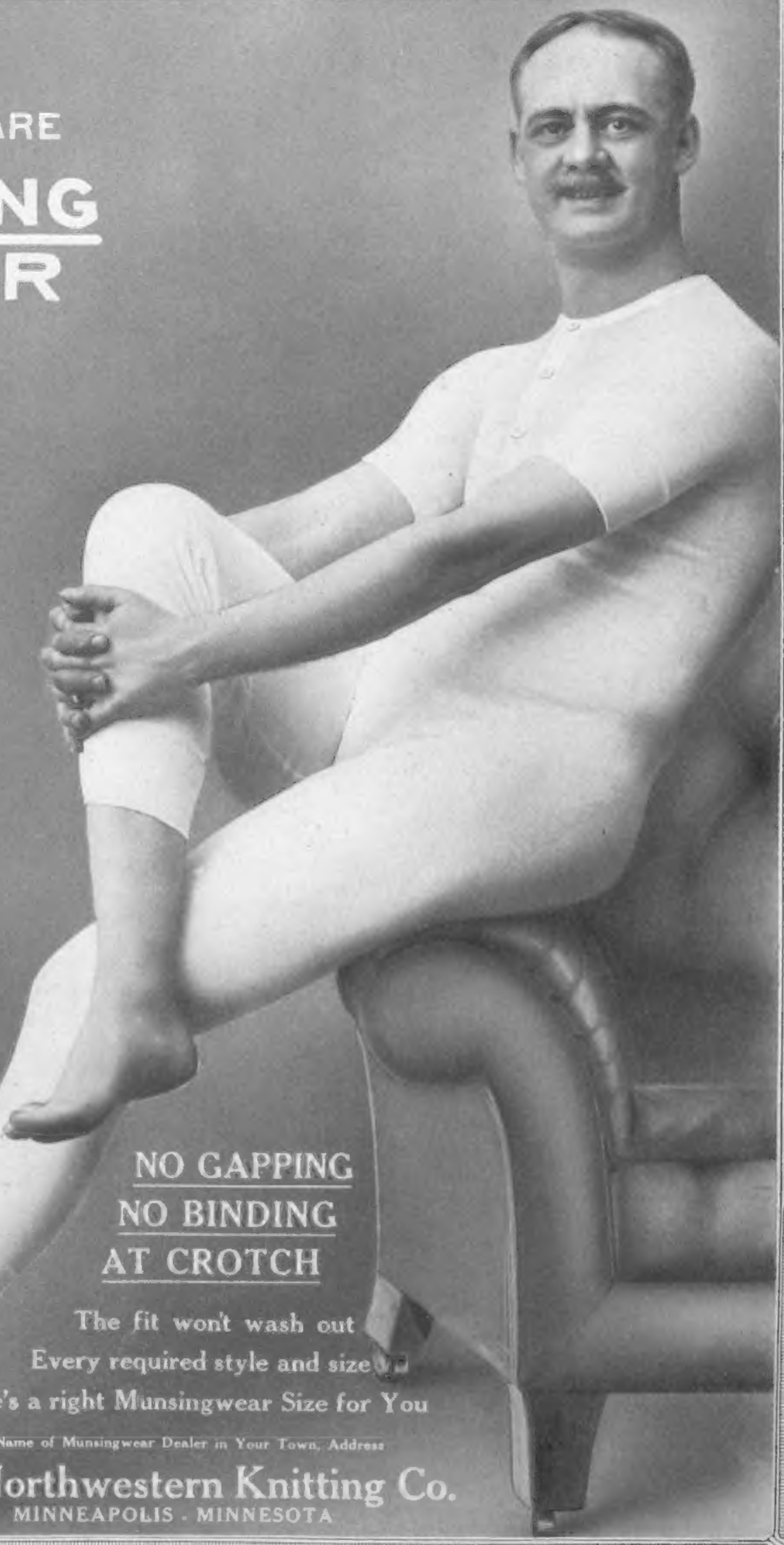

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